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THE
Fourth Volume
OF THE
WORKS
OF
M^R. Thomas Brown,

Which Compleats the Whole Sett.

Containing a Collection of his

MISCELLANIES,	MAXIMS of State
POEMS,	and Conversation,
LETTERS,	FABLES,
DIALOGUES,	TRACTS on se-
LYCONICS,	veral Subjects,

Either MSS. or privately printed and handed about to the Quality in former Reigns.

Together with

His Translation of HORACE, MARTIAL'S Epigrams, and a Criticism on the STAGE.

To which is added,

An ESSAY on *Humor in Comedy*; in a Letter to Mr. Dennis, written by William Congreve, Esq;

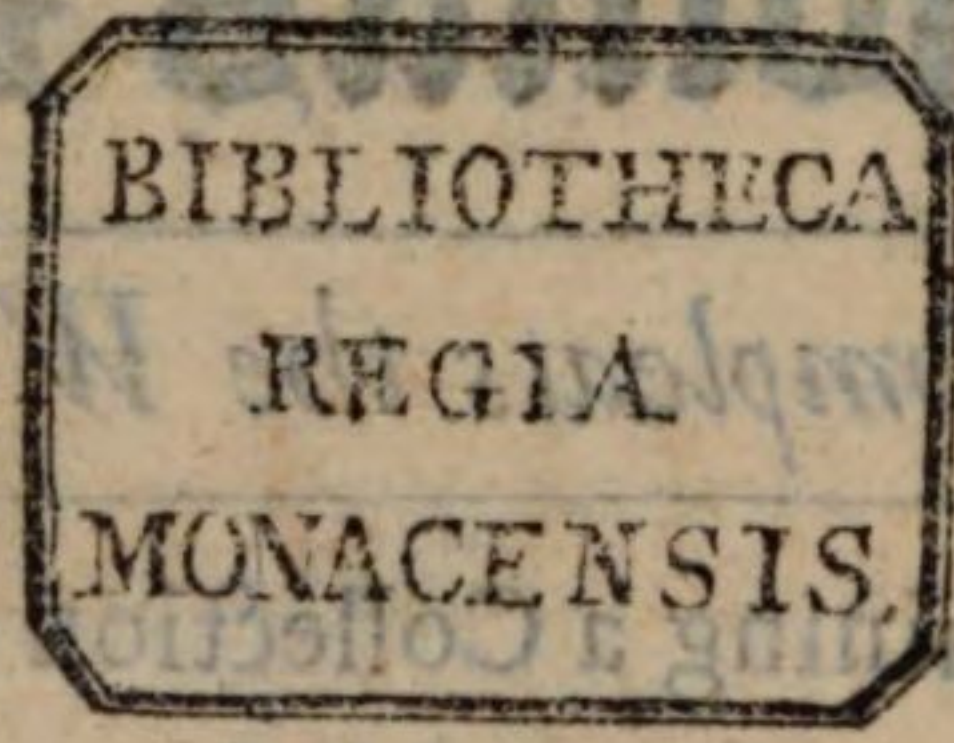
London, Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, and Sold by W. Taylor in Pater-noster-row, J. Graves in St. James's Street, J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall, and Ja. Woodward in Scalding-Alley against Stocks-Market. 1711.

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London, Printed for S^AM. BRISCOE, and Sold by W^T Taylor in Pall-mall, near St. James's Church, J. Gutter in St. James's Street, J. Alcock near Stationers-Hall, and J^S Woodward in Southwark, Alley against St. Andrew's Church, 1711.



To the Honourable
Sir Richard Child, Bar^t



THE Success of the former Volumes of this Ingenious Author, and the Equal Merit of this, give me Assurance of laying it at Your Feet, and under Your Protection. The Great and the Wise have ever been the Patrons of the Muses; and the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Fortune, Figure and Qualities of
Sir Richard Child every way
render him worthy of their Hopes.*

*I thought I cou'd not do the Me-
mory of my dead Friend more Ju-
stice, than in sheltering them where
he himself wou'd, with a just Vanity,
have sought a Patronage, had he
still been alive. For, how cou'd he
hope a better Patron than the Son
of such a Father, whose Wisdom
and Capacity oblig'd a NATION,
and gave Jewels to a CROWN:
Whose Judgment and Industry fixt
that valuable Trade, which all o-
thers had been either deter'd from at-
tempting, or attempted in vain; and
so extended the Britannic Powers
as far as the Rising SUN.*

In

The Epistle Dedicatory.

In You, Sir, he wou'd have found Fruit worthy such a Tree; Merits, the just and natural Offspring of those of Sir Josiah; Merits, that render You dear to Men of Probity and Sense, and fit You for the Patronage of so valuable a Poet as Mr. THOMAS BROWN, whose pleasant and agreeable Works have thus long entertain'd the Great and the Fair.

For, Sir, as he could not have desir'd a nobler Patron, so few Authors could have offer'd a more delightful Present, full of so pleasing a Variety, that every Leaf almost, besides the Spriteliness of its Air, and Poinancy of its Wit, affords a New and Uncommon Diversion.

These

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*These being the Motives, and
these the Qualities, that induc'd me
to make You, Sir, this Present, I
hope they will sufficiently excuse my
Subscribing my self,*

SIR,

Your most humble

and obedient Servant.

THE

**THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.**

I Must beg leave to detain you with a few Words in relation to the several Pieces which compose the following Volume. I have not only been at great Trouble to Collect them, but at a considerable Expence to Purchase many of them of their Proprietors. For, the Value which the Men of *Wit* have shown for every Thing Mr. Brown has Written, assur'd me, That a Collection of those Pieces, of his which were scarce to be met with in Print, and others which a Friend procur'd from the late L^d Clarendon's Library, in *Manuscript*, and from several Gentlemen who preserv'd them for their own Entertainment, wou'd be a *Present* worthy their Acceptance.

The Bookseller to the Reader.

One thing I think my self oblig'd to observe in my own Behalf, and that is, That tho' several of the following Pieces have a Turn which inclines too much to *Jacobitism*, (in which he much alter'd his Opinion before we lost him; for instance, his *Character of Non-Jurors*, *Satyr against the French King*, &c.) I thought, that the Candid of all Sides would let Wit pass without too severe a Censure, since that entertains the Fancy, but never perverts the Judgment: And this I thought less liable to any ill Effect at this Time, because, G O D be thank'd, the Nation is now settled in a more Rational Opinion, secur'd by the Excellence, as well as Universally-acknowledg'd Title, of H E R M A J E S T Y, and the Law of the present *Establishment*.

I am

Your Servant,

SAM. BRISCOE.

T H E

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THE

THE
Fourth Volume
OF THE
WORKS

OF
Mr. *Tho. Brown.*

LACONICS; or, *New Maxims*
of STATE and CONVERSATION.

WE naturally love to Cheat; 'tis interwoven with our Constitution, by the same Token we often boast, that we have palm'd false Dice upon others, when we our selves are the Bubbles. Do but hear, says Sir John Squander,

der, what a Trick I put upon a Whore last Night !
 'Fore George, I made the silly Baggage take a *Lewis d'Or* for Seventeen and Six-pence, after the Proclamation.

A Soldier, a Vintner, and a Physician, are the three Degrees of Comparison ; and so are a Cut-throat, a Backbiter, and a Flatterer : But the Physician is the superlative Murderer, and a Flatterer the superlative Villain.

How is it possible, says Madam B——, for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpick'd, when every Rascal has got a Key to't ? Aye, but Madam, the Rascal's Key signifies not a Farthing, unless the Owner of the Cabinet at least goes halves with him.

A Widow and a Government are ready upon all Occasions to tax the new Husband and the new Prince with the Merits of their Predecessors, unless the former Husband was hang'd, and the former King sent to Grafs ; and then they bid them take fair Warning by their Destiny.

For a King to engage his People in War, to carry off every little ill Humor of State, is like a Physician's ordering his Patient a Flux for every Pimple.

Scandal is a never-failing Vehicle for Dulness. The *True-born English-man* had dy'd silently among the Grocers and Trunk-makers, if the Libeller had not help'd off the Poet.

Merit is not always the Road to Preferment ; some Men get it by resolving not to be deny'd, as *Irish-men* in Town pick up Women, by hunting them as Schools-boys do Squirrels, 'till they are weary, and fall down before them.

A thousand Actions pass in the World for virtuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different Principle. My Lord released *Arsennus* out of Goal, and paid his Debts. This every one applauded, as an Act of the highest and most disinterested Generosity. They little knew that my Lord, at the same time, lay every Night with *Arsennus's* Sister.

Tho' a Soldier, in Time of Peace, is like a Chimney in Summer, yet what wise Man would pluck down his Chimney, because his Almanack tells him 'tis the Middle of *June*.

War, as the World goes at present, is a Nursery for the Gallows, as *Hoxton* is for the Meetings, and *Bartholomew-Fair* for the two Play-Houses.

A Woman may learn one useful Doctrine from the Game of *Backgammon*, which is not to take up her Man 'till she's sure of binding him. Had Madam C— and some of our young Ladies, considered this, they would not have made such a Blot in their Tables.

'Tis a Mortification to a Prince to see an old Minister torn from him; but Self-preservation is the first Law of Nature, and any Man in his Senses would sooner submit to part with his Crutch, than his Leg.

The surest way of Governing, both in a private Family, and a Kingdom, is for a Husband and a Prince sometimes to drop their Prerogative.

Could a Woman keep her Failings to herself, as well as she does her Age, *Cheapside* would be the
B hap-

happiest Place in the World, and the House would not be troubl'd every Session to grant Bills of Divorce.

'Tis the most nonsensical Thing in the World, for a Man to be proud, since 'tis in the meanest Wretch's Power to mortify him. How uneasy have I seen my Lord *All-pride* in the *Park*, when the Company turn'd their Eyes from him and his gaudy Equipage!

Gaming finds a Man a Cully, and leaves him a Knave.

The Generality of Women would sooner be found in Bed with a Gallant, than in their Undress; and some Men in the World would rather be seen with their Misses in the *Park*, than their Wives.

The greatest Men may sometimes over-shoot themselves, but then their very Mistakes are so many Lessons of Instruction.

Examples make a greater Impression upon us, than Precepts. The Sight of Sir *Edward B——b* running after a Coach for Six-pence, will sooner reclaim a Prodigal, than a Sermon.

An old Counsellor in *Holborn* us'd, every Execution-day, to turn out his Clerks with this Complement; Go, ye young Rogues, go to School, and improve.

Of all our Infirmities, Vanity is the dearest to us. A Man will starve his other Vices, to keep that alive.

How

How many Fops at *Man's* Coffee-house and *Will's*, have laid out the only half Crown they had in the World upon an Ounce of Snuff, when they wanted a Dinner, and their Lodgings were unpaid?

Young *Cotilus's* Pension for his Weekly Expenses, amounts just to twenty Shillings. His Chairmen run away with eighteen of it, and he finds Tea and Chocolate, Essence and Powder, out of the rest.

Vanity is so inseparable from our Nature, that it survives our Ashes, and takes care of Epitaphs and Tombstones before we die. *Clearchus* was as brave as *Hercules*; he had given Proofs of his Valour upon a thousand Occasions, yet once upon a time had a Dish of hot Coffee flung in his Face, and bore it patiently. The Reason was, he had a foul Shirt on, and was loath to die in it.

A Citizen that thinks to compound for forty Years Knavery, by building a lowzy Hospital and endowing a paultry Lecture, does not offer so much for a good Seat in Heaven as he would do for one in *Middlesex*. He does not bid above ten Years Purchase for Eternity.

In Point of Interest, if there were no more in't, a Man should rather lessen himself, than pretend to too much. A famous Instance of this we had in a late *Quack*: Not content to be the seventh Son of a seventh Son, he must needs call himself the unborn Doctor. This was too much for the Multitude to swallow, so the Coxcomb starv'd between his two Titles.

The Church of *England* generally preaches *Alcali's*, the Presbyterians *Acids*. Both may do well according to the different Constitutions they meet, but the former seem to operate best with the Men of Sense, and the latter with the Mob.

There's nothing like bearing an Injury or a Jest Heroically. The Town may da — da — damn me for a Poet, says *Charilus*, but they si — si — sing my Songs for all that.

'Tis in vain to regret a Misfortune, when 'tis past retrieving, but few have Philosophy or Strength enough to practise it. A famous Physician ventur'd five thousand *Guineas* upon a Project in the *South-Sea*. When he was told at *Garraway's*, that 'twas all lost, Why, says he, 'tis but going up five thousand Pair of Stairs more. This Answer deserv'd a Statue.

We have different Notions of Providence. What one Man calls a Misfortune, another Man would call a Blessing. Bully *Dawson* was overturn'd in a Hack, not far from his Lodgings. This sav'd him Coach-hire, or at least the Trouble of bilking poor *Jehu*; and to his dying Day, he look'd upon it as one of the greatest Mercies that ever befel him. A big-belly'd Woman would have miscarry'd upon't.

That which discomposes one Man, and breaks his Rest, makes another laugh.

Damon met *Macer* once in an extravagant Heat, railing at the horrid Ingratitude of the Age, and what not. Never was any Man, says the latter, so barbarously and inhumanly us'd, as I have been. There's no Faith, nor Honesty, nor Morals, in the World. Why, what's the Matter? crys *Damon*.
That

That eternal execrable Dog of a Printer, replies the other, has work'd off the last Sheet of my Poems without sending me a Proof.

A Change is not always for the best. We have sometimes seen the Ministry discarded, and a new Set of Men brought in their room, ten times worse than their Predecessors; like the Devil in the Gospel, that left the possess'd Man's Body, and came afterwards seventy strong.

Well, I must get me a Floor of new Fellows, says the Master of a *Western* Barge, otherwise one Sheepstealing Rogue will spoil all the rest.

What is the Reason that the Clergy-men never forgive an Injury? Why, 'tis because they have better Memories than the rest of the World, and never forget.

All Parties blame Persecution when they feel the Smart on't, and all practice it when they have the Rod in their Hands. For all his pretended Meekness, *Calvin* made Roast-meat of *Servetus* at *Geneva*, for his Unorthodoxy.

When *Moliere's Tartuff* was acted in *France*, all the Church-men complain'd of it. The *Festin de Saint Pierre*, tho' a lewd beastly Piece, went down without the least wry Face. At so much an easier Rate may a Man expose Religion, than Hypocrisy.

I very much question, after all, whether Mr. C—r would have condescended to lash the Vices of the Stage, if the Poets had not been guilty of the abominable Sin of making familiar now and then with the Backslidings of the Caslock.

Hypocrisy may chain up a Man, when he is among Brethren of the same Class, but Nature will certainly break out, whenever it finds an Opportunity. How many *Caledonian* Peers, that can sit out four long-winded Sermons at a time on the other side the *Tweed*, whore and drink, and deny themselves nothing in the *Pall-mall* and *St. James's*? 'Tis a mighty Refreshment, to be out of the Reach of Scandal.

A Whore, in the Business of Love, is what Farthings are in the Business of Trade; only us'd for the Convenience of ready Change.

'Tis the most unpardonable Affront in the World, to tell a Woman, that she's old. My Lord *A—*, who was the greatest Courtier in his Time, us'd to say to his Lady every New-years Day; Well, Madam, how old will your Ladyship be pleas'd to be this Year?

The Virtuoso's may talk as long as they please, that the Seasons are inverted, and the Sun decay'd, whatsoever becomes of our Fruits, our Women ripen much earlier than formerly.

Madam *S—* last Year brought her Daughter to *St. Martin's* to be Marry'd. Little Miss look'd so unfit for Business, that the Parson innocently ask'd her Mother, And what, have you brought this Child to be Baptiz'd?

A Man would willingly have it in his Power to oblige the Fair Sex, to the last Moment of his Life. When Sir *H—* was to be cut for the Stone, in the Sixty-seventh Year of his Age; Well, but Doctor, says he, this Operation won't make a Man impotent, will it?

Covetousness, like Jealousy, when it has once taken Root, never leaves a Man, but with his Life. A rich Banker in *Lombard-street*, finding himself very ill, sent for a Parson to administer the last Consolations of the Church to him. While the Ceremony was performing, old *Gripewell* falls into a Fit: As soon as he was a little recover'd, the Doctor offer'd the Chalice to him. No, no, crys he, I can't afford to lend you above Twenty Shilling upon't, upon my Word I can't now.

When the High-Priest enter'd the Sanctuary, which was but once a Year, the *Jews* have a Tradition, that he begg'd of God not to hear the Prayers of Travellers, who, to have Fair Weather for themselves, don't care what becomes of the rest of the World. Had we any such Custom among us, it would not be amiss if our *Arch-Flamen* pray'd to him, not to hear the different Petitions of the several Sects among us, that, if heard, would not only ruin the rest of the World, but themselves.

What Sect of Men could Set up with such Disadvantage as the Quakers, when they were kick'd, and buffeted, and laugh'd at by every body? But their darling Principle sooth'd the Vanity of Men, and made them Judges of every Thing, *Dans le DERNIER ressort*. Of late they have lick'd their Cub into some Shape, and are far from making a contemptible Figure. Who knows but it may be their Turn to be the Reigning Religion a hundred Years hence?

A Gigantic Man, and a Book of a monstrous Size, generally fall short of what they seem to promise. An ordinary Soul can more inform an overlarge Body, than an ordinary Genius can enliven a big Volume. 'Tis as if a Gentleman of 200 l.

a Year should affect to live in *Hampton-Court*, where the very Repairs would exceed the Income. Is not a Leaf of the *Dispensary*, worth a Cart-load of King *Arthurs*?

Not only Religion and Law, but even Gold and Silver are falsify'd, to procure Gold and Silver.

If we must have War with *France* about *Spain*, the sooner the better, before Affairs are settl'd, and while the Government is young. In King *Charles* the Second's Time, *Jack Ogle*, a very famous Person in his Generation, had got a Clap. Doctor, says he to a Chirurgeon, what wi--wi--will this Business cost me? Why, some three *Guineas*, Sir. And wha--wha--what Rate does a Pox go at? About six, Sir. Well then, ho-ho-honest Friend, crys he, I'll e'en let it run up to a Pox, and cure both under one. Pray Heaven there be no *Jack Ogle* among our present Politicians.

How unnatural a Sight it is to see a Parson with a florid Countenance and a double Chin, preach up Abstinence in *Lent*!

Some Clergy-men in the Pulpit are such different Animals from what they are elsewhere, that Mrs. K—; when she acts a vertuous Part upon the Stage, is not more different from Mrs. K—, with a Runner in her Hand, at the *Horse-shoe*.

It has been an old Remark, said a Presbyterian Minister in his Sermon, that *Opinio* is of the Feminine Gender, because Women for the most part are positive and opinionated; whereas *Judicium* is of the Neuter, because in all critical Exigences Men of Judgment chuse to be Neuters. The Grammatical Observ. tion is not worth a Farthing, but a whole-

wholesome Mythology's couch'd under it, which the *Venetians* at present practice.

A Speculative Religion is only Calculated for a few Philosophers, and not the gross Vulgar. 'Tis too thin a Diet for coarse Appetites, as we find Soops and Sallads are for common *English* Stomachs. For this Reason the Popish Priests amuse them with Pictures, Shows, and Images; the Presbyterian Parsons with Apish Gestures, Fantastic Expressions, and Sordid Similies that are full as gross as Images: The Church of *England* goes the middle Way to work, and gives it them half in Surplices and Organs, and t'other half in good Sense and Reason.

Tho' a Clergy-man preach'd like an Angel, yet he ought to consider, that two Hour-glasses of Divinity are too much at once for the most patient Constitution. In the late Civil Wars, *Stephen Marshal* split his Text into twenty-four Parts. Upon this, one of the Congregation immediately runs out of Church. Why, what's the Matter, says a Neighbour? Only going for my Night-gown and Slippers, for I find we must take up our Quarters here to Night.

A long Reach and a little Conscience are as necessary Qualifications to a Minister of State, as a long Hand and little Fingers are to a Man-Midwife.

A Wit and a Beau set up with little or no Expence. A pair of red Stockins, and a Sword-knot, sets up one; and peeping once a Day in at *Will's*, and two or three second-hand Sayings, the other.

Every Man thinks so well of himself, or so ill of his Neighbour, that he would not change with him in every Respect, tho' he would in some. Thou-
fands

sands perhaps may wish they had Mrs. *Abel's* Voice, or Sir *Charles*——'s Estate, yet there's scarce a Man in the Kingdom, I believe, would Change with them for good and all; that is to say, would have Mrs. *Abel's* good Manners, and Sir *Charles's* Gratitude.

'Tis wisely done, as a Gentleman observ'd, of a Chirurgeon to live next Door to a Bawdy-house, of a Short-hand Teacher to a Meeting-house, and one that has a good Hand at Pimping to place himself near the Court; for then they may expect Business.

A Man of Merit may be allow'd to insinuate it modestly. Prince *Maurice* being ask'd who was the greatest General of the Age, handsomely answer'd, the Marquis of *Spinola* is the second.

Well, this Thing call'd Prosperity makes a Man strangely insolent and forgetful. How contemptibly a Cutler looks at a poor Grinder of Knives, a Physician in his Coach at a Farrier a Foot, and a well-grown *Paul's Church-yard* Bookseller upon one of the Trade that sells second-hand Books under the Trees in *Morefields*?

'Tis hard that a Man should go out of the World almost as weak a Wretch as he came into it. *Senes bis pueri*, Old Men are twice Children, says, the Proverb. There is an old Drawer at the Baptist's Head in *Chancery-Lane*, that drew Vinegar when the *Scots* came into *England* with their Bag-pipes and Covenant, in the Year 1640. Soon after, he was prefer'd a Story higher, I mean to draw Wine, in which Station he continu'd about forty Years; and since the late Revolution, he is a Vinegar-drawer again.

'Tis

'Tis a very hard Case if a Man can't find some Excuse for his Frailty, let it be what it will. About seven Years ago, when there were such Complaints of the ill Summers, and Mr. *Flamstead* talk'd, that there were *Maculae* in the Sun, I knew a Gentleman that us'd to get up about the Dusk of the Evening, and went to Bed by Break of Day, and this was the constant Course of Life he led. His Uncle ask'd him, what the Plague made him such a Sot? Oh, says he, the *Royal Society* say the Sun is sick, and for my part I hate to see sick Folks.

A Man does not attain to the Top of Preferment in an Instant. In one House a young Member generally is initiated by moving for the bringing in of Candles, and in another by snuffing them.

Affiduity is one of the best Qualities in a Courtier, to recommend him to his Master. As Prince *Maurice* was once at Dinner, in came a huge Mastiff, and took Sanctuary under the Table. The Pages beat him out of the Room, and kick'd him, but for all that, *Monsieur Chien* came punctually at the same Hour next Day, and so continu'd his Visits, tho' they still continu'd the same Treatment to him. At last the Prince order'd them to beat him no more, and made much of him. From that Time the Mastiff commenc'd a perfect Courtier, follow'd the Prince wherever he went, lay all Night at his Chamber-door, ran by his Coach-side as duly as one of his Lacqueys; in short, so insinuated himself into his Master's Favour, that when he dy'd he setl'd a Pension upon him for Life.

If your Friend is in Want, don't carry him to the Tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a Thirst and Head-ach upon him next Morning. To treat a poor Wretch with a Bottle
of

of *Burgundy*, or fill his Snuff-box, is like giving a pair of Lace-Ruffles to a Man that has never a Shirt on his Back. Put something into his Pocket.

When a Man has contracted a Habit, 'tis a hard matter to leave it off. A Fellow of a House had got such a Trick of talking *Latin*, that he could not forbear it even to the Scullion-Boys and Bed-makers. One Afternoon, seeing one of the Turn-spit Dogs bask himself deliciously in the Sun, he thus accosted him. *Non Studes, ignave, non Studes, sed toto die otiosus es, & ostendis ingentis tuos Testiculos ad Solom.*

What is Sawce for a Goose, is Sawce for a Gander. When any Calamities befel the *Roman* Empire, the *Pagans* us'd to lay it to the Charge of the Christians: When Christianity became the Imperial Religion, the Christians return'd the same Complement to the *Pagans*.

That which pass'es for current Doctrine at one Juncture, and in one Climate, won't do so in another. The Cavaliers, in the beginning of the Troubles, us'd to trump up the 12th of the *Romans* upon the Parliament; the Parliament trump'd it upon the Army, when they would not disband; the Army back again upon the Parliament, when they disputed their Orders. Never was poor Chapter so unmercifully tofs'd to and fro again!

The *Jesuits* here in *Europe*, in their Disputes with the *Protestants*, have Recourse to Miracles, as a Proof of the True Church. In *Æthiopia*, where the *Abyssines* over-number'd them in Miracles, they very fairly deny'd the Argument, and reason'd against them as we do.

The *Quakers* here in *England* won't take up Arms, no, not they, because all War is unlawful. When the *French* attack'd them in *Pensylvania*, the
Case

Cafe was alter'd ; the Drums beat, the Guns fir'd, and Carnal Weapons were not thought sinful.

An *English* Bull-dog, and a *Scotch* Presbyterian, are of a different Species from all the Bull-dogs and Presbyterians in the World.

Not to flatter ourselves, we *English* are none of the most constant and easy People in the World. When the late War pinch'd us, oh ! when shall we have a Peace and Trade again ? We had no sooner a Peace, but, Huzza, Boys ! for a new War ; and that we shall soon be sick of.

It may be no Scandal for us to imitate one good Quality of a neighbouring Nation, who are like the Turf they burn, slow in kindling, but when once thoroughly lighted, keep their Fire.

What a fine Thing it is to be well-manner'd upon occasion ! In the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, a certain worthy Divine at *Whitehall*, thus address'd himself to the Auditory at the Conclusion of his Sermon. In short, if you don't live up to the Precepts of the Gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular Appetites, you must expect to receive your Reward in a certain Place, which 'tis not good Manners to mention here.

We can't properly call that Man unhappy, who knows nothing of his Misfortunes. *Lisander's* Wife is the most insatiable Strumpet that ever liv'd, yet *Lisander* jogs on merrily, snores contentedly, and believes her honest. T'other Day he made a Visit to *Chærephon*, whose Wife denies herself no innocent Freedoms, but is as chaste as a *Vestal*. Lord ! crys *Lysander* to himself, what an unlucky Wretch is poor *Chærephon*, to have such a Viper in his Bosom !

Con-

Conscience is a Riddle I don't know what to make of; 'tis sometimes Pride, 'tis sometimes Obstinacy, 'tis sometimes Interest, 'tis sometimes Nothing; like a skittish Jade, it will startle at a Wind-mill, and stand buff to a Cannon; it will keck at Pap, and digest Steel.

Amelia would not let her Husband take the Oaths to the Government, and yet never scruples to try a Fall with the next Comer for half a Crown. Her pious Husband too, tho' he won't swear, will sooner get drunk upon Tick, than go sober to Bed.

In the Time of the last War, a *French* Woman kept a little Bawdy-house in *Ghent*. To ingratiate with the *English* Officers, her constant Compliment was, *Ayez pitie, Messieurs, d'une pauvre Refugee, qui est venue pour la Religion*. Notwithstanding her Religion, she had Harlots always at their Service.

Since this Revolution, a worthy Church-man, that for several Reasons must be nameless, thank'd God that the Majority of the Clergy-men had taken the Oaths, and that others again had refus'd them; for, says he, by taking them, we have secur'd our poor Church, which otherwise had been in danger of falling, as our Sister of *Scotland* has done; and by some of us refusing them, and sacrificing all we had to them, we have shown the Nation there's such a thing as Conscience still among us. And yet this Reverend Parson chose rather to save the Church, than show his Conscience.

Melissa looks as demure as a Nun, goes twice a Day to Church, abhors the Play-house and Players, has always the Catalogue of the *Lent Preachers* by Heart, rails at Patches and Commodes, and yet is

a Fury Incarnate in a Corner. I went to pay *Melissa* a Sum, says a Gentleman, last Night, and she was so fond of my Money, that I thought, in my Conscience, she would have run away with the Purse.

Women tax their Gallants of Inconstancy without Reason. Their Humours, their Faces, their Charms, daily change; what makes them then complain?

For a Woman to think to secure her Lover, when her Beauty, that made him so, is gone, is to expect as great a Miracle as Transubstantiation wrought in her Favour, where the Accidents are said to remain, when the Substance, that supported them is vanish'd. But this is no Age for Miracles.

What unaccountable Creatures are Women! They treat their humble Servants like Slaves when they see them; they rail at them, they despise them, they'll hardly vouchsafe them a Look, yet are uneasy in their Absence.

A Minister, by ill advising his Prince, and putting him upon wrong Methods, has often had the Honour to see a flourishing Country reduc'd to Beggery. A Gentleman was railing as fast as his Lungs would give him leave, at Cardinal *Richlieu*. Don't talk so loud, says his Friend to him, lest some of his Creatures there should over-hear you, meaning a parcel of Beggars that stood by them.

Some Authors are so long a correcting and mending their Works, that, like *Paul's*, they may be said to be old before they are finish'd.

To acquaint a Man with his being a Cuckold, and to preach the 30th. of *January* Sermon before the House, are two ticklish Points that one would willingly avoid.

'Tis merry to consider what sort of Reasons some Men give for what they do. A dissenting Parson was preaching a Funeral Sermon in *Morefields*; he laid about him so powerfully, that all the Congregation wept, except one Fellow, who seem'd not a jot concern'd. Being ask'd the Reason why he did not weep? What have I done to weep? says he; I am not of this Parish.

A good Outside is the best Sir *Ch. Cotterel* in a strange Place.

Servants are careless and impudent, and their Masters, generally speaking, may thank themselves for't. A worthy Knight near *Twickenham*, had some Gentlemen at Dinner with him; he calls for a Bottle of Ale, his Boy opens it just under his Nose, by the same Token it flew all upon his Face, Cravat, and Periwig. The Knight not at all disturb'd, and wiping himself, Well, says he, this is the wittiest Boy in the World; I warrant you he serves me a hundred such witty Tricks in a Year. Here, Sirrah, says *Tom Otway* to him, who chanc'd to be then in the Company, here's a Shilling for you to encourage you in your Wit.

How glad a Man is when he hears another accus'd of a Fault, which does not reach him! Some People were talking against Pluralists, and what a horrid Scandal and Shame they brought upon the Church. Heaven be prais'd, says a certain Prelate, no-body can tax me with Pluralities. I have but one Benefice, God knows.

If the Church has a Mind to make any Thing pass for a Sin, 'tis an easy Matter to lug and stretch a Text 'till it fits the Purpose. A Parson would needs prove Dancing to be sinful, and thus he brought it about. *Imprimis*, Dancing is a circular Motion, deny it who can. In the next place, 'tis as plain as a Pike-staff, that a circular Motion is Diabolical; for doth not the Text expressly say of the Devil, *Circuit terram quærens quem devoret?*

The late Ordinary of *Newgate*, Mr. *Smith*, who was one of the most famous Scruple-drawers of his Time, had one impenitent Clipper once to deal with. Why, says the Fellow, what Harm have I done? A parcel of over-grown Shillings fell into my Hands, and I only par'd off their Superfluities. They would have bought but Twelve Penn'oth of Beef and Turnips at first, and they'll buy Twelve Penn'oth of Beef and Turnips still. Ay, but hark you, my Friend, crys the Ordinary, what is it to clip a Thing, but to pare it round? And what is paring round call'd in Scripture, but Circumcision? And who, under the Evangelical Dispensation dares practice Circumcision, but one that has actually renounc'd the Christian Religion, and is a *Jew*, a most obstinate perverse *Jew* in his Heart? Upon this, the poor Clipper threw himself at his Feet, own'd the Heinousness of his Sin, confess'd, That Sabbath-breaking had brought him to't, and wept like a Church-spout.

A jolly red-fac'd Preacher, at the upper-end of *Thames-street*, had a great Mind to prove a standing Army to be *Jure Divino*; and how did he make it out? Why, as plain as you'd wish: God Almighty, says he, keeps a standing Army of Cherubims and Seraphims, to prevent the Incursions and Depredations of the Devil: And what are Kings, but
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his Vicegerents? The Man meant all well, that's certain, and the Fraternity at *Young Man's* are bound in Honour to present him with a Silver Bottle-screw and a Tobacco-box.

A Divine ought to calculate his Sermon, as an Astrologer does his Almanack, to the Meridian of the Place and People where he lives. What Stuff it is to Preach against Usury at *Whitehall*, and Fornication in *Lombard-street*! No, invert the Tables; preach against Usury in *Lombard-street*, and Fornication at *Whitehall*.

One Sunday Morning a Shower of Rain drove a Gentleman of my Acquaintance into the College-Chapel at *Chelsea*. The Minister, as he told me, was very furiously inveighing against Covetousness before a Parcel of Fellows that were in no great Danger of being infected with that Sin, or ever seeing a greater Sum than half a Crown. He ought to have preach'd against Swearing, Pilfering, rubbing out of Ale-house Scores, and building of Sconces.

Ingratitude, Perfidy, Oppression, Bribery, and the like, may be preach'd against in every Church between *Berwick* and *St. Michael's Mount*.

St. Epiphanius, *St. Theophylact*, *St. Gregory of Nazianzen*, the *Concilium Illiberitanum*, and *St. Austin de Civitate Dei*, rumble well in a Country Church, and make the Parson admir'd by his Flock; but is not one good Argument more convincing than a thousand Citations out of *St. Gregory*?

To quote *St. Ambrose* or *St. Jerome*, or any other Red-letter'd Father, to prove any such important Truth as this, That Virtue is commendable, and all Excess to be avoided; is like sending for the Sheriff

Sheriff to come with the *Posse Comitatus* to disperse a few Boys at Foot-ball, when it may be done without him.

Some Divines make the same Use of Fathers and Councils, as our Beaus do of their Canes, not for Support or Defence, but meer Ornament and Show; and cover themselves with fine Cobweb-distinctions, as *Homer's* Gods did with a Cloud.

Tho' Ignorance is none of the best Qualifications for one that sets up for Director of others, yet 'tis better we should have a few ignorant Parsons, than our Parishes have none to look after them. My Lord D—— ask'd a certain Bishop, in the late Reign, why he conferr'd Orders upon so many Block-heads? Oh! my Lord, says he, 'tis better the Ground should be plough'd by Asses, than lie untill'd.

All Churches, let them pretend what they will, aspire at Power. The *Huguenots* in *France*, after the Assembly of *Roche*, in the Year 1623, gave Commissions to their Officers to raise Horse and Foot in *nomine Ecclesiarum*.

The Presbyterian Divines have been observ'd of late, to preach after the Manner of the Church of *England-men*. Without setting up for a Prophet, I dare venture to affirm, that this will be their Ruin. 'Twas the melodious Twang of the Nose, the dusting of the Cushion, the black Cap tipped with White, the zealous Toss of the Handkerchief; in short, the Fire, the Vehemence, the Impetuosity of their Action, that gave them all their Authority with the People; which they'll soon lose, if once they quit Show and Grimace, for good Reason and Sense. People then will go to their Parish-Churches.

Singularity of Expression, Habit, and the like, keep up a Sect that would otherwise fall. This, for ought I know, has been the chief Preservation of *Judaism*. Whenever the Quakers part with their broad-brimm'd Hats, little Cravats, and Coats without Pockets before, the Author of *The Snake in the Grass* may e'en leave off writing against them, for their Farthing-Candle, call'd the private Spirit, will go out of it self.

People may talk what they will of the Liberty of *Amsterdam*, but 'tis no where in such Perfection, say I, as in *London*. A Man in *Amsterdam* is suffer'd to have but one Religion, whereas in *London* he may have two Strings to his Bow.

A Man that splits himself between two Churches, is true to neither, but to his own Interest.

There must be something more than ordinary in the Wind, when a splay-mouth'd Linsey-woolsey Sir *Humphry*, to qualify himself for a Gold Chain and Scarlet Gown, can swallow so rank a Pill as Superstition, and submit to the Popery of St. *Paul's*.

Sometimes the Church of *England* and Presbytery shall be one, sometimes as different as Light and Darknefs, just as the present Juncture of Affairs will have it.

The Ministers of both Churches, that can admit such amphibious Animals by Turns to their Communion, have some invisible Loop-holes to creep out at, which no-body else can see. For Shame charge the Jesuits no more with Equivocation!

A Man that keeps steady to one Party, tho' he happens to be in the Wrong, is still an honest Man.
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He that goes to a Cathedral in the Morning, and *Salter's-hall* in the Afternoon, is a Rascal by his own Confession.

A true Citizen's Conscience makes a Gain of every Thing, even of Godliness it self.

Makometanism came into the World with Teeth and Claws, was nurs'd up in Violence, Rapine, and Murder; yet, grown up to Man's Estate, generously gives Quarter to those of a different Belief. Christianity, whose distinguishing Character is Love and Meekness, allows cutting of Throats for the Propagation of the Gospel.

A Man in throwing Dirt at his Adversary, does often bespatter himself. Two Country Fellows quarrell'd in the Field, and one pursu'd the other up to his own Village. When he found himself safe; Now come on, says he, you Cuckoldly Dog, if you dare; we are four to one of you.

A Woman will suffer any Thing, sooner than see her Husband bestow his Kindness elsewhere. My Lady B — found Sir *John* and her Gentlewoman too familiar together. The very next Moment she turn'd her away. Hussy, crys she at parting, I have no Occasion for such as you; all the Business you do here, I can as well dispatch myself.

Selfish never speaks well of any one, and never dines at Home. 'Twas justly said of him, That he never open'd his Mouth, but at another Man's Expence.

A jealous Man and a Cuckold, says Sir *John Sucklin*, differ like Alderman and Mayor; a little

Time makes one the other. A common Slanderer wants only an opportunity to be a Cut-throat.

What greater Torment can there be on this side Hell, than Desire and Impotence?

The *Ephesian* Matron, of famous Memory, was an Angel to some of our modern Wives: She had the Manners to stay 'till her Husband was cold, before she dispos'd of herself. Ours enter into Articles before the old Bond is cancell'd. Dear *Betty*, says a Butcher in *Smithfield*, a little before he dy'd, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I would advise you to marry our Man *Jack*; 'tis a clever, well-built, strong Fellow, and our Business, you know, requires such a one. Well, Husband, answers she, and so it does; but if that's all, never trouble your self; *John* and I have agreed that matter already.

'Tis not a fine Show of Books makes a Scholar; and yet, crys the *Fleet-ditch* Quack, why should not I know as much as any of the College? I'm sure I have as good a Library. As if staring upon a Parcel of Books neatly bound, or upon a heap of Guineas through a Gold-smith's Glass in *Cheapside*, would either make a Man learned or rich.

Buying of Books is grown into a Fashion, even with those that can't read them. The aforesaid Quack hearing a *Buxtorf's Hebrew* Lexicon put up at an Auction, crys aloud, I'll have it. When he had look'd upon it a little, he return'd it back to the Auctioneer. Mr. *Millington*, says he, you may e'en keep this Book for your own Use; I'll have none on't. Why, the damn'd Book-binder has spoil'd it; he has made it begin at the End.

In

In some Grounds every Thing degenerates. Wheat runs into Barley, Artichokes turn to Thistles, Grapes give nothing but Verjuice. And thus the best Subject groes flat and insipid in some Hands, that have the Reverse of *Midas's* Talent, and turn every Thing into Lead.

He that writes abundance of Books, and gets abundance of Children, may in some Sense be said to be a Benefactor to the Publick, because he furnishes it with Bum-fodder and Soldiers; but 'tis impossible he should bestow enough upon them to make them appear handsomly in the World.

'Tis a Sign of the last Necessity in an Author, when he is forc'd to steal from himself. 'Tis worse than robbing the Spittle.

Mr. *Shadwell*, in one of his last Plays, is so honest as to own, that he had stole a few Hints out of a *French* Comedy, but pretends 'twas rather out of Laziness than Want. This Confession, instead of mending Matters, would have hang'd him at the *Old-Baily*; and why it should save him in *Parnassus*, I can't tell.

'Tis strange that an Author should have a Gamester's Fate, and not know when to give over. Had the City Bard stop'd his Hand at *Prince Arthur*, he had misd Knighthood, 'tis true, but he had gone off with some Applause.

Cleander, don't give your self the Trouble to write against *Nevius*; stay but a while, and you'll find he'll scribble himself out of his little Reputation.

One would almost swear, that some Authors had serv'd an Apprenticeship to a Faggot-maker. A substantial Stick or two on the outside, a promising Title, a tolerable Preface, and all Rubbish within.

Never was there such a Shoal of Versifiers, and so few Poets.

Some Books, like the City of *London*, fare the better for being burnt.

Plays and Romances sell as well as Books of Devotion; but with this Difference, more People read the former, than buy them; and more buy the latter, than read them.

'Tis natural for every Man to be fond of his own Country, and what it produces. In the Parish-Church of *Spest* in *Westphalia*, there is a Representation of the Last Supper in a Glass-window, where our Saviour and the Apostles sit down before a Gammon of Bacon, the topping Dish of the Country, instead of the Paschal Lamb. Two hundred Years ago perhaps, in the Days of *Popery*, an *English* Painter would have made it a Surloin of Beef.

Tho' Life is so short, we spend it as unprofitably as if we had *Methuselah's* Age to squander away. How many tiresome *Dutch* Volumes, and tedious Nights has Dr. B——y gone through, to acquire all that useful Learning about *Theriolean* Cups, and *Sicilian* Groats!

'Twas a merry Saying of *Rabelais*, That a Man ought to buy all the bad Books that come out, because they will never be printed again.

Mr. B R O W N'S
Dialogues of the Dead,

In Imitation of L U C I A N.

The Scene, *Hell.*

The Tryal of CUCKOLDS.

Lucifer. **H**Old ! Porter, shut the Gates of this our August Court, that we may not be thus throng'd. Let no more come in, till we have clear'd the Bench of these Numbers we have before us already.

Porter. Mighty Emperor, your Commands shall be obey'd.

Lucif. Now, *my Noble Lords*, set we our selves to search and examine what of late Years brings daily such Gluts and Spring-Tides of Souls to our Infernal Mansions, 'specially at this time, when neither War, Famine, nor Plague, are abroad in the upper World, or at least in that part of it from whence I observe most of this Gang arrive ; *Europe* I mean : If there were War, 'twould be no Wonder so many were damn'd ; the Liberties of the Sword surprize enough in their Sins to throng our Courts of Justice. Nor is the *Plague* without Advantages for us that
the

way; the few that have Spiritual Relief in such contagious and quickly-destroying Distempers, encrease our Crop: And the general Cruelty of Mankind is such, that in Famine, those that have will keep for Themselves and their Dogs, and let the rest of their own Species perish, without so much as a pitying Look: And this makes many *Atheists* in their Wants, and does that without our instigation which we could not persuade *Job* to do, that is, *Curse God, and die.*

But, *my Lords*, when none of these our loyal Vassals are abroad, 'tis not strange that I am to seek in the Cause of this great Concourse at our Tribunal; and therefore that *Virtue*, for want of Reward and due Praise, may not slacken, we will examine to what industrious Friend we owe this unexpected Success. Wherefore, you *Minor Devils* and *Under-Officers* of our Court, bring them in order to the Bar, and let no Devil of Honour, that has past that inferior Office of touching the Uncleanneſs of Humanity, defile himself with too near an approach to any of them.

Here several Lacquey-Devils and Porter-Devils, with the rest of the Mob of Hell, bring on the first Band to the Bar in Italian Garbs.

Speak Criminal, whence art thou? Of what Nation, Quality, or Condition in the World? And what's the happy cause of thy coming hither?

Ghost. First, *Senior*, adjust some Points in dispute which highly concern the Honour of our Country, and the Decorum of good Breeding, and I shall, for all this noble Train that follow me, answer to your Devilships Queries. Coming to the Confines of your flourishing Empire, we were met by some of the Officers of this honourable Assembly, who gave us safe Conduct to your Royal Presence: But, just now entring into these Lists, confronted us a company

pany of paltry Scoundrels, and press'd for Precedence, swearing, That as they were *Englishmen*, they ought to take place of all that were damn'd for *Cuckolds*. We urg'd our Title in Heraldry, That We ought to take place of all Nations, being the Successors of the once Masters of the Universe; but they were deaf to Reason here, as well as in the World, and one swore *D—me*, *Bl—d* and *Z—ns*, another Oaths all round the Compass; and in this Volly of Mouth-Grenadoes, one very demure Gentleman prest by *Yea* and *Nay*, that we were in the wrong; and had it not been for this *Honourable Devil* here that's a Friend to our Nation, we had been worm'd out of our Birthright by the *Arse* and *Refuse* of the World: *Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*; as our noble Countryman has it, Dogs shut out of doors from all the rest of Mankind. I therefore appeal to this thrice-excellent Senate, and you the *right and most reverend Doge*, to redress this Affront.

Lucif. Hey day! What, has not Hell yet brought you to your Senses, that you can think we Devils are such Sots to trouble our Heads about the ridiculous *Whims* of *Ceremonious Mankind*? But since they were so obstreperous to make a Disturbance in *Hell*, they shall be the last heard: Therefore proceed to the Question.

Ghost. An't please your thrice-puissant Devilship, *Noble Senior*, I was coming to that Point: Therefore to be brief (for I hate Prolixity) I am, Sir, an *Italian* by *Nation*, and a Nobleman by *Quality*. My own Vanity and ill Chance gave me a pretty Wife, and my Honour made me chuse her of an *Illustrious House*, but she prov'd *Lewd* and *Prodigal*, the natural Issue of *Beauty* and *High Birth*; my dotage on her Charnis had bred in me such a fond, blind, uxorious Vice, (*which my Countrymen are seldom guilty of*) that I was almost ruin'd before I found I was betray'd: But travelling toward *Genova*, I met the Spark, my pretended

tended Friend, on the Road to my Dwelling ; I seemingly pass'd on my way, but in the Night return'd unexpected and surpriz'd 'em all, and therefore as my Honour bid me, I murder'd him, and bak'd him in a Pye, and (*ingeniously in my Revenge*) swore she should eat no other Food but her Lover : The Crust she a while did eat, but one day having prepar'd a *Stelletto*, at Supper she dispatch'd me thus to your thrice *Noble and Illustrious Devilship*.

Luc. Very well ! and worthy thou art of such a Punishment, that couldst not forgive Beauty a gentle Slip of that nature thou thy self hadst so often transgress'd. Speak the next.

2 *Ghost.* I am also an *Italian* ; and observing a Gentleman often ogling my Wife, which she did not a little encourage, I sent a *Bravo* to dispatch him, (for we *Italians* do not love to look *Revenge* in the Face our selves) but the Rogue of a *Bravo*, won by my Wife, and by a greater Sum of Mony of my Adversary's, comes back to me, and cuts my *Throat*. And this, *most Noble Senior*, is most of our cases, our Wives have given us the casting-throw for Damnation.

Luc. You, the rest of this malignant Train, Is this true, that your *Wives* have sent you hither ?

Omnes. Yes, yes ; we have all had Wives. — All the Plagues of *Egypt* let us undergo, but no Wives, we most humbly beseech your *most noble Devilship*.

Luc. Prayers are in vain, Transgressions are to be punish'd by the same way they are committed ; nor must you be your own Carvers here in *Hell*, Gentlemen. Away with 'em down into Cuckolds-Cave, ten thousand fathom deeper than the Whoremasters, and next the Keeping-Cullies, and let each have two *Wives* to torment him.

Omnes. O Wives ! Wives ! [They are remov'd off,

Luc. Proceed to the next Band. and others brought on
Say what were you in the World, and what dear Sin brought you to this place ?

Spa-

Spanish Ghost. Great Prince of *Darkness*, and Lord of the *greatest part of Mankind*, may it please your *Catholick Majesty*, I was by my Worldly State and Condition a *Spanish Grandee* of the first Magnitude, rich as Fortune and an indulgent Prince well could make me, (for, your *Devilship* must know, our King is but a Sheep for us to fleece when we please, which we do in all places, letting his Soldiers and inferior Servants starve) happy, till too much Success was my undoing; for by that I gain'd the Lady I lov'd, and so in one *unhappy Word* was Married. 'Tis tedious to repeat the Injuries I receiv'd from the Ingrateful Fair, who, after all, to make room for another, sent me away (*like an Italian as she was*) in all my Sins, with a poisonous Draught.

Luc. Is the same your Fate, you the rest of this befotted Crew, that have met with just Punishment from one part of your selves, for preferring your private Grandeur before the Service of your King, and Honour of your Country?

Omnes. Yes, yes; Thirst of Honour and Wealth made us cheat the King, *that* drew down the Judgment of Wedlock, and *that* brought us to this long Home and Fiend of Matrimony.

Luc. Away with these, and drive 'em out of their Snails pace. [*A tatter'd Ghost comes forward.*]

Ghost. Just may be their Punishment, most *Noble Devil*; but why should I be condemn'd to *Wincing*, who was so far from cheating the King, that I could never get my Due of him, and being a Gentleman born, never did any thing below my Extraction, and have gone without a Meal many a time, rather than degrade my self to get one? And tho' I could arrive to it no otherways, yet kept up my part still in stately Walk and my Wallet, tho' I had no Bread for either, or a Shirt to my Back.

Luc. Since thy own Folly made thee marry, 'tis now too late to prate; you must away with the rest.

[*They*]

[*They are all carried off, and others brought on.* Bring the next to the Bar: Declare the Cause of your deserv'd Damnation. My Life on't, these dapper Sparks are in for Cakes and Ale too; the very Air of their Faces speaks 'em CUCKOLDS.

French Ghost. Sire, may it please your most Victorious Majesty, *Vostre Esclave* is a *French-man* by Birth, and a Leader of the *Most Christian King's* most Magnanimous Forces; and whilst I with my *Com-militones* was reaping *Laurels* in the Field of *Renown*, and engaging the Enemy abroad, my Lady Wife (as most of our *French Wives* will, for having once tasted the Sweets of Love, they'l ne'r have done till they have undone us one way or other) my Lady Wife, I say, was engaging with a Friend at home, who very genteely gave her the POX, which I at my return, like a gay *Cavalier of a Husband*, receiv'd of her as genteely without Rebuke, it being no matter of Scandal with us. But *Mademoiselle POX* proving a very *Virago*, gave me a damn'd Thrust in *Quarto*, and sent me hither in *Decimo sexto*, *Mon-seigneur*.

Luc. You the rest, speak.

Omnes. We are all *Frenchmen*, and therefore you need not doubt the Cause, the *Pox* and our *Wives*, *Ma foy*.

Luc. Away with them: They'l make a Fire by themselves, or will serve instead of *Small-toal*, to kindle others; for they are half burnt out already. Place 'em next the *Spaniard*. The next there speak.

[*They are carried off, more brought on.*

Ger. Ghost. I am by *Nation* a *German*, and by *Damnation* a *Husband*, a *Cuckold*, or what you please, for I hate to mince the matter with a long Preamble, when a *Word to the Wife* is enough.

Luc. Very well; you the rest speak.

Omnes. Ev'n so, an't please your Imperial *Devilship*; whilst we drank and fought against the *Turks*,
our

our Wives whor'd with the *Christians*. O Wives!
Wives!

Luc. Away with these into the hottest, for their Carcasses are so soak'd with Liquor, that they'l put out an ordinary Fire. You the next speak.

[*They are carried off, others brought on.*]

Dutch Ghost. Gads Sacrament, I am a Member, or rather two Members, of the *Hogen-Mogen Commonwealth* of *Europe*. Two Members I say, for I am a Member govern'd, and a Member governing; for the People with us, and in all such Common-wealths, are both Subjects and Masters, govern Laws, and govern'd by the same.

Luc. Your Country's Name then is *Contradiction*. Is it not?

Ghost. Contradiction to *Monarchy*, tho' set up by some Monarchs to spite others. But to your Question, old *Tarpaulian*: Whilst I was getting Money and drinking Punch and Brandy, to hearten me for the noble Combats of *Snick* or *Snee*, or some illustrious Sea-fight, or some generous Undertaking at the Island of *Formosa*, (for a true *Dutchman* never fights without his Head full of Brandy) my Wife made it fly like *Suterkins* at home; at last she made me turn Bankrupt, and cheat my Creditors, and so dying, I came with a full Sail and brisk Gale into your Port.

Luc. You the rest, speak.

Omnes. For our *Wives*, O *Suterkin Hogen*, our *Wives*, whose broad-built Bulk the boistrous Billows bear.

Luc. Away with them into the Den of Anarchy and Confusion, below the Founders of *Babel*.

[*They are carried off, and abundance of English Bands come forward.*]

Luc. Numerous Crew! answer me; what has brought you into this Kingdom, and what you were in the *World*.

A Ghost of a Beau speaks to another of the same feather.

1 *Beau's Gh.* D—me *Jack*, didst ever hear so silly and impertinent a Question? as if *Marriage* was not the only Cause of *Damnation*. (*Aside.*

2 *Beau's Gh.* R--t me *Ned*, as thou say'st, I never heard a Country Justice ask more *ma la propos*; but, The Devil's an Ass, and so let him pass.

The first of the first Band answers the Devil.

I am an *English-man*, who after I had been a notorious Cuckold, was persuaded by my *Wife* to fight the Man that made me so, and was fairly kill'd for Satisfaction, as all this Band that follow me were; and we are damn'd for *Fools* as well as *Cuckolds*.

Omnes. 'Tis true, *Honour* and *Wedlock* have been our Ruin.

Luc. Away with them into *Fools Paradise*, below the Keeping-Cullies, as the more unpardonable Monsters. (*They are carried off, and as the next come in, the Beaux speak.*

1 *Be. Gh.* D——me *Ned*, didst ever know such Fools as they, that could not be satisfied to live *Cuckolds*, but must die so too with a witness. (*Aside.*

2 *Be. Gh.* R——t me, *Jack*, if ever I was of that fighting Humor; nor did I ever fight but once, and then forc'd to it; but my *Stays* sav'd my Life, and I wore my Glove that was cut in the Rancounter as long as 'twould hang on my Hand: Therefore tho' I knew Sir *Roger All-fight* kiss'd my *Wife*, yet as long as I could sop at the *Rose*, and break the Drawer's Head if he made not haste, or brought *bad Wine*, or so, gad I let him kiss her and welcome. (*Aside.*

1 *Be. Gh.* S——k me, *Ned*, I was always of thy mind, as long as I could flutter abroad in my Glass Coach, have my Diamond Snuff-box full of *Orangeree* or *Roderigo*, &c. D——me if I car'd a rush who rode in my Saddle. But mark that formal Coxcomb is now going to speak: Lord! how fine a thing it is

to be a Man to of Wit, and what a singular figure he makes! but hark, old Gray-beard begins. [*Aside.*

Luc. Speak you the next.

Ghost. I was a Man of Quality, of the same Country, but my Fortune being in my youth run out, in *France* for breeding, and in *England* by keeping; I thought in my riper years to retrieve all by marrying a *City Heiress*; but she had by Nature so much of the Mother in her, that by Intreaguing and Equipage, she soon brought me into a worse Condition than before: so that, as my last refuge, I was feign to turn *Plotter*, and being discover'd, was lopp'd shorter by the Head, as all this honourable Tribe that follows me were.

Luc. Away with 'em.

They are carry'd off, and as the next are bringing to the Bar the Beaus Discourse agen.

1 *B. G.* D——me, *Ned*, this was a worse Fool than t'other.

2 *B. G.* R——t me, *Jack*, *vous avez raison*; for I always lov'd to keep my self out of the Jeopardy of *Action*: *Jack*, I'd talk *Treason*, or so; fort my self with the disaffected, and blow up Coals of their discontent, or so: but for *Engagements*, *Covenants*, *Conditions*, and *Unlawful Assemblies*, gad they must pardon me. [*Aside.*

1 *B. G.* Z——ns, *Ned*, thou and I were always one Man; I could rail at the Magistrates, pen a *Lampoon*, or at least convey it to *Julian*, give penny Pyes to the *Mob* to make a noise, *Ridicule the Transactions of the Government*, and give squinting *Reflections on the King*, that was my *ne plus ultra*; for all that I can see, we are in the best case still *Ned*. But now our Band advances, let us press forward, or our Cause may fail. [*Aside.*

2 *B. G.* Hell and Damnation, all's lost; for look yonder, that conceited Coxcomb my Lord *Flippant*,
D pre-

presuming on his *Quality*, has taken upon him to be our Chief, and Spoaks-man. [Aside.

1 B. G. S——nk me *Ned*, so say I: I never knew a conceited Man, but he was a *Fool*; but let's hear, we may put in an *Appeal*, or a *Writ of Error afterward*, or award *Judgment*, if our cause be ill handl'd. [Aside

O! what an admirable thing it is to be a Man of Parts!

Luc. Speak thou fluttering Fool for the rest of this thy *Pea-Cock Gang*.

L. Flippants Ghost. D—me, Sir, I have been a Man of the Town, or rather a Man of Wit, and have been confest a *Beau*, and admitted into the Family of the *Rakehellonians*: And D—me, Sir, I think I am much under that *Dilemma* at present.—— I was learn'd in the ingenious Art of *Dumfounding*; a Wit I said, dear Devil, I was, and it lay as a Gentlemans shou'd, most in Lewdness and *Atheism*. I marry'd in jest, or a frolick, which you please, but as I thought a Fortune (*got by Cullys*) I was made a Cuckold in earnest; tho' that was no great grievance to me, since it only made me in the Mode: nor cou'd I expect any better, since I knew she was a Whore before I had her, but 'twas with my Betters, and so I was contented her Mony shou'd pass current with me, where her Reputation would not, but *Sharping* was her best *Quality*, and *Gaming* her greatest *Patrimony*: and she set up a *Basset-Table*, and whilst I was at the *Groom-Porters* throwing *a-main*, she wou'd be sure to set me at home a pair of *Horns*, I seldom coming to my Apartment, but I met some *Cully Nobleman* or other; but that which was worst, she still had a *Knave* in her Mouth, or an *Alpue* in her Tail, that carry'd away all the Gain: Whilst I was at *Will's Coffeehouse*, fastned in *Controversy* or *Poetick Rhapsodies*, though I had neither *Religion* nor *Learning*, she was sure of me 'till Play-time, and then too: for at five, come *Dick*, says I (to a Brother of the *Oringe*, and *Cravat-string*)
D—me,

D—me, let's to the Play: R—t me, says he, 'tis a dull one: D—me, says I, I value not the Play, my province lyes in the Boxes ogling my Half-Crown away, or running from *side Box* to *side Box*, to the inviting *Incognito's* in black Faces, or else wittily to cry out aloud in the Pit, &c. *Bough*, or *Boyto*, and then be prettily answer'd by the rest of the *Wits* in the same *Note*, like Musical Instruments tun'd to the same pitch. And whilst I was thus generously imploy'd, my Confort had her retreat of Quality to be provided of what I fail'd in. From the Play to the *Rose*, where we drank till four or break of Day, from thence to Bed, were we lay till four or five again, so in *infinitum*.

1 B. G. D—me *Jack*, did'st ever hear a Sot spoil a good Tale in the telling so?

2 B. G. Z—ns, *Ned*, we're undone through this Scoundrels Ignorance and Nonsense: Shall I speak?

1 B. G. R—t me, if thou wilt, thou may'st; but I am sure I cou'd make more of it: For tho' thou art a Man of *Wit*, and a good Judge of *Poetry*, and all that, yet R—t me *Jack*, *Oratory* is thy blind side.

2 B. G. D—me, Sir, don't put upon your Friends; For I have been bred at the *University*, and think myself as good a Judge as you or any Man alive: And Sir, were we out of the Court, I believe you wou'd not thus have abus'd me.

1 B. G. Nay, D—me, *Ned*, now thou art unjust to thy Friend: R—t me, to Quarrel for't, I acknowledg'd thee a Man of Parts, *Ned*, and all that.

Luc. Away with the *Gay Sots*, and because I have no Plagues in Hell equal to their Deserts, let them be a Torment to one another. Away with them.

[As they are carrying off, the Beaus Discourse.]

1 B. G. Well *Ned*, shall I speak before it is too late? You may depend on my Excellence in *Oratory*, 'tis my Talent, I never writ *Billet-deux* in my Life, but it prevail'd with the cruel Nymph: And do ye

think I can't with the *Devil*? I'll persuade him out of his seven Senses Man: D—me, I'll make it appear to him, that he is a God, and all that, Man: R—t me Ned, be not obstinate.

2 B. G. Z—ns, Sir, no more of that strain. Sir, you'r a Coxcomb. What! doubt my Universal Parts?

[They are carried off.]

Luc. You with such a busy Face, speak, what are you?

Here abundance of Cits in various Dresses, come forward.

Cit. Ghost. An't please your infernal Majesty, I was a Right Worshipful Citizen of *London*, that famous *Metropolis* of *England*, and I have born all the honourable Employments of the same, ev'n to Sheriff and Lord Mayor: I was long of the Court of Aldermen, and one of the chief Spoaks-men of the Common-Council: I made Speeches, and pen'd most of the Addresses; But 'tis not for being a Cuckold alone, or that I was feign to cheat so many to maintain my Wives Pride and Luxury, that I am dam'd with this Right Worshipful Crew here; for those are Crimes common to the rest of our Brother Citizens, as well as us; but we were so mad to marry second Wives, and for their sakes turn our Children out of doors, after we had bred them up in all the Ease and Luxury of the Age, to seek their Fortunes in the wide World, and left our Estates to our Wives at our Death, who will be sure to bestow them on some silly, Hectoring Spend-thrift Bully of *Alsatia* or other, and let the Children begot of our own Bodies starve.

Luc. Away with that Rank Gang of Fools as well as Knaves, who cou'd so much forget Nature, and it's necessary and known Laws, as to cast off their own Off-spring, to give away their Substance to those that will not only misuse it, but condemn the Memory of them that were their Benefactors, with so great an Injury to Nature.

2 *Cit.* May it please your Noble *Devilship*, to hear me before you give Judgment upon us; and I don't doubt seriously, but I shall offer such Reasons of our Behaviour in that Matter, as shall sufficiently move that Ignominy your *Devilship* was pleas'd to cast upon us. First then, tho' it be true, that upon my Marriage, I agreed with my second Spouse to turn all my Children out of door; yet I did it not, till she or I had found some cause so to do; for some of them were undutiful, and others put Tricks upon me (as my good Wife said,) and others were Lewd and Extravagant, and some Self-will'd; so that I deserted none of 'em without some Fault. If they were undutiful, was I to blame to punish 'em for it? Or was it my Duty to keep and maintain them after they were of sufficient bigness to prog for themselves? The Birds and Beasts take care of their Young no longer than till they are able to care for themselves; And why shou'd Man be confin'd to more severe Laws in that Point than his Vassal Creatures? I must profess, on the word of a Citizen, that I can see no reason why a Man that gets his Estate himself, may not give it away to whom he pleases, and none so near and deserving as the Wife of ones Bosom. What tho' she may have Slips, the Witcherys and Temptations of Love are great to their soft Sex; and if we have been so imploy'd in getting, that we could not mind that other business, why shou'd we blame them for easing us by other Supplies, where we wanted Power to give them.

Luc. Thou hast spoken as much to the purpose as when in the World thou us'd Harangue at the choice of a Sheriff: And therefore I shall proceed to a singular Punishment for you. Your Argument of punishing your Children for their undutifulness turns here on your own Head; for when they are little, you encourage their Impudence: And that is a witty Child with you, that can prate saucily and lewdly

before he can read ; and Swear and catch the Maids by it before seven Years Old ; and then when you have given them their Head without controul, during their Childhood and Minority, you punish them for the Fruit of that Tree which your selves have planted, which is in it self the height of Injustice ; but on the contrary, you are condemn'd for breaking the Laws of your Maker, which you were bred in fear of, and taught to obey : and you that cou'd punish your own Flesh and Blood so for nothing, without relenting, have a just Judgment for being punish'd here without Mercy. And as for their being Lewd and Extravagant, that is no Plea for you, since that is the Lesson you have taught 'em both by Example and Precept, from the time of their Birth till their coming to Years of Understanding ; for you let a Taylor's Daughter with you go in the Garb of the Children of a Duke in the *Country*, and even Miss *Ketch* be call'd away from the Mob : Your Sons must keep their Horses, and their Whores too, before they know the use of either, and then you punish them for persevering when they are better skill'd. And as for the Birds and Beasts (Examples I think unworthy to be follow'd by a Nobler Being, or quoted as a Precedent) they are so far excelling you in that Point, that they educate their Young in the simple course of Nature, not elevating them above what's necessary, nor leaving them, till they have sufficiently inur'd them to provide for themselves all that Nature requires. But just contrary to the Example you quote, you, all the Infancy of your Children, keep them from Hardship, and knowing how to live, and to provide for themselves, and then on the sudden cast 'em out of their Nest unfledg'd, without teaching 'em to fly. Nor is your proud Supposition, that you may dispose of your own Gettings, more pious or justifiable, unless you will make your selves Gods, and claim the Propriety

ty of that, which you cannot carry out of the World with you, no more than you brought it in. 'Twas Heaven that gave Success to your Endeavours, to provide for those other Blessings it bestow'd upon you, of fine hopeful Children, and you were in right but their Tenant for Life, to improve your Substance for their good. Nor can you in reason imagine any one deserves it better; for Justice and Reason both will have it, that you that have begot them into the World without their seeking or desires, to satisfy your own Pleasure, ought to provide all you can for them, that you brought thus involuntarily into the Maze of Fortune and the Treachery of Mankind. And of all in the World, you have the least reason to leave it to a Wife, that not only betrays the Rights of your Bed, prostituting herself and your Honour to Rascals; but shew'd at first so little Respect and Love for you, as to desire so unreasonable a thing, that you shou'd cast off all the Bonds of Nature, and forsake your own Children, which she cou'd not but love, if she lov'd you: For you know the Proverb, *Love me, Love my Dog*. Having thus therefore shewn the Villany of your Crimes, 'tis fit I proceed to your just Punishment, for which you are sent hither. You that have thus more than monstrously prevaricated against Nature, shall want all the Benefits of Nature; Fire you shall have, but not to give you gentle Warmth from the Cold of the Season (as when you liv'd and hugg'd your self in all *Epicurism*, whilst your Children starv'd) but to scorch your wretched Consciences; and continual fears of burning your Goods, Houses and Writings, shall attend you; to which shall be added, the piercing Fire of Jealousie, that shall prey upon e'ry part of you; nor shall you be without the knowledge of your Wives Transactions on Earth, and see how they mourn in Sack and Claret,

and how they Marry, and Whore, before you are Cold; how they spend that profusely which you scrap'd together to give them, with so much Injustice to your poor Orphans, whose Injuries shall never let you rest, but with all the Fury of Hell for ever torment you worse than *Onan* or the *Sodomites*; away with them whose Villanies raises a Horror, even in me the Prince of Hell, and great Source of all Wickedness.

[As they are going off, two Quakers Ghosts speak.

1 Quakers Ghost. Ah! um! ——— *Josiah*! Verily, who wou'd have thought, that *Rebecca* wou'd have fall'n with the Ungodly so, or that your *Tabitha* wou'd have let the Spirit move her, to play with the Calves of *Bethel*, the wicked of *Sidon*, or the prophane Children of *Moloch*?

2 Ghost. By Yea, and by Nay, *Abadoniah*, as thou say'st, it was more verily than cou'd enter into the Heart of Man to believe. Why, there was my Neighbour *Sad-Face*, and my Cousin *Goggle*, *Nahu Sneak-phir* and [The Lord said unto Moses, Praise God,] was his Fore-name; had they not holy Sisters as to the Appearance of the Flesh for their Spouses? yet behold with them, and within the *Tabernacles* of their *Mansions*, instead of raising up Seed to the Lord among the Chosen and Godly, they did Sacrifice to *Baal* with the Giants of *Moab*. Oh *Abadoniah*! What a falling off was there! What a Backsliding!

1 Gh. Oh *Josiah*! As Thou say'st, Verily, and by Yea, and by Nay, that the Spirit shou'd move us to come to the Devil for our *Necessaries*, without a Convenience. But our Lord will remember our Captivity in *Babylon*. [They are 'carry'd off.

The Lawyers push forward, and speak very urgently.

Lawyers Ghost. Sure my Lord, if the Decorum of any place ought to be kept, that of a Court of Justice ought, and not to let a paltry Citty speak before a Man of the Robe. But in these Popish Times,

all

all Law is neglected, and all its honourable Professors contemn'd and postpon'd. However, my most honourable Lord and Patron of all that wear Black, I shall humbly move this honourable Court, that I may at length be heard, since my Cause is of so great import and concern, and in which the Wisdom of this Court will be highly interested, if it shou'd be brought in *Billa Vera*, and it wou'd too much reflect on the impartiality of this Court of Judicature, to be slack in indagating into a Cause of this Weight and Moment. My Lord, before I open, I shall only premise, that I take this to be the *High Court of Equity*; which granted, I shall begin to open.

I will confess, that Statutes in *Banco Regis* may prevail, and Custom in the *Common Pleas*; but humbly presume, with submission to your Lordships, that this being a *Court of Equity*, it will give the Devil his due. But, *The Devil Laughs e'ry now and then.* my Lord, where a Precedent of the like nature may happen in a Case decided by the Great Council of the Nation, I hope it will not be Foreign, if I alledg it here *where it has nothing to do*; the Case is parallel, as I may say, my Lord, considering the Circumstances, that is, in short, *Consideratis Considerandis*, in *Primo Henrici Primi*, according to my Lord Cook upon *Littleton*; and if your Lordships will let us *read*, you shall find so many gross Errors in the Bill, and the material Objections so fully answer'd, and Costs, if not Charges and Damages. But, my Lord, I do humbly suppose, that part of this Bill ought rather to have been put into an *Indictment*, and so falls not under the Cognizance of this Court; and that is, my Lord, that we are made *Felo's de se*, the Causes of our own Damnation, by an Instrument call'd a *Wife*, value Two-pence. Therefore, my Lord, if you please to let us try it upon a Jury in any County your Lordships shall think fit. Tho' I think in
our

our Case, your Lordships may decide it without further trouble ; for thus I prove
The Devils all Laugh at his Negative Proof. the *Negative* (hoping your Lordships will let me bring in a *Writ of Error*) To deny, my Lord, that we are damn'd, wou'd be perfect Non-sense, and against all *Form of Law* ; yet that we are damn'd for our Wives, I presume, does not follow. And I will prove, that it does not so undeniably to all that have any profound insight into the Law, that I question not but your Lordships will acquiesce *Nemine Contradicente* ; for tho' it be,

Mark Brothers how I will puzzle the Devil, and all his Learned Bench with one turn, one notable Quirk ; mind it well.

Aside to the other Lawyers Ghosts that follow him. They look on one-another rejoicing and hugging themselves.

[*Aloud.*] For tho' I say, it be true, that our Wives spent a great deal of Money on our Clerks, *Et cetera quæ nunc perscribere longum est*, and Cuckold us as often as they pleas'd in spite of our Teeth, and tho' I will not deny that they were as profuse as *Helio-gabolus*, or *Caligula*, and as proud as *Lucifer* (with submission to your Lordships) yet (now comes the *Paradox*) yet I say (pray mind this) *We did not get Money to maintain their Luxury, but they maintain'd their Luxury out of the Money that we got* : Which I humbly conceive falls not under the same *Predicament*, but brings us within the Act of *Habeas Corpus*, that we may not be carry'd away into the Den of ordinary *Cuckolds*. For, to give your Lordships yet a more lively Representation of this matter in question, be pleas'd to reflect on another very pertinent *Precedent* in my Lord *Cook*, where *John a-Noakes* is Tenant only for *Life*, and *John a-Stiles* Tenant in *Tail*. ———

Luc.

Luc. Heyday ! What, is it Midsummer-Moon with Mankind ? What have we got here ! A Cuckold Horn-mad, prating Nonsense, and salving his Knavery and Folly with a Quirk in Law, a turn of a Sentence ? Those Shams won't take here, where there needs no Fee for Counsel, nor Bribe for Judgment. Away with him, and his Villanous Tribe.

Lawyers Ghost. Nay, but my Lord, I humbly move your Honour, that we may not be condemn'd *Causa indicta*, that is not *Right* nor *Equitable* : Wherefore, I beseech your Lordships to have some regard to me as I am a Barrister of 30 years standing, and a Serjeant of 10, that you wou'd be pleas'd to reflect, that tho' I cheated the *Ignorant*, and squeez'd and impos'd on the *Necessitous*.——

Luc. Has not Hell yet brought thee thy Senses ? Away with this impertinent Fellow, and all this Black Gang, among the rest of the most deprav'd Cuckolds, but in the deepest Cavern, for whom they shall plead in *Forma Pauperis*, till their Lungs crack without *Fees* ; let the Writings of their ill-got Estates be for their Food. Scoundrels that had no more sense, than after they had cheated so many Wise and Honest Men, to suffer themselves to be abus'd by Women. Away with them, away with them.

Lawyer. As to that, my Lord, I always fetch'd my Dear home in her Coach from her Gallant, who had pawn'd her in a Tavern.——

Luc. Away with 'em, I say.——What, am I not obey'd !

[As they are carry'd off, they cry, O Tempora !
O Mores !

Luc. Who art thou, with so precise a Grimace ?

A Parsons Ghost. I was in the World above, most mighty King, of the Reverend Crew, and having a handsome Wife, as most of us Love, who was
Proud,

Proud, as they generally are, my Benefice (tho' good) was too small to maintain the Grandure she affected; but I being of a good comely Port, with a pair of broad Shoulders, and sufficient Abilities, and the Man of God to boot (which made an easie and open way for all the rest) I ventur'd to crack a Commandment with some of my Wealthy Parishioners Wives, that they being so oblig'd (according to my Text) might prevail with their Husbands to be the more generous to me in *Supererogatory* Offerings, which flow'd all into the bottomless Bag of my Spouses Pride and Lust; for that too must be supply'd. [They are carry'd off.

Luc. You the rest of this mad foolish Crew, what are you? and what the cause of your Damnation?

Poets Ghost. *Quis Talia fando*

*Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssæi
Temperet a Lacrymis?*

Ha! Brothers of the Quill, what Fate for us remains?

But *Death*, or worse than *Death*, in glorious Chains.

Luc. What ragged Regiment are you that lag behind your Fellows? What are you the Black-Guard of the Cuckolds?

Poet. No Royal *Pluto*, no: (Altho' indeed we are the poorest Cuckolds that come hither, I believe) we are of the Learned Rout.

We have on PARNASSUS slept,

And in the Sacred Stream

(To guild our Amorous Theam)

Of HELICON our Pens have dipt,

And thro' AVERNUS and Black STYX.

By which to Swear

The Gods do fear

We hither slipt;

And

And fairly Bilk'd Old CHARON,
As we were wont to do of Yore
Poor HACK or CHAIRMAN,
Or our half-starv'd Whore.
Wherefore, O Sir PLUTO,
Since we cannot Bilk you too.——

Luc. Hold, hold, I know your Tribe of old; if you once get to repeating your Works, or into the Jingle of your Rhimes, you'll never have done. Away with 'em to Old Sternhold and Hopkins, and the rest of the Crambo-Sparks: Ye senseless Scoundrels, that make Wives of your Muses when Single, and Whores of your Wives when Marry'd.

Poet. *O passi Graviora!* ——

Solamen miseris, socios habuisse dolorum.

Luc. Clear the Court, and let no more come in: The Fatigue of this Sitting has been enough; For my part, the Follies of Mankind are such, that the very hearing of them, has quite turn'd my Stomach for this Month at least.

Porter. Great Sir, here is a throng of *Wild Irish* that will take no Denial, but thrust in whether we will or no.

Irish. Nay, nay, mee Deer Joy, Chreest blefs the sweet Majestees Faash indeed; poor *Teague* is *St. Patrick's* own Country-man, be Chreest, and poor *Teague* will come into *St. Patrick's* Purgatory, and if there be no Vacancee, indeed thee must make a Vacancee.

Porter. Nay, but this is Hell, and not *St. Patrick's* Purgatory. Therefore keep back.

Irish. Boo! boo, boo, boo, oo, hoo! Hell indeed! Say'st thou mee Deer Joy; be mee Shoul, and bee Chreest and *St. Patrick*, ee was think that hee that was in the High-way to Hell, cou'd not miss *St. Patrick's* Purgatory, since there is but a Wall betwixt 'em.

Porter.

Porter. Ouns stand back, or I'll send ye back to the *Boyn*, ye impudent *Paltroons* you.

Irish. Boo, hoo, ooo; Bless the sweet Faash of thee indeed, poor *Teague* will have patience till his good Grace will let him in indeed. [*A Noise without.*

Luc. What Noise is that without?

Porter. Here is a Troop of *Scots* that swear and stare to get in, and beg they may but skulk into some cold Corner of Hell (which they wou'd not know from their own Country above) with their *Ganymeds*, from the Fury of their Wives, whom they hear are just following them at their Heels. And then here is some Thousands more from *Asia*, *Africa* and *America*, push'd on with the same fear: But I'll keep 'em here in the *Lobby* till your Infernal Majesty is more at leisure.

Luc. Do so. ——— For the horrid Nauseousness of these Sots have almost put me into a fit of Vomiting and Looseness. And, now my Lords and Gentlemen, that have given your Attendance at this Court, you may depart till further Orders; but, tendring my Health, both for your sakes and my own, I shall confer the Office of my Deputy on our Right Reverend and Well-beloved Cousin *Belzebub*, Prince of the *Flyes*; for I am unable to undergo this Fatigue any more.

Belzebub. I humbly beg your Majesty wou'd excuse my Age, and give me my *Quietus*. Here is Prince *Satan*, an Able and Active Devil, and worthy your Choice.

Satan. Good Prince *Belzebub*, you might have spar'd your good Word; for I shall beg to be excus'd, if my former Services may be respected; for I had enough of Mankind when I tempted *Eve*, she foil'd me so at my own Weapon. Therefore, I hope your Majesty will confer that troublesome Imployment on some Devil of less Quality than my self.

Lucifer.

Lucifer. So be it then, and let the Mobb of Hell make Choice of one, for I am resolved to trouble myself no more about 'em. But before we rise, let Proclamation be made of a general *Play-day* and *Jubilee* for all the lesser and laborious Rank of Devils, who have been thus long continually employ'd in damning Mankind; let them take their ease as long as *Matrimony* prevails above; for now our business is much better done by Woman to our Hands: Or if any are so zealously inclin'd to be still busie for the good of their Country, let them employ their Time and Talents to better purpose than formerly, in persuading the easy World against Cœlibacy, by stigmatizing all that affect it with the Names of *Whores*, *Rogues* and *Hypocrites*; and if that prevails, we gain our Point, and *Widow'd Heaven* may bid good-night to Mankind. For if we get 'em into our Noose, we may be sure of our Purchase. Let none therefore loyter away his Time in tempting the Marry'd, for one Woman will out-do a Legion of you.

For since their Grandame Eve in Eden fell,

The Sex has learnt the Damning Trade so well,

Where e're that Rules, there's little need of Hell.

A

A DIALOGUE

IN THE

Elizium Fields

BETWEEN

LÆLIUS *and* TIMON.

In Imitation of LUCIAN.

Of FRIENDSHIP.

Timon. SO, so, so. ——— Thanks, ye gracious Powers! that have once more freed me from that sordid Carcase of Mortality, in which I was just now coop'd up, and set me at Liberty again to breath at large in these happy *Elizium Fields*, where Nature appears to the clear sight of new unclouded Reason, in all her easie Plainness, divested of that Jargon of Words, and those gaudy *Robes* and *Trappings*, which the weak Brains and contradictory GuesSES of the fond Philosophers have hid in it above. Hail! happy Shades, secure and free from Ambush and Design, where Villany, Usury and Treason, and the false Train of inconstant Parasites above, so miscall'd *Friends*, dare ne're approach,

proach; and nothing but what's generous, compassionate and just, is e're admitted! all hail! But what Noble Man's this comes skimming by? — Those glorious Wreaths that circle in his sacred Head, declare him a true, persevering and faithful Friend. I see now, 'tis the fam'd *Lælius*; I'll accost him. — Generous *Lælius*, have you forgot your old Acquaintance in these happy Fields?

Lælius. Who? — Thrice Noble *Timon*! how come you thus soon to us again? You've taken but a short turn in the frail Walk of Life above.

Timon. Not by much so short as I desir'd, I assure you; tho' I rejoyce the damn'd Fatigue is over, and that it will not come to my Lot again this good while. But when, Dear *Lælius*, are you for those upper Regions? — If you can persuade your old Friend *Scipio* to accompany you, you'll make a pleasanter Voyage than I did, who cou'd not meet with that divine *Idea*, a Friend, in either of my Visits to Mortality. Nor will you, unless you carry him with you from hence.

Lælius. I know not how far the Charms of Friendship might engage me, were my Dear *Scipio* to return thither; else I find no great inclination to quit these calm Retreats, these blest Abodes; for the tempestuous Ocean of the World, I lik'd it not so well when I was last there, where e'ry thing is subject to the blind governance of Chance, which rarely favours the Nobler Beings, but makes the Brave Man truckle to the Villain, the Wise and Honest to the Fool or Knave, where none enjoy the benefits of Life, but such as are not fit to Live. If the base World be alter'd for the better, pray inform me.

Timon. Oh! *Lælius*, I find you baulk'd your Glass at *Lethe Lake*, you wou'd not else have remembered these inconveniences of Humane Life, but a been thronging for a New Birth into some of those nu-

merous Bodies which Mankind above beget Day and Night without any fear, or consideration. But to answer your Query: I must confess, the World is indeed alter'd, but by vast and incredible degrees, for the worse. For if Villany were sometimes successful in your Age, in this nothing else is. If Honesty and Wisdom were in little esteem then, now they are in None. If Vertue was then less sought after, 'tis now grown the greatest Scandal. Now from the Crown to the Cott, from the Peasant to the Prince, there are not the least footsteps of Honour, Justice, or Moral Honesty. Nay, e'ry individual Man has more subtilty and designing Cunning in his own private Affairs, than the greatest Tyrant, or or the most famous for Dissimulation (in which there's not a Farmer but excells a *Claudius*) if you'r ever understood in Administring of the Publick. Stedfast Honour (that generous Idol of Antiquity) veers now with every Wind of Interest or Ambition, as changeable as the *Chameleon*, or the Poetick *Proteus*; and there are as many differing Notions of this Plain, this Well-known Excellence, as of Religion.

Lel. I fear the unparallel'd Injuries you receiv'd from the Old *Athenians*, makes you speak thus of all Mankind.

Timon. No, upon my word *Lelius* (for in these Fields you may believe one on ones word,) my Account reaches not to half the reality and truth of the present Villany of Mankind. No, no: Were *Athens* with all it's Ingratitude now in being, 'twould be such a Pattern and inimitable Example of Honour and Gratitude, that the present World wou'd never arrive at it. I tell thee *Lelius*, I cannot give so refin'd a Spirit as thee art, who knew not half the less criminal Vices of your own Age, any tolerable Idea of this, where *Murder*, *Treason*, and *Parricide*, find an *Aposcosis*, and whose greatest Vertues arrive not at an Excellence of the greatest Vices of Old *Rome*.

Lelius.

Lælius. Where's Religion then ? That sacred Tye, that bound the World to Vertue ; What's become of that ?

Timon. That sacred Name still remains in the World, and nothing but the *Name*, which makes a mighty Noise and Bustle, and affords as solemn and pompous shew as the Anti-Feasts of Old, and has no more of Substance.

Lælius. Does the old Opinion of the Plurality of Gods prevail with the Vulgar still ? The Vulgar, I say, for it never did with the Wiser sort.

Timon. That Opinion, however irrational, prevails very far to this day ; for if we consider the whole Circumference of the Earth, and all the numerous Nations that dwell on the surface of it, the old Opinion of Plurality of Gods takes up the largest extent ; but if we consider only those parts where the *Roman Eagles* were known, they are quite of another Opinion, generally all admitting of one only God. But then, they differ again so in point of Worship, that they make more various Religions for that one God, than we had different Gods for one Religious Worship ; and indeed, they make Gods of their own Opinion, e'ry one being ready to spend his Substance, nay, Life and all, to force his Neighbour to be of his mind. They are divided into three sorts, *Turks*, *Jews* and *Christians*. The *Jews* you heard of in your time.

Lælius. An imperfect Account we had of them.

Timon. Why, they are the most Ancient of these three great Bodies, and draw, as they say, their Original from the first Man, never altering their Opinion of the Unity of the Godhead, with whom they us'd to have frequent Converse, and by whom they were promis'd a great *Theantropos* that shou'd deliver them from Thraldom, not of Princes, but of their own deprav'd Appetites, their Avarice, Treachery, Pride and Sedition. And when this

great Deliverer came, they very fairly Murder'd him; and from this *Theantropos* it is that the *Christians* derive themselves, I mean their Religion, which is not only compos'd of all the excellent Morals which the Old Philosophers found out in the Law and Dictates of Nature, but several wonderful Mysteries that past my Understanding there, and must my Narration here. These *Christians* now possess old *Rome*, and great part of *Europe*, tho' cut and reut into a Thousand Sub-divisions, which are more averse to one-another, than to the common Enemy of the whole. But notwithstanding all these elevated Precepts of Morality, which they boast are so much improv'd above ours of Old, you shan't find one of theirs arrive to the Practice of the worst of us; if indeed they were follow'd, the Life of Man wou'd be so happy above, that all our blest *Elizium Shades* below wou'd be Deserted for it; for it wou'd make a large and general Amity betwixt Mankind, banishing all Causes of Strife, diffusing an Epidemick Love through the whole Creation; and whereas you formerly confin'd Friendship to the narrow compass of two, or a few, this has made it appear it wou'd, if practis'd, unite the whole World in the strictest Bond of Alliance and Friendship. But as it is, it proves but a Pearl cast before Swine, which no body values or takes notice of, unless to deceive another.

Lalius. Have they no Philosophers and Instructors in this admirable Law, whose excellent Example of the Contempt of the World, Honours, Interests, Strife and Enmity, transcend Antiquity, and are a living Lesson of the Good, and advantage of these wise Institutions?

Timon. O, yes: They have numerous Instructors, but such as least of all follow what they teach; to hear them, wou'd cause a Veneration for them next to a Divinity; but to see their Practice, wou'd breed

breed a Contempt beyond all Expression. There is no Villany forbid, but they will greedily embrace, if Interest persuade; and no good commanded but they will more readily abandon to gratifie their brutal Pride, Luxury and Revenge. They extol Humility in their Pulpits, but know it not in their Behaviour. They persuade Commiseration for the Misfortunes and Miseries of their Fellow-Creature, as a Duty commanded, and not to be dispensed withal; but are themselves inexorable to the most moving Object. They desire Obedience in their numerous Elogiums of it, but if it suit not their Ambition and Violence, they run it into endless Distinctions till they have lost it. They inculcate mutual Love and Amity, as the necessary and characteristic Mark of their Profession; yet are the most violent *Boutefeu's*. They enjoyn Forgiveness of one-anothers Injuries as an indispensable Precept, and arraign Revenge as unpardonable, and an Usurpation on the Province of the Deity, yet never forget the least Offence against themselves, but prosecute an accidental Error with all the Malice of an enraged Revenge. Prudence they have none, aiming only at Cunning, under that Name. Justice they think Folly to practice in any Concern, where they have any Profit: Fortitude is an Antiquated Vertue, which they tell of Primitive Gentlemen that were stock'd with it, so as to contemn Life and Torments, rather than to forsake their receiv'd Opinion of Truth; but the Examples are so old, that they look almost like our Golden Age, and are quite out of use; there being no greater Cowards in Nature as to Passive Fortitude, and will rather veer with e'ry Wind that blows, than let their Spouses have a Knot less on their Commodes. And as for Temperance, *Epicurus* was a Stoic to the most Moderate; in their

Qui summum credere nefas Animam præferre pudori & propter vitam videnti perdere causas.

Diet and Ease, they transcend, in proportion to their Capacities ev'n *Heliogabala's*, or the greatest Gluttons of the old or new World. Thus you see they have no one of those Vertues that were known to the Ancients; nor are they more stock'd with those peculiar to themselves, which they call Theological; as Faith, Hope and Charity, words which neither you nor I can understand no more than they possess.

Lælius. If their Teachers are thus, sure their Followers must think their whole Pretence a Farce or Cheat.

Timon. Truly they generally are of that Opinion, and therefore the greatest Pretenders to it are most commonly the greatest Villains. For I know not by what Witchery it comes to pass, that none of all the Race, either Hearer or Teacher, have or believe any thing of the Matter; yet the major part of those same People shall be gull'd with a pious Cant, a precise Look, or any other Religious Visor.

Lælius. Dear *Timon*, we have had enough of these Christians, and sure there can be no worse among the other Sex of Mankind?

Timon. You are in the right. For the *Turk*, if his Moral Precepts are not so Refin'd and Excellent, yet he practices abundantly more; and I am persuaded, if they had the Doctrine of the other without their Commerce (for that does corrupt wherever it comes) they wou'd arrive to a pitch of Happiness.

Lælius. But I have neglected one Question, which more nearly hits my Humour: Is there no Friendship among any there? Are there no *Pylades* and *Orestes*, no *Theseus* and *Perithous*, no *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, no *Damon* and *Pythius*? Or in short, no *Scipio* and *Lælius*, famous for their Faith and Loyalty to one-another, which no Fortune nor Distress cou'd separate or destroy?

Timon.

Timon. O, yes Sir ; there are abundance of Friendships in the present World betwixt all Sexes ; the Men have their Friends Male and Female ; but with this Difference, they keep neither any longer than their Pleasure or Profit prevails, which is seldom long. If you have Plenty, you shall not want Friends that shall carefs and admire you above all Mankind ; but then they are like Shadows, they all vanish at the first Cloud that obscures the Sun of your good Fortune ; or if any stick to you, 'tis no longer than there is some hopes that you may once retrieve your lost Glory : Nay, if you raise a Worm, a little reptile Animal, that us'd like the Serpent to eat the Dust of the Ground, if (I say) you should raise such an Out-cast to be your Bosom Friend, and give him all that is delightful or desirable to Mankind, yet if the least Storm threatens you, he shall betray you to your Ruine. So that tho' you have never so nice an Idea of Friendship, and reduce it to Practice, either with the Illustrious or Ignoble, with those that Birth and Education shou'd have taught the Noble Principles of *Honour*, or those that have not had the advantage of great Parents, but might be thought, thro' the Dictates of Nature, to be won by the highest Obligations, you will find there is scarce one in a Thousand Millions that is worthy your Love.

Lælius. You give me a Character of the present World from the past Injuries you receiv'd, and the Villanous Returns the *Athenians* made you for all those Generous Services you did them and your Country. But, I hope, in this turn into the World, you avoided those Inconveniences which you knew before proceeded from too Noble a Temper, and too excessive a Liberality.

Timon. Tho' those incredible Ingratitudes of my old Countrymen of *Greece* might perhaps prevail with another less generous and brave, to condemn

all Mankind for ever for their sakes, as I did in my angry Mood, in my Epitaph; yet I do assure you, that I represent them very short of their Deserts; and the *Athenians* were but Dwarfs in Ingratitude and Selfishness to the present World. Tho' the Memory of their Villanies to me, rendred my abode here very uneasy for many Centuries, which made me at last resolve to drink of *Lethe-Lake* to forget them, that I might not disquiet my self any more about them; but as I had the Water in my Mouth, I began to reflect, that if I should wholly forget them, I might in my Return to the World incur the same Misfortunes again, and therefore I let but a drop or two go down, and spurted out the rest again. So keeping my Resolution to be as Selfish as any, and to give nothing, unless I had almost a certainty of getting twice as much by it, I enter'd at last into a Body that was just come to a ripeness to receive a Soul, and as 'tis a Lottery to us, you know what Body we are convey'd into, so I found too late that I was born an *English-man*, and as I grew up, I found that Opinion by Experience verify'd, *That the Organs and Constitutions of the Body form the Inclinations of the Mind.* For spite of all my former Resolutions, I began to imbibe the pernicious Opinion, That none was born for himself only; and, that there was nothing more worthy a Man, or indeed made nearer Approches to *Divinity*, than to redress the Misfortunes of my Fellow-Creatures, shielding off Ruine from those in Distress.

Among the rest of my beloved Follies, reading your Examples, and those of old *Greece*, fam'd in the Schools for Friendship, I fell into a ridiculous Opinion, That it was possible for me to cull out some Dear *Pylades* or *Scipio*, to build up that Chymera of a Pleasure call'd Friendship. Nor cou'd I then imagine, I cou'd pursue a surer Tract to find that

that Noble *Phœnix*, than in the Circle of the Sciences, which generally inform'd the Minds of their Adorers with more refin'd and generous Principles than the groveling Souls of the ignorant part of Mankind ever rise to, believing their elevated Beings to be above those little selfish Tricks of the Crafty Designing part of the humane Emnets. But in such a one to shew you the extremity of the less perfect, I'll give you a short touch of his Prevarications.

The agreeableness of our Inclinations I laid for the Basis of our Amity, you allowing no prospect of Advantage and Interest in these Associations; and as I desir'd and expected, he first stood in need of me. Liberty is the Idol of all Men; that I gave him with the hazard of my own; and Life it self he ow'd to my Sword and Purse: Nor cou'd Fortune (envious as she is at the success of the Ingenious) cast more Distresses on him, than my Friendship did (unask'd) endeavour to hinder him from, as long as my Abilities remain'd: But no sooner had my Generosity to others reduc'd me to want the returns of a Friend, but he grew faint in the Noble Course, and repay'd my past Services with odd, long, strange, needless, base Put-offs, monstrous Protestations without any Effect, and Promises without any Preferment. Extravagantly kind in Words when I ask'd nothing, but wretchedly, and beyond measure, penurious in Action when entreated. An Inferiour and Impudent Fellow shou'd succeed, when the modest Importunities of his Friend were fruitless. Behold, in a word, the Difference betwixt us. The least occasion was sufficient for me to throw my Favours without being ask'd (as you in your Divine Rules prescribe) and the greatest and most extraordinary Emergency too little to make him remember a Promise.

Lelius.

Lælius. By this Account I find the World is indeed much alter'd for the worse; for in *Athens* of old, the Senate and People had ruin'd and condemn'd *Calicias*, for not assisting his poor Friend *Aristides*, if by the Testimony of him he had not satisfy'd the Publick, that *Aristides's* Poverty was owing to his own abstenuous Inclinations, not his base deserting him in his Distress.

Timon. Ah! if *Athens* had been always of that Mind, how many of my *quondam* Parasites had been hang'd?

Lælius. But perhaps, Good *Timon*, you weigh'd not well your Man before you made your Choice. For as the Offices of Friendship are reciprocal, so neglect shewing want of Love, was a just Cause of a Change, without that ignominious imputation of Levity. For as I asserted, 'tis no easie matter to find out one that is fit Matter to make a Friend of.

Timon. Oh! during my better days, none more ready in returning all the superficial and little Offices that cost nothing, or at least no more than he was sure of again; but when Fortune had cut off present Hopes, all his kindnesses were procrastinated till a more lucky Hour; nor wou'd he part ev'n with Words to raise me from Distress.

These Faults may perhaps, *Lælius*, seem Villanous enough to you, yet compar'd with others, the Dog was a *Cherubim*. For tho' he assisted me not, he wou'd not depress me farther; tho' he prefer'd not my obliging Love and generous Services to a Whore and a Bottle, yet he betray'd me not; and tho' he'd rather let me perish than speak for me, yet he wou'd not cut my Throat himself. Thus, noble *Lælius*, you have seen the *Mirroure* of Friendship in the present World above; I desire you wou'd give me some Idea of it, as in your Time, since both my Visits thither have never given me the delight of half a Friend. I have, indeed, read fine Stories of
em

'em in *Romances*, and the Histories of the old *Romans* and *Grecians*, but at last concluded them to be only the Gay Children of Imagination, pleasant in Speculation, but never to be brought to use.

Laelius. But is the Iron Age so establish'd, that there is no Remains of Friendship, no Acts of Kindness from one to another?

Timon. Yes, yes, there is a Temporary Friendship yet in the World, that lasts long as the hot Blood of Youth continues; but then it consists not in Vertue, nor among Vertuous Persons, as you require, but in Pimping for one another, in being in Rake-helly Exploits together, in spending the Day in Gaming and Intreagues, and the Night in Lewdness, and Drinking together till both are drunk. You may Pimp for a Friend, nay, and fight for him, but where it comes to pinch upon your Pocket, there the greatest Friend Mony is prefer'd to the other call'd Man. So that your Sentiment, that Friendship cou'd be among none but the Vertuous, is now quite inverted; for they cease to be Friends as soon as either takes to Sobriety and Vertue. Of these Friends e'ry place swarms, not a Tavern, Coffee-house, or Stews, but is full of them. Nay, there are another sort of Friends too, that if you have a pretty Wife, shall endear themselves to you, to have the better admittance to her to make you a Cuckold; or if you have a fine Daughter, shall omit nothing of the Formalities of a real Friend, till he has debauch'd her: If you have a She-Relation that is a Fortune, you will not want Friends that will buy her of you, and stand by you with their Life and Fortune till the Job is done. If you are a young Heir, you will not be destitute of the dearest protesting Creatures, that seem to have learnt the Dissimulation and Deceit of Harlots, who will never forsake you; and if short kept by the Avarice of a Father, will not let you want Mony, if you will but pay 'em for their kindness in a Stifled Obligation.

gation. So that, Dear *Laelius*, you must not mistake me, for the World was never stock'd better with Friends, but those Friends are all Villains, all Sycophants, Cheats, Pimps, and Usurers. Generosity and Honour they understand no more than Arts and Sciences.

Laelius. Your Account of the present State of the World proves evidently what I formerly thought was not without great reason, that *there can be no true Friendship where Vertue is wanting*. For you give an Account to me of a meer Chaos of Confusion and Villany, and not of a World where Men with immortal Souls, and the light of Nature, improv'd as they pretend, in Habit; and *Greece* with all the punishments it has plac'd in Hell, has not provided sufficient for the Luxuriancy of the Villanies of this latter World, where Faith, Integrity, and Liberality, void of Avarice and Lust, the solid Basis and Foundation of that Cœlestial Prerogative of a Rational Being *Friendship*, are no where to be found; but Pride and Rapacious Desire, generates continual Feuds, and Anarchical Confusion. No, my unfortunate *Timon*, I'll ne're forsake these dear Shades, blest with the Presence of my Noble and Generous *Scipio*, for so base and servile a World. But if Strangers have no Friendship for one another, I mean such as are not related by Blood, I presume among Kindred, there may be found some Pairs of Friends: For Nature, the best Directrix of Human Life, has establish'd in her sacred Laws a Friendship among them, as she has in several Degrees among all Mankind. For our Country-men are nearer to us than Foreigners, our Fellow-Citizens yet nearer, and Relations nearest of all, according to their several Degrees of Alliance.

Timon. Perhaps these might be the Sentiments of yours; but now I assure you, the Opinion, or at least Practice of the World, is quite contrary; for you
are

are so much the farther from a Friend, as you are neater a-kin, and a Stranger shall find Success when a near Relation shall be deny'd : A Foreigner be courted, admired, and caress'd, when a Country-man, or Fellow-Citizen shall starve with twice his Merits. A Child be turn'd out of door for an unknown Vassal to take his place, and starve whilst his Fathers Servants live like Princes: and *rara est concordia fratrum*, your Brother shall be sure to ruin or destroy you, to make himself: Nay, the Child shall betray his own Father, if he can but get by it; and Mothers that us'd to dote upon what they bore, and have a tender regard to their own Off-spring, shall cast 'em off without the least Compassion, to receive an Address and Gallant. You wou'd imagine, if you beheld the Transactions of e'ry Family, it were a *Bedlam*, or rather a more Criminal place, where e'ry one is Catching and Proggings for himself, with continual Feuds, and eternal Quarrels; and this is that Friendship which you say Nature herself establishes. I pray you therefore, generous *Lælius*, to tell me what Friendship is in your Opinion.

Lælius. Friendship I always took to be as I ever practis'd it with *Scipio*; A firm and absolute Consent and Agreement in all things, both Divine and Humane, joyn'd with the greatest Charity or Love, and Benevolence, or Good Will, demonstrated in frequent and generous Offices to one another; nor do I think Heaven it self has bestow'd any greater Blessing on Mankind, excepting Wisdom.

Timon. That was just the Idea I fram'd of it; but I find by experience, there is never two in one Age to make up one pair of such Friends, which if there were, nothing certainly were to be prefer'd to 'em.

Lælius. There were those in my time too that did prefer Riches, Health, Power, and Honour to it, nor were we without some Brutal Minds that thought Pleasures more desirable. But certainly, they were
not

not a little in the wrong, for the first were the Proprieties of Fortune, more than of our own Industry, and of a frail and fading Nature; and as for the last, they were only Emulators of the Beasts, who enjoy'd those Delights in a more elevated manner than any of them; not considering that Friendship afforded the most solid and lasting Pleasure. Nor were we without some sceptical Gentlemen, who for a cloak to love none but themselves, plac'd all their Delight (as they pretended) in Vertue, as their *Summum bonum*: Whereas that very Vertue they Idoliz'd, is the Mother of the Friendship I contend for, since I have laid it for a Fundamental Maxim, That none but the Vertuous can be true Friends; nor am I able to set forth the incredible Advantages Friendship has among such Men. For what Man living is there that cannot repose himself in the mutual Good-will of his Friend? What is there so delightful, what so charming, as to have one with whom you can as freely Discourse all your Concerns as in your own Thoughts? Where wou'd be the mighty Fruit of Prosperity, if you had not one that shou'd rejoyce with you, and take as much satisfaction in it as your self? And Misfortunes wou'd be almost insupportable, if we had not a Friend that shou'd bear 'em with greater Regret than ones self. In short, all other Goods which we hunt after and desire, are stinted to their several particular Advantages; Riches for use, Power that you may be fear'd or courted, Honour, that you may have the Applauses of the Vulgar, Pleasure that you may Rejoyce, and Health that you may be free from Grief, and perform the Functions of your Body; but Friendship is of general use; nor can you turn your Thought to any thing where you will not find it necessary; 'tis never out of season, nor ever impertinent and troublesome; nor is Water, Air, or Fire of greater necessity than Friendship in all places, and in all times; for it heightens

heightens good Fortune, and alleviates bad by Communication with a Partner. Whoever beholds a true Friend, receives as it were another Self, and is present with the absent, has Plenty in Distress, and Health in Sicknefs, and that which is most surprising, survives his own Funeral. This was the Blessing that made me value Life, nor without it do I think, should the Golden Age return, and the Innocence of Mankind with it, and *Astrea* once more Visit the Earth, I should desire to live again; unless *Scipio*, my *Scipio*, were to be with me in the same Noble Bond of Friendship.

Timon. As there is little hopes of the Return of Justice and Peace to the World, so I conclude you will endeavour to remain where you are: and behold, yonder approaches on all the Wings of Generous Love, your Illustrious *Scipio*.

Lælius. Whom with as much eagerness I will meet, whilst the mad, senseless World above, are ignorant of our Bliss, and continue their incorrigible Follies.

Timon. He's gone, and now nothing is wanting to compleat my Happiness but such a Friend; but yonder I see the Ghost of my honest old Steward who serv'd me at *Athens*, not forsok me with the rest; him I will select for my Companion, to wear out Eternity with, without adventuring any more into the World.

T H E

THE
Belgic HERO Unmask'd :
 IN A
DIALOGUE
 BETWEEN
Sir WALTER RALEIGH
 AND
Aaron Smith.

By Mr. BROWN.

Sir *W. Ral.* **H**OLD thy impertinent Tongue, I
 say, thou everlasting Babbler,
 or———

A. Smith. Come, come, we Lawyers are not so easily silenced as you think. Liberty of Speech is one of the eldest Branches of *Magna Charta*. Therefore I will once more maintain it, before all the World, that the Reign of my late *Batavian* Master was in every respect equal to that of the Famous *Elizabeth*.

Sir

Sir *W. Ral.* Not that it's worth my while to enter the Lists with such a Pettyfogging Dog as thou art, or the Cause in debate admits any manner of parallel. But since thou hast the Impudence to defend so monstrous a Paradox before all this Company, inform us what noble Things this Hero has perform'd, to deserve all that nauseous idle Flattery, which hardly none but *Sectaries, Deists, Republicans*, and particularly the Rascals of thy Kidney, when he was alive, conspir'd to give him.

A. Smith. Why, in the first place, he deliver'd *England*, then just upon the brink of being devoured by *Arbitrary Power* and *Popery*. He won the noble Battle of the *Boyne*, reduc'd *Ireland*, appeas'd the Disorders of *Scotland*, reap'd a new Harvest of Glory every Campaign in *Flanders*, and at last, after an obstinate expensive War, forc'd a haughty Tyrant, who had insulted and bullied the whole Christian World for almost Forty Years, to clap up a Peace with him upon his own Terms at *Reswick*, by which he was obliged to vomit up numberless Provinces and Towns, which he had dishonourably stolen from their true Proprietors.

Sir *W. Ral.* And as for his Personal Qualities, what have you to say of them?

A. Smith. Whether you behold him at Home or Abroad, in the Cabinet or the Field; in fine, whether you consider him as a King, a General, a Statesman, a Husband, or as a Master, you'll find his Character uniformly bright in all these Relative Stations: Affectionate to his Queen, Merciful to his Subjects, Liberal to his Servants, Careful of his Soldiers, and providing by his great Wisdom against all future Contingencies that might hereafter disturb the Tranquility of *Europe*. But as for his Munificence to his Servants and Favourites, I may venture to say, That few Princes in History ever went so far as he.

Sir *W. Ral.* This last Clause is not so great a Commendation to him as you imagine.— Well, and is this all, for I would not willingly interrupt you, till you have gone the full length of your Panegyric?

A. Smith. 'Tis all I think needful to say, upon the occasion, and enough in my Opinion to establish his Reputation to all succeeding Ages.

Sir *W. Ral.* Let us carefully examine the several Particulars ; and when we have so done, we shall be able to determine on what side the Truth lies.— *Imprimis*, You tell me he deliver'd *England* from Tyranny and Popish Superstition : But, was there no other way of accomplishing his Deliverance, but by sending a certain Relation to Grasse, and wounding the Monarchy in so tender a part, which had suffer'd so terribly in the late unnatural Rebellion of 41 ? If what one of the Ancient Fathers says, be true, That the whole World is not worth the saving at the expence of a single Lye ; surely *Great Britain*, which makes so small a part of the Universe, hardly deserv'd to be deliver'd from an imaginary Ruine with so much Perjury, Infidelity and Ingratitude. Besides, he solemnly protested in his *Declaration*, That he had no Intention to make himself King, yet he exercis'd the Regal Power the very moment he landed : So that, unless there had been a Crown in the case, I am afraid, he would hardly have cross'd the Water to rescue the *Church of England*.

A. Smith. This is indeed what his Enemies and some Envious People have objected to him.

Sir *W. Ral.* Nothing of that can be laid to my Charge, who was never known to your Hero either *Beneficio* or *Injuria* ; but as I still preserve an invincible Affection for my Native Country, my Zeal for the Welfare of that makes me assume this Freedom. To be plain with you then, I can hardly believe

lieve he had any extraordinary Concern for the Prosperity of *England* upon whom he threw the greatest burden of the War; whose Troops he suffer'd to Fight without their Pay in *Flanders*, at the same time when a parcel of unworthy Foreigners had store of Gold and Silver in their Pockets. Neither can any Man persuade me, he had the least Affection for the *Royal Family*, from which he was descended, who suffer'd such numberless Invectives and Libels to be publish'd against his Royal Grandfather, both his Uncles, and, in short, the whole Family of the *Stuarts*, yet never call'd any of the Authors or Printers to an account for't, during the whole course of his Reign.

A. Smith. Ay, but a Hero, you know, has other Business to mind, than the *Bagatelles* of the Press.

Sir W. Ral. And yet this Hero could condescend to mind these *Bagatelles*, as you call them, with a Witness, whenever they were levell'd against himself or his Favourites. But to proceed,—— Can any one in his Senses believe, that this Deliverer ever set the Monarchy and true Constitution of *England* to Heart, under whose Reign all the Democratical Treatises, both of this and the last Age, were not only publish'd with impunity, but the Abettors of such villanous Doctrine thought the only Persons that were in the true Interest of the Nation, and deserving to be preferr'd? Was *England* so utterly destitute of able Generals, that a Regicide, proscrib'd by Act of Parliament, must be sent for over to Head our Forces in *Ireland*?

A. Smith. You'll never leave off harping upon this string.

Sir W. Ral. And lastly, Have we not very violent reasons to suspect, that he never had any true hearty concern for the Protestant Interest, whatever he pretended to the contrary, who so notoriously sacrific'd it at the Treaty of *Reswick*; who,

to enable him to carry on the late Revolution against his Uncle and Father-in-Law, enter'd into a League; one of the first Articles of which, was to oblige the King of *France* to do Justice to the Usurpations of the *Roman* See: And lastly, who if he had no Aversion, had certainly no Affection for the Church of *England*, the Support as well as Ornament of the whole Reformation, which evidently appear'd by his bestowing its best Preferments upon *illos quos pingere nolo*, a set of moderate lukewarm Gentlemen, that were willing (good Men) to throw up the Constitution, whenever their Enemies should ask them the Question. What shall I say of others, that were advanc'd for no other Merit, but because they had been justly punish'd in former Reigns for their Seditious Practices, or descended from *Oliverian* Parents; or lastly, because they held Antimonarchical and Antihierarchical Doctrines, both in Pulpit and Press, which they honestly call'd, *Free Thinking*.

A. Smith. Nay, this is meer Calumny; for, can any thing but the blackest Envy presume to attack him upon the score of Religion?

Sir W. Ral. For once I'll spare his Religion, yet 'tis certain his Ministers had not the least tincture of it. To the eternal Honour of his Reign be it observ'd, All the *Socinian* Treatises that stole into the World in the late accursed Times of Licentiousness and Disorder, were fairly reprinted, and these, together with the modern Improvements of *Deism*, sold in the Face of the Sun, without the least check or discountenance from any at the Helm: 'Twas come to that pitch at last, that a Man might better call the Divinity of our Saviour into Question, than the Legality of that Revolution; and safer insult the Ashes of *K. James* the I. *Charles* the Martyr, and the whole Royal Line, than attack such a lewd, perjur'd, infamous Scoundril as *Oates*. 'Tis a general

neral Maxim, That the Court always steers its Course *ad Exemplum Caesaris*; and that a shrewd guess may be made of a Prince's Morals, by those of his Ministers. If this Observation holds good, a Man would find himself strangely tempted to say some harsh things of your Monarch, which good Manners and Decency oblige me to pass over in silence.

A. Smith. But still you say nothing of *Ireland*.

Sir W. Ral. Far be it from me to detract in the least from any Man's Actions; but this I think I may affirm, without the least suspicion of Malice, That the Exploit of the *Boyne*, every thing consider'd, is not altogether so miraculous as his flattering Divines and Courtiers would represent it; for after all, Where was the wonder, that a well-disciplin'd regular Army should defeat an unfortunate dispirited Monarch, with none but a few raw unpractis'd naked Troops about him? And then his giving the forfeited Estates there to his Minions, in open Contradiction to what he had promis'd the Parliament, does not seem to argue so great a Concern for keeping his Word. As for *Scotland*, the subversion of Episcopacy, and Murder of the *Glencow-men*, (not to mention the perpetuating of the Convention during his whole Reign, and by that means depriving the Country of Electing proper Members) will, I believe, look so frightful in future Story, that few of your Hero's Flatterers will mention the Administration of that Kingdom to his Credit.

A. Smith. Well, then, but *Flanders*.

Sir W. Ral. I thank you for reminding me of it. I am of Opinion then, that bating *Namur*, he might have put all the glorious Harvests he yearly reap'd there into his Eye, and not have prejudic'd his Royal Sight in the least. However, as I know full well, what a mighty advantage one powerful

Prince, that Commands by his own single Authority, has over a many-headed Confederacy, where all are Commanders, I scorn to insist upon this point. For this reason I will not enumerate, nor enlarge upon the constant ill Success, that everlastingly attended him in *Flanders*, but come to the Peace of *Reswick*, which was his own proper Act and Deed. And here 'tis worth our observing, that by his leaving the poor Emperor in the lurch, the City of *Strasburg* unluckily continued in the *French* Hands; and that either out of want of Politics, or a real Zeal for their Religion, he made no Stipulations for the *German Protestants*, nor took the least Care to have them restor'd to those Churches, of which they had been unjustly disposs'd in the War.

A. Smith. Well, but Necessity, you know, may make a Man sometimes act contrary to his Inclination.

Sir W. Ral. Why then did his Parasites give out, That he was the Controller of the Peace, and forc'd the *French* King to accept of it upon his own Terms. — But not to mention a Thousand other things that might be said upon this Occasion, for I begin to grow weary of the Subject, to stop my Mouth for good and all, and convince thee, how far superior in all the Arts of Governing the immortal *Eliz.* was to thy *taciturn Hero*, I'll first give thee a short sketch of her Golden Reign, and afterwards honestly and impartially shew thee a prospect of the other.

A. Smith. With all my heart, proceed.

Sir W. Ral. As my Mistress had a true *English* Heart, and made the Prosperity of her People the only Business of her Life, she suffer'd none of her Ministers to crave to themselves extravagant Fortunes out of the public Purse. Tho' Foreigners flock'd into her Dominions as a certain Asylum, yet she never encourag'd them to the detriment of her Native Subjects, nor employ'd them in Foreign

Em-

Embassies, nor admitted 'em into her Councils; her Affairs being manag'd with equal Prudence and Integrity, and Encouragements properly distributed, no wonder she was so Fortunate in all her Attempts: Thus we find she supported the Protestants in *France* against the Oppression of the *Guises*; and so well assisted the *Dutch* in the Infancy of their Republic, that *Philip II.* of *Spain*, with all his Forces, was not able to reduce them. She was so far from bestowing her Royal Favours upon the Sectaries, that she suppress'd their growing Insolence with wholesom Laws, and was as careful to see them put in execution. She could display all her Father's Magnificence, when there was a proper occasion to exert it; at other times, she observ'd a strict Parsimony, equally advantageous to her own Subjects, and easie to herself. The establish'd Church flourish'd so well under her auspicious Administration, that *England* never saw so glorious a Constellation of Reverend Bishops and Learned Divines, as in her Reign. She retriev'd the Honour of the Exchequer, and manag'd her Payments so wisely, that her People thought their Money as safe in her Coffers, as in their own.—— Now, your Deliverer's Reign was the exact reverse of this happy Scene. Schism and Faction advanc'd, Hypocrisie and Dullness, under the disguise of Reformation, promoted to the highest Honours, Deism propagated, the true Genuine Sons of the Church discourag'd, Foreigners admitted into our private Councils, Trade neglected, our narrow Seas daily insulted, the Public impoverish'd, the Treasury exhausted and pillaged by insatiable Cormorants, the Reputation of our Arms decay'd and sunk, the Seamen starv'd, the Soldiers paid with Paper; in short, nothing but ill Management and Poverty at Home, and Infamy Abroad.—— And this, I think, is sufficient to shew you, that you were mightily mistaken, when you compar'd you know who to the immortal *Eliz.*

A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN

Timothy *and* Freeman.

Tim. **W**HO's that, my old Friend, Mr. *Freeman*,
è Comitatu Bucks? 'Tis the very same,
 I'll e'en go and renew my Acquaintance with him.
 Dear Sir, your Humble Servant; how have you
 done this many a fair day, and how long have you
 been in Town?

Freem. But just come out of the Coach, as you
 may perceive, where it has been my misfortune to
 do Penance all the way, in such intolerable Compa-
 ny, as never any Man was plagued with; Men of
 no Sense or Reason, yet Mighty Politicians, and ten
 times more troublesome —

Tim. Than Damnation *Burgess*, when he's answer-
 ing Cases of Conscience, or *Millington* at an Auction,
 or a *Scotch-man* upon an Occasional Sermon: But
 prithee who had you got with you?

Freem. There was a venerable Old Gentleman,
 that by the Courtesie of the late Reign, was made a
 Justice of Peace; and he was declaiming perpetual-
 ly upon the Puissance and Heroical Virtues of *Louis*
le Grand, whom he fancied to be as irresistible as the
Calvinist Divines makes God's Grace. Then there
 was a leash of Country Attorneys, who took a great
 deal of Care, I heartily thank 'em, to stun me all
 the way with their damn'd unintelligible Law-cases,
 which

which I had no more a mind to understand, than I have to learn, either the modern Notions of Government, or the modern Systems of Theology. *Lastly*, to compleat my Misery, we had an Ancient Sage Matron in the Coach, and she with Tears in her Eyes rail'd very devoutly at the Lewdness of the present Age, occasioned by the Non-Resistance Doctrine of some Divines; I thank God, says she, I never practised it since I was Fourteen: And then she fell as severely upon the Miscarriages of the late Fornicating Admiral (as she called him,) as a She Tarpaulin, who has lost her only Husband in the Engagement.

Tim. A very pretty Comfort I'faith. So I don't doubt, but what between the Politicks of the Justice, and the Impertinence of your Lawyers, and the pious Ejaculations of your Female Companion, you found your self as uneasie as a blundering Citt amongst the the Verse-repeating *Beaux* of *Will's* Coffee-House, or the Chair-man of a Committee amongst his Herd of Country Petitioners. But setting this Business aside, prithee tell me how thou hast done this long while, for unless I am mistaken, 'tis above three Years since we saw you last in Town.

Freem. Why truly, *Tim.* I live after my old laudable Custom still; sometimes I divert my self with a chearful Bottle, and sometimes, pass away an Hour or two with an honest old Author; for to say the truth, your new Gentlemen scarce deserve a Reading. I pay my Taxes without repining; and do what good I can amongst my Neighbours; never trouble my self with other Men's Business; and though the Duty I owe to their present Majesties will not permit me to talk so Scandalously and Disrespectfully of the two late Reigns, as some Hot-headed Sots have done, yet I am as well satisfied with the present Establishment, and as Zealous for the prosperity of Old *England*, as the forwardest Courtier, who has made his Fortune by the Revolution, and conse-

76 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*
consequently is obliged to stand up for it, as well up-
on the score of his Interest as his Choice. Thus I
have answered your Question, and now prithee let
me know what News you have in Town.

Tim. A right Country Gentleman's Question
I'faith, for the first thing he generally asks you, is,
What is the News? As the Country Ladies, when they
come up to Town, enquire in the first place, *Which*
is the newest Play or Lampoon? Which is the Topping
Mistress of the Court, or the most Fashionable Suit of
Ribbons at the Exchange? Well then, to satisfy your
Curiosity, you must know, that there has lately hap-
pened a very remarkable Change, or Conversion,
(call it which you please) of a certain Person here in
Town, which no body could ever have imagin'd or
expected; and now I leave it to you, to conjecture
what it is.

Freem. A Conversion, and that a very remark-
able one too! Why then I fancy, *Tim.* that your
Friend, Mr. *Bays*, is return'd to his Primitive
Church.

Tim. Nay, the LORD knows which is Mr. *Bays's*
Primitive Church; but prithee why dost thou trou-
ble thy Head about a Poet's Religion? for as we
say, a Beggar is never out of his way, so a Poet is
never out of his Religion.

Freem. Well then, a discarded *Jacobite* Captain
turn'd an humble Retailer of wicked Bottle Ale and
Brandy; the Discarded Rector of *Exeter* turn'd a
Friend of *Athanasius*; or the never to be forgotten
Apostate turn'd a Defender of Passive Obedience.

Tim. No.

Freem. A Physician turn'd a Zealous Expounder
of the Bible; or a Sworn Friend to *Scotch-Cloth*,
reconciled to Lawn-Sleeves; Or a City Usurer
turn'd a Refunder of his ill-gotten Estate?

Tim. No.

Freem.

Freem. A Son of Slaughter at *White-Chapel* converted to the observation of Fish-days; or an old inveterate Republican turn'd a stiff Asserter of Monarchy?

Tim. No, but you had best consult Mr. *Ferguson* to resolve your last Question.

Freem. Is Dr. *Oates* reform'd from his usual way of rascalling People, and return'd to the use of his Memory and good Manners on the sudden, or has that bloody Swearer refused to take the new Oaths?

Tim. Why don't you know, that in a late Auction of Paintings there was a Picture of the Doctor's to be seen, where he was represented like a *Blackamore* with a *Gloucestershire* Parliament-Man washing him, in order to make him *rectus in Curia*, by the same Token that it was called, *the Labour in Vain*?

Freem. Is the Red-fac'd Chaplain-maker of *Whitehall* reconcil'd to the choice of honest Divines, and renounced taking Money for Places? Or have any of the topping Sons of Schism, by the Bribe of a good Deanry or Bishoprick, been converted to the Liturgy?

Tim. No, no, but hark you Friend of mine, you had best have a care what you say. Sons of Schism? Why, I tell you every Man amongst them disowns the word, and say, that thanks to the new Laws, they are as much an Established Church, as you know which was.

Freem. Is there then no difference between Tolerating and Establishing? After this rate, the Bear-Garden and Play-House, may all in good time pretend to be establish'd Parliamentary Assemblies — but to go on; Is there any of the New Interpreters of *Daniel* and the *Apocalyps* converted to Sense and Reason? Or any of the Modern Conprehension-men converted to a good Opinion of the poor suffering Ceremonies of the Church?

Tim.

Tim. No, not a single Man among 'em as far as I can hear.

Freem. To conclude then : Is the Vicar near *Charing-Cross* convinc'd there's not so much Bawdry in the Service of Matrimony as without it ? Is any noted Socinian turn'd a Friend to Faith ? Or any of the good People of *Doctors-Commons* to unlicenc'd Marriages ? Is any Fanatick Parson turn'd a Friend to Cleanliness ? Any Court-Lady to plain Linen, and no Back-biting ? any Litigious Attorney, to References and Arbitrations ? Any thrice-married Widow to Impotence ? Any of the Town Criticks to Modesty ? Or *lastly*, any Alderman that was begotten on a Bulk, to Heraldry and Pedigrees ?

Tim. No, you have not hit the Point after all.

Freem. Why then the Devil take me if I am able to guess what is the matter. To pursue this point any farther, I find, would be as endless a piece of trouble, as to reckon up all the dull, stupid, senseless Passages on the Conference at the Brasiers Shop in *Long-Acre*, or in *Sh—dwel's* Panegyrics ; or to give you a List of all *Dr. Pain's* pretended Reasons for Alterations, or all the *Similes* in the *Plain-Dealer*. Therefore let me once for all intreat you dear *Tim*, to put me out of my Pain, and let me know what mighty Business it is you have to communicate.

Tim. Prepare then with Reverence and Attention to receive what I am going about to deliver ; for give me leave to tell you Sir, now we are *nos inter nos*, as the Saying is, 'tis the most surprizing, unexpected piece of News you ever heard in all your Life.

Freem. Lord ! what a deal of insignificant Flourish and Preparation is here, to usher in, it may be, but a Foolish Story at last ? Why, by and by thou wilt persuade me, that the Monument last Week took a Pair of Oars, to go and Plead the City-Cause against the Orphans at the King's-Bench ; or that the two old Pastboard-Giants at *Guild-hall* have laid their

their Heads together, to confute *Baker's Chronicle*, or *Wood's Oxford Antiquities*.

Tim. Nay, Sir, since I find you begin to be somewhat musty, and all that, like Father *Teague* in the Play, when the out-side of the Door was put upon him; I am resolv'd to ease you of your trouble immediately. Know then for a certain Truth, that one of the most celebrated Divines we have in Town, (I must not give my self the trouble to name them to you) who has silenc'd the Papists, confounded the Independants, lately maul'd the Anti-Trinitarians, and by his zealous Performances for Passive-Obedience, has made little *Atwood* pass for a great Author; has at last, upon mature consideration, and after a Year and half's chewing the Cud upon the matter, ———

Freem. Done what, I prithee?

Tim. Why, faced about to the Right, and taken the Swear.

Freem. And is all your mighty News, which you Prefaced with so much Show and Ceremony, come to this sorry Issue at last? *Paturiunt Montes, nascetur ridiculus Mus.* To be plain with you, I am not at all surprized with what you have told me, I have heard of it before; but because I hate to be behind-hand with you, or any body else, in lieu of your Domestick News, I'll acquaint you with a very remarkable Foreign Story.

Tim. With all my heart, begin as soon as you please.

Freem. A certain *Dutch* Grammmarian, (no matter for his Name, or Place of abode) in his Commentaries upon *Suetonius's* Lives of the Twelve *Cæsars*, when he comes to take the Emperor *Domitian* to task, who you know took a strange Pleasure in Dragooning Prince *Belzebub's* Subjects (the Flies) out of their Lives and Fortunes, with his Royal Needle.

Tim.

Tim. Very well, I understand you.

Freem. Wonders, in the Name of God ! how the Emperor cou'd ever find in his heart to butcher the poor Flies (in the *Pedant's* Dutch-Latin, called *Vespas*) after so barbarous a manner, since his own Natural Father's Name was *Vespasian*.

Tim. A very pretty edifying Story this, as I take it.

Freem. At last, he concludes with this observable Sentence ; *Ingen est hoc profecto Mysterium, nec facile explicandum.*

Tim. So Sir, I am your very humble Servant ; but you'll infinitely oblige me however, if you'll be pleased to think of making an Application to your Story.

Freem. Why then I must tell thee, *Tim.* in plain downright *English*, that I wonder full as much as the *Dutch-man* did at the above-mentioned Passage, that thou should'st ever have the assurance to palm the Dr's Conversion, as thou call'st it, upon me, for such a strange piece of News : For to give you my Sentiments once for all upon this Occasion, I rather wonder that he was so late before he reconciled himself to the Government, than that he was prevailed with to do it at all.

Tim. Nay, now I perceive you are in the humour of maintaining Paradoxes ; for though you seem to make so slight of this News, yet give me leave to tell you, it has been matter of Astonishment almost to every body here about the Town. But may a Man be so happy, as to hear you produce any Reasons for what you have said ?

Freem. Ay, with all my Heart. You must know then, that several worthy Persons, whom I could name to you if there were any necessity for it, came immediately after the Revolution to advise with the Doctor in that Exigence of Affairs. Some of'em he dissuaded from taking the Oaths, and
with-

without question furnish'd 'em with his own Reasons for his Dissenting from the Government in that Particular, and I don't hear that he ever sent for 'em to come in with him : But when others came to consult him about the very same Business, he was pleased to say, he would prescribe to no body's Conscience but his own ; and so dismiss them, with bidding them use their own Discretion in the matter.

Tim. Well, and what of all this ?

Freem. Why, say I, any Man who could deliver himself so ambiguously upon a Question that so nearly concerned the Security of the Government, and the Welfare as well as the Honour of the Established Church, either looked upon it not to be a thing of that importance as it really is, or else had not fully determined his Sentiments, either to the Lawfulness or Unlawfulness of it. I am of Opinion, that nothing but the Fear of incurring the Guilt of Perjury could excuse any Man from giving the Government so reasonable a Satisfaction as the taking the Oaths amounted to. Now that the Dr. was not fully persuaded in his Conscience, that there was any Perjury in such a Compliance, is very apparent, as I think, from his advising the Gentlemen to make use of their own Discretion ; which he would never have done, if he had really believed that so Black and Scandalous and Cowardly a Sin, would be the necessary Consequence of it.

Tim. Well then, granting all you have said to be true, what Advantage do you intend to make of it ?

Freem. That the Doctor considered the taking of the Oaths to be only an indifferent thing, and no more, which a Man might either do or not do, at his own pleasure ; for otherwise it had been his Duty to dissuade all Persons who came to be advised by him, from Swearing. Now *Tim*, pray tell me what Miracle is it, for a Man to part with his Opinion about an indifferent thing, when there's nothing

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thing but Scandal and Poverty to be had, in maintaining it still, and so much Interest and Advantage, to balance him to the contrary Side.

Tim. To say the truth, there's no such extraordinary Miracle in such a case. But then I would have you consider, dear Friend of mine, that the Doctor's Circumstances were perhaps clearly different from the Gentlemen that came to consult him; and consequently what might be either lawful or expedient for them to do, might not be so lawful, at least so reputable, for himself.

Freem. Let me desire thee, honest *Tim*, to explain thy self a little farther about this same Business.

Tim. You know to what Heights, or rather Extremities the Doctor has all-along carried the Doctrine of Passive-Obedience; you know how stiffly and zealously he has asserted the *Jus Divinum* of Monarchy; and with what Assiduity and Pains he has combated the other Party, who fell upon different Schemes and Notions of Government. And therefore, imagining that several Passages in the late Revolution could not be well reconciled to what he had formerly Preach'd, What Wonder is it, if he could not at the same time prevail with himself to give his Assent?

Freem. Nay, if that Reason is worth a Farthing, it holds as well now as it did the last Year.

Tim. Prithee let me alone for a while, and afterwards say what you please.—— But then this Case, as I told you before, seems only particular to the Doctor; for the other Gentlemen perhaps never Preach'd or Printed those Doctrines which the Doctor has, or perhaps never believ'd a Syllable of 'em, as is evident some of their Brethren never did; who in several Treatises and Sermons that have been published since the Abdication, pretend to assert abundance of things, that were not so very current Doctrine in the two late Reigns. And so the Doctor

For might excusably enough leave 'em to use their own Discretion in the Matter; since if they complied with the Government, it wou'd contradict nothing which they formerly preached or believed. What may be the reason, do you think, why the Fanaticks were so Loyally affected to their late Majesties, and were so easily brought over to renounce the last? All the World knows, what a great deal of dutiful Care they took to lull asleep the late King with their Addressing Opiates, and Sacrificing their Lives and Fortunes to him, whenever he should have an Occasion to make Use of them. And yet among so numerous a Herd, unless a very few, and those *incognito*, none have scrupled to take the Oaths; altho' you know they are a People that understand how to make the best of a Scruple, of any Men breathing. Their *Democratick* Principles are still the same, and their Sincerity to this Government has no better a Foundation than what they pretended for the last. Therefore, in short, the Business is this, besides the Interest they perceived in crying up their Loyalty now, our last Turn of Affairs could not but be very acceptable to those Persons, who all-along placed the Sovereign Power in the Multitude; and made their Princes, upon every Transgression and Male-Administration in the State, accountable to the People.

Freem. As for what concerns the Fanaticks, I readily own. But then the other part of your Discourse, *Tim*, is not so well-grounded as it ought to be. You say the Dr. might refuse to take the Oaths, because in doing so, he must run counter to several Principles, which he had formerly justified and asserted: Now if this be true, he's as much oblig'd at this present moment to dissent from the Government as at first. You say likewise, that the Case of those Gentlemen, who consulted him about taking the Oaths, is very different from his; but this

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I take neither to be satisfactory nor solid. The Question is, whether what the Dr. has formerly Preached or Written, is the true Doctrine of the Church of *England* or no? If it is not, I am of Opinion, he's bound to make a solemn Retraction of it; and if it is, it obliged his Brethren, who came to advise him, equally with himself, altho' they never preach'd it, or publickly justified it in Print. For instance, here are two Clergy-men, one of 'em preaches against Oppression and Covetousness once a Month at least, and perhaps has appear'd in a Term-Catalogue upon that Subject; the other, we'll say, never meddled with the Point in all his Life: And yet you'll never conclude, I suppose, that the latter has more pretence and plea to cheat the Poor, and trouble his Parish for a single Tythe-Pig than the former. After all, *Tim*, you seem to make the Dr's Dissent rather to proceed from a Nicety of Honour than a Principle of Conscience; for which piece of Service, I believe, he'll never return you his Thanks: Now I wonder in my Heart, that you should lay so great a stress upon that Point, or admire to see one single Man be prevailed with, at last to make a sacrifice of his Honour, (if even so much as his Honour be concerned) when you see so many thousand People in the World, that make no scruple at all of sacrificing their Conscience.

Tim. But prithee, wou'd not you have a Man be careful to preserve his Character and Reputation in the World, and study to give as little Scandal as may be?

Freem. Ay, without question; tho' as the World goes, I don't think a Man's Honour and Reputation are worth the while to be maintained at the expence of starving for 'em; and some People I cou'd name to you, wou'd scarce put that dangerous Complement upon their Religion, as to suffer any severe Extremities for its sake. Besides, now you
talk

talk of Scandal, I question whether the Dr. has not given a great deal more Scandal by his late compliance with the Oaths, than his former dissenting from 'em. Before he was generally consider'd as a Person of Conscience and Honour, and now perhaps abundance of ill-natur'd People will allow him a share of neither. And what may serve to confirm 'em in such an Opinion, is the Dr's Conscience, which has for this long while lived among the Lawyers, has not been so uniform (if I may use the Expression) as you imagine it at first sight to be, or I cou'd have wished it had been.

Tim. I wou'd desire to know how you make that out, Noble Sir?

Freem. I call that an Uniform Conscience, *Tim*, which proceeds regularly in all its Actions, and never does any thing in contradiction to its own Principles. Now let us see, whether the Dr's Conduct since our new Establishment of Affairs, can endure the Test of this Definition. Most Men will agree, that the Reason why the Dr. refused the Oaths, must be, because he apprehended it was sinful to take them; so then, if the Dr. at the same time when he judged the taking the Oaths to be Sinful, nevertheless submitted to do another thing, which was tantamount to taking 'em, how can you or any Man else excuse him from acting quite contrary to his own Principle?

Tim. This is very true, I own; but hoewer, it is not enough to say so, unless you could prove it.

Freem. I was in good hopes you would never give me the trouble to prove so plain a Point. Did you never hear then, that when some of the Doctor's Council had found out a Loop-hole for him in the Act of Parliament, to enable him to Preach at his Lecture in St. *Dunstan's*, how he Prayed very heartily for both their Majesties by Name, when at the same time he cou'd not prevail with his Conscience to Swear to 'em.

Tim. Why, prithee Man, every body in the Town knows that. The truth on'tis, People discoursed very indifferently upon that Occasion ; but all his Friends, who at that time seem'd to justify his Proceedings, were agreed, that it was a different thing to pray for a Person, and swear Allegiance to a Person ; for you know, the Apostle commands us to pray for all Men, but he no where commands us to swear to all Men.

Freem. This is a very miserable pitiful shift, as I take it, when it comes to be narrowly examin'd ; for prithee tell me, honest *Tim*, what is it to swear Allegiance to any Prince ?

Tim. To acknowledge in the Presence of God Almighty, that the Prince to whom I swear, has a Lawful Title to the Throne he possesses ; and consequently to my Fidelity and Service, as far as the respective Constitution of the Government where I live commands it.

Freem. Well then, and is not praying for a Prince, and recommending him in all his acknowledged Titles to the Protection of God Almighty, the very same thing in effect with Swearing to him ? I am sure it is, if your Heart goes along with your Words ; and a Church, as far as I understood the matter, is none of the fittest Places in the World for a Man to prevaricate in. Besides, *Tim*, there's this remarkable Difference between Swearing to a Prince, and Praying for him, that you may perhaps have occasion to Swear to him but once in your Life, and that before very few Witnesses ; whereas you are oblig'd to do the other once a Week at least, in the face of a very numerous and solemn Assembly.

Tim. But how do you know, dear Friend, but this very same Case which looks so intricate and perplexed at first sight, may be made to appear plausible enough with the help of two or three of the Doctor's Distinctions ?

Freem.

Freem. Nay, let me conjure you, *Tim*, to overwhelm me with no Distinctions, as you love me; for the Case is so very plain and obvious, that it will not admit of any. I am certain, that where there are two controverted Titles, if my Conscience would not give me leave to Swear to a Prince, my Conscience would never permit me to Pray for him publickly; and I am as sure, that if I could prevail with my Conscience to Pray for him under the Title he assumes, and which this Person once controverted, I should never make any scruple of Swearing to him. The Apostle, you tell me, commands us to pray for all Men. So we do; and for my own part, I can pray very heartily for the *Grand Seignior*, the *Cham* of *Tartary*, or the *Great Mogul*, without any remorse; but at the same time, I can never pray for any of the aforesaid Monarchs as King of *England*, and so forth; or if I could, why then, as I told you before, *Tim*, I should make no question of testifying my acknowledgment of them by an Oath.

Tim. That may be your Conscience perhaps; but it were as unreasonable to think that all People are acted by the same Conscience, as to imagine that all People pursue the same End, or think the same Things, or are influenc'd by the same Motives. You see several hundreds of Men flock every *Sunday* to Church, yet one Man goes there to pick a Pocket, a second to make an Assignment with a Girl, a third to take a comfortable Nap, and a fourth perhaps to hear Dr. *Sh* ——— contradict himself. Thus every Man has his particular Aim or Design, and so it is in the Business of Conscience; a thousand Men may do the same thing, and pretend their Conscience is interested in the doing of it, and yet every particular Man's Conscience may proceed upon a different Motive or *Salvo*. As for an instance, let us examine the Case of Swearing to this present Go-

vernment: The Dissenters, of all Sects and Denominations, do it to be reveng'd on the Monarchy and Passive-Obedience; for, tho' the Protestant Religion is the Word with them now, it is not to be imagined, that those People, who shew'd so small a Concern for it in the late Reign, should heartily entertain any affectionate regard for its Welfare in this. It wou'd be too tedious a business to examine the grounds upon which all the rest have gone; yet you may be pleased to observe, that as all of them have embarked their Conscience more or less in this Affair, so, generally speaking, every Man's Conscience goes a different way to work; for Conscience is a very intricate Thing, and oftentimes is influenc'd by very unaccountable Considerations.

Freem. That Observation of yours is very true; and I could cite several famous modern Examples to prove the truth of it, but shall at present only content my self with one of ancient standing. Is it not a strange thing, that *Pythagoras*, who had the Reputation of a Wise and Learned Philosopher, should ever make it a matter of Conscience to refuse the eating of Beans; or that any of his Disciples should arrive to that prodigious degree of Stupidity, as to be Confessors for that sottish, unthinking, Bean-renouncing Doctrine? And yet we have one of their Names upon Record, who chose to undergo the Punishment of the Rack, rather than gratifie the Curiosity of a certain Tyrant so far, as to acquaint him with the true Reason why *Pythagoras* forbid so innocent a Food, and at last, very Heroically bit off his Tongue, lest the extremity of his Torment should oblige him to part with so profound a Secret. Here was an odd whimsical sort of a Conscience, with a witness; and I believe you'll find it a hard task to meet with a Conscience in any of the Conventicles about the Town, that would suffer so much for its lawful Prince as this poor Fellow.

low suffer'd for a Bean, and is very like the Conscience of a certain Person, who never saw his Cathedral, and yet took that care of his Diocese, as to prohibit 'em the eating of Black Puddings, because it seem'd to contradict St. *Paul's* Admonition about Blood. But all this while, honest *Tim*, as I take it, we have discoursed besides our Matter, therefore to return to our first Subject again, prithee tell me, how the Dr's Conversion relishes with you here in the City.

Tim. Why, you know there are store of malicious People in all Communities in the World, and these are hardly to be pleas'd. Indeed, as for the generality of the Establish'd Church, they are well enough satisfied with his new Acquaintance with the Oaths, and don't at all question, but that as he had leisure and retirement enough to study the Point, so he has at last complied upon very solid substantial grounds.

Freem. Well, but the Dissenters, I hope, are very well satisfied with his coming over to us. They seem, you know, upon all occasions, to be very zealous and affectionate to their late Majesties, by the same Token, that by their Good-will they could be content to have all the Gentlemen in the Kingdom hang'd out of the way, or *De-witted*, who refuse to acknowledge them by taking the Oaths. Therefore, I should think, it must needs rejoyce the Hearts of all these worthy Patriots, to see a Person of the Doctor's Learning and Character lay aside his former Prejudices to our Settlement, and voluntarily own it.

Tim. No, no, you are quite mistaken; the Dissenters are Masters of too good Memories to be ever guilty of any Charity towards a Man, who had the boldness to touch the Copyhold of Schism. They rail at him ten times more furiously than ever they did, and challenge him, if he dares, to reconcile his present Compliance with his old musty Notions of

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Passive-Obedience; and then they say, they'll get
Enroclydon Baxter, or one of the *Poultry Divines*, to
reconcile *Transubstantiation* to his *Preservative against*
Popery.

Freem. But are they all so inveterate? What, not
one single Man amongst the whole Herd, that con-
gratulates the Government for the great Happiness
of his Reduction?

Tim. The only Man I hear of, who has been
pleased to testify his Joy for this occasion, is that
Learned Son of *Socinus*, Mr. *Thomas F—rm—n* by
Name: He pretends, that the Doctor has effectual-
ly answered all his other Treatises, by taking the
Oaths, excepting his late Book against the *Anti-*
Trinitarians, and he comforts himself that the Dr.
will, all in due time, ruin the Reputation of that
Piece; for, says he, the Dr. has got such a pretty
way of answering his own Books, that 'tis a thou-
sand pities any one else should take the trouble out
of his Hands. Nay, I am inform'd (continues he)
that when he took the Oaths, he desired to be
sworn upon the Naked Gospel.

Freem. 'Tis strange methinks that the Dissenters
should be angry with the Dr. for what he has done:
If their Zeal for the Government is real and sincere,
which 'tis a Sin for us in the Country to question;
I wonder why they should quarrel with him upon
this Score, since the influence of his Example, for
all they know, may be serviceable to reduce the rest
of his Brethren, who at present dissent from us.

Tim. That does not signifie a Farthing; for, be-
sides their particular pique against the Dr. as he is a
Member of the Established Church, they would
have neither him, nor any one else who is not of
their Party, be thought Loyal: For all their for-
mer Bellowings and Cries against the Illegality of
Monopolies, yet at present they would willingly
engross all the little Honesty and Loyalty that is
left

left in the Nation, into their own Hands; though, by the by, their Loyalty is compounded of such cross, surly, ill-natur'd Ingredients; and is such an odd awkward sort of Loyalty, that for all I can see to the contrary, no Prince in *Christendom* is likely to be the better for it.

Freem. A Dissenters Loyalty is like the officiousness of a Rook at Play, who only lends you Money in order to your Ruin. I pray Heaven it proves of long continuance, but for my part, I am afraid it will last no longer than they find their Religion (I mean their Interest) concerned in it.

Tim. More than all this, they'll tell you, that we owe the Sunshine of the Gospel, and all the other Blessings of the late Revolution, entirely to their Discretion and State-principles; and, that if these impracticable Doctrines of the Church of *England*, concerning the Civil Magistrate, had taken Place, we had by this time been utterly overwhelm'd with Popery and Slavery.

Freem. Why this is ten times over a more fulsome Plea than their Pretensions to Loyalty. They preserve the Protestant Religion! Where, or how, or in what Reign, that we may see it registred in our Almanacks? I am sure they have contributed in all their Pious Endeavours to make the Reformation as scandalous and despicable as any of the Fathers of the Society could have done. They preserved it after a fine rate, by their Universal Silence in the late Reign, and their little, low, abject Applications to Popery; and now, when the Enemy is beaten out of the Field, they make a great pother with a few Gleanings out of our own Authors, and pretend the Victory is owing to their Assistance and Conduct.

Tim. Nay, the Dissenters have not been wanting even in this Reign, to do the Protestant Religion all the good Service they can. One of the Tribe, in his

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his *Modest Enquiry*, as he call'd it, very modestly advised the Rabble to knock all the Clergymen in the Head. And another nameless Rascal, in his *Reflections* upon the Miscarriages of our Navy, that are Printed by one of those Godly Wholesale Dealers in Scandal, those Scruple-selling Vermin of the *Poultry*, has this remarkable Passage, *viz.* That there's more Virtue and Honour to be found among the Rabble than the Gentry: *Rabble* is likewise the Word with their dear Brethren in *Scotland*, and you may guess what a brave Religion we shall have of it at last, if we follow these blessed Methods, and suffer it to be modell'd and fitted to the Inclinations of our judicious Rabble.

Freem. Why, prithee *Tim*, you need not give yourself the trouble, at this time of day, to acquaint me with any of the laudable Qualities of the Dissenters, and especially of their Levites; as for instance, either with their Wit, which never appears but in their Similes, and in interpreting the Prophets; or with their Charity, which is never extended beyond their own Party; or with their Modesty, which is never visible, but when they wink in the Pulpit; or with their Sincerity, which never appears, but when they own themselves in their Prayers to be a pack of the damnedst Rogues in the World; or with their Learning, which never goes beyond a *Dutch* System, and a little Heraldry; or with their Sobriety, which is never admitted to keep them company at their Pious *Friday* Entertainments; or with their Loyalty, which was never shown but by their promising to lend this King more Money than they could raise, and abusing the two last Reigns; or lastly, with their Zeal against Popery, which is never to be prov'd, but by their continual Endeavours to undermine the Established Church,—But let me conjure you, dear *Tim*, to drop this nauseous fulsome Subject, for, as I hope
for

for Mercy, I am as weary of it, as a Presbyterian Splitter of Cases is weary of a poor Brother, that constantly comes every *Sunday* with his dozen troublesome Scruples, to be resolv'd, *sub forma pauperis*.

Tim. Thus you see, Sir, with what Contempt and Aversion the Dissenters in Town entertain the Story of the Dr's Conversion; now give me leave to add a Word or two more concerning them, and then I'll have done. You very well observe, that they pretend to have abundance of Zeal for Their present Majesties, so they do, if you'll take their own words for it, they'll tell you, that no body keeps the Fasts and Thanksgiving-Days with that Devotion as themselves have done. But for all this, dear Friend of mine, they are angry to see the number of the Kings Subjects increased, and if they see a Church of *England-man* come over to the Government, they immediately call him all the Rogues and Rascals in the World: the Reason is plain, they'd willingly have His Majesty serv'd by none but themselves, and then they don't question to reduce the *French* King, and demolish *Popery* in due time. Besides, if all the Church of *England-men* had taken the Oaths, they had lost their dearly beloved Topick of Railing at them, and I dare swear (so well am I acquainted with a Dissenters Tenderness) they'd rather Sacrifice all the Princes in the Universe, than lose the precious Opportunity of Libelling and Railing. You are infinitely mistaken, if you imagine, that the Bishops would find better Quarter from the Fanaticks, if they should ever take the Oaths; no, no, they pray, with all their Hearts, that they may refuse the doing of it still, for then they are in hopes to see their Order abolish'd, and their Revenues divided amongst the Saints, *i. e.* their old *Oli-verian* Leases come in play again: Of all which expectations they would be miserably disappointed, if those immortal Patriots could prevail with themselves to comply.

Freem.

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Freem. I don't pity the Dr. however, for being used after this unmerciful rate, by those Sons of Schism; for, if it were my own case, I should rather chuse to put that sanctified Generation to the Expence of a little Scandal, for my sake, than a little Flattery; and rather accept of their Reproaches, which are excellent in their kind, than of their Incense, which is the nastiest courtest stuff in the World. 'Tis well enough with him, so long as his own Brethren are satisfied, as you have before inform'd me, with the honesty of his Proceeding; or, if they were not at first, I don't question, but the Reasons he has publish'd for his own Defence, carry so much Strength and Solidity with 'em, as to satisfy all the reasonable part of Mankind as to that particular.

Tim. Why there you are mistaken, dear Friend of mine; for tho' the Dr. has condescended to acquaint the World in Publick with the Reasons of his Conversion, yet he has not been so happy as to satisfy all People.

Freem. Who could ever expect that? 'Tis an impossible thing you know to do it; but however, I am glad the Dr. has publish'd his Reasons, for otherwise I should have been a little angry with him. For, could he dissent from the Government above a Year and half, and by his Example hinder so many Country Parsons from taking the Oaths, and keeping their Livings, and yet refuse the World so slender a satisfaction, as to let 'em see the Motives of a Change? I ever thought, that so inconsiderable a piece of trouble was due to his own Reputation and Credit, as well as the farther Instruction of his younger Brethren of the Clergy, who, I am afraid, little consider'd the Merits of the Cause, but rather what a brave thing it was to be thought of the Dr's Company, and embarked in the Dr's Quarrel, and now have nothing else left 'em to do, but to starve with

as much Decency as they can, and to curse the Expensiveness of their Vanity and Loyalty.

Tim. All this you and I cannot possibly help, and therefore 'tis a great piece of Nonsense for us to talk of it any longer, only thus much I must add, That in my opinion too, the Dr. lay under all the Obligations in the World, to make the true Occasions of his late Reconcilement publick. 'Tis a Debt which was due to the Interest he now espouses, no less than the Party he has forsaken, some of which, as you say, the Temptation of being thought of his Acquaintance or Judgment, has reduced to their present Mortifying Necessities. And therefore this being so necessary a Debt, as well in regard to himself, as the rest of the World, I always persuade myself, that the Doctor would take care to acquit it, as soon as ever he has got his Reasons ready.

Freem. Got his Reasons ready, did you say? That's a Jest, with all my Heart; as if a Man of the Doctor's Learning and Experience in the World, after so long a time too to examine all the Niceties of the Case, could suffer himself to be engaged in an Affair, to which he formerly expressed so incurable an Aversion, without having his Reasons ready by him. Nothing but either Pride, (which I would be loath to suspect in a Person of his Mortified Character) or the Weakness of his Cause, could engage him to act only on the Defensive Part. 'Tis a hundred to one, but a Man's Adversary may say something or other, which will lie a little obnoxious to Censure and Exception; so 'tis but falling without any more ado, upon the Author's Blind-side, and the Business is soon over. There are a thousand ways for a Man of any tolerable Discretion, to put by his Enemy's Thrust when he is attack'd; nay, 'tis possible too he may come off with the better on't; especially if the Man he has to deal with, plays open, and lies unguarded in any Part. And therefore, if this had been the Doctor's Policy,

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I should have thought the worse of his Skill in Polemics as long as I lived. I remember I was once in a Coffee-House in the Country, where we happened to be talking of the Doctor's coming over to the Government, and a Gentleman in the Room was pleased to say, he was of Opinion, That the Doctor had got his Reasons ready, much after the same rate as a Country-Innkeeper, whom he knew, got a poor Fellow's Porcupine ready.

Tim. Prithee what Story is that, for, to the best of my knowledge, I never heard of it before?

Freem. Nay, the Story is entertaining enough, that I can assure you, and perhaps will deserve your Attention. You must understand then, that a certain Fellow, here about the Town, who gets a sorry Livelihood, by carrying some Outlandish Beasts about the Country with him, and shewing 'em for Pence-apiece to the People, had by chance brought a Porcupine, the only Support he had left him in the World, to an Inn where this Gentleman was acquainted; the next Morning, he calls the Innkeeper to him, and thus accosts him: *Landlord*, says he, *I must beg one Favour of you, and that is, to get my Porcupine and Room ready by Eleven of the Clock precisely; and in the mean time I'll step into the Town, to see what Company I can pick up.*

Tim. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Freem. Away goes the Fellow into the Town, and for a while stares about him, to observe all the Curiosities of the Place; towards Ten, he makes a solemn Proclamation of his Porcupine, and so musters up as much Company as he thought would defray the Expences of the Show for that time, and carries 'em to his Inn.

Tim. Well, I mightily desire to hear the Issue of your Porcupine.

Freem. When the Fellow was got into his Room at the Inn, he knocks for the Landlord, and asks whether he had got the Porcupine ready? Ay

Sir,

Sir, that I have, replies the Landlord, I hate to be worse than my Word to any Man; but I must desire you, Sir, that you'll be pleased to tell me, what Sawce you'll have for him?

Tim. Why, what a Devil did he mean by that Question?

Freem. You shall hear. Cries the Master of the Porcupine, what do you intend, by asking me what Sawce I'd have for him? Nay, no harm in the World, says the Man of the House; you ordered me to get the Porcupine ready for you by Eleven, and so I have, for I gave Directions to the Maid to put him in the Pot immediately; but Sir, says he, I never boil'd a Porcupine in my Life before, and therefore must once more request you to let me know what Sawce your Worship will order for him.

Tim. The poor Fellow without question look'd very simply upon the matter, to hear his Livelihood was boil'd away so unluckily, in one Morning. And now, to come close to you, Noble Friend of mine, Was it the Opinion of your Gentlemen then, that the Doctor's were boil'd away, like the Strowler's Porcupine, so that there was no procuring a fight of any of them? You see how much he was mistaken in his Judgment. The Doctor (as I have told you) has been pleased to oblige the World with his Reasons; you may have them at any Bookfellers Shop in Town; but I cannot forbear to tell you, that there was never any Book, since the Days of the *Hind* and *Panther*, or the *Letter to a Dissenter* that has been so universally pelted as this; Lawyers and Divines, *Jacobites* and *Williamites*, though they agreed in nothing else, yet they have all of 'em agreed to mawl this unfortunate Book. Nay, some of our City-Prentices and puny Scribblers have had the hardiness to tilt against it, only to make experiment of their Talents; as School-Boys use to try
their

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their Knives, by running them up to the Hilt in a
hot Bag-Pudding.

Freem. Say you so, *Tim*? 'Tis, I confess, somewhat odd, but who can help it. Come then, since the Doctor has had such ill-luck with his Reasons, and you and I have no other Business now upon our hands, prithee let us invent some plausible specious Reasons for his Conversion; they'll help to pass away t'other Bottle, and t'other Hour, well enough; and perhaps they'll serve to amuse the World, and entertain the Reader, as well as some of his own.

Tim. No, Sir, I desire you to excuse your humble Servant, as to this Affair; I'll never invent any Reasons for another Man, not I, I promise you, he may even do it himself if he pleases; 'tis a very ungrateful Performance, let me tell you; and generally the Person whom you intend to oblige by this kind of Office, will hold himself as little beholden to you, as a Man in the state of Cuckoldom, for giving him four and fifty Reasons, to support himself under his Afflictions: But what will serve the turn full as well, to put off half an Hour or so of Conversation, I will acquaint you with the several Reasons that People here in Town, of all Sorts and Parties, have already assign'd for his Conversion. At the same time I must tell you, that as I don't believe them altogether my self, so I would never oblige you, or any Man besides, to place any great Assurance in the Truth of them.

Freem. Come then, honest *Tim*, and begin as soon as you will; for I can assure you, 'twill be no small Diversion to your Friend here, who is just come out of the Country.

Tim. Nay, Sir, not altogether so fast, I beseech you. I design my self a little more Sport and Pastime than you imagine; and since you have so admirable a Talent at Conjecturing, &c. I am resolv'd
to

to keep your Hand in Play, and put you to the trouble of guessing what they are.

Freem. Well then, since you'll have it so, I'll dispatch them out of hand; but however, before I make Trial of my Noble Faculty, I must desire you to remember, how, that at the beginning of our Conference, when you told me of the Doctor's Conversion, I looked upon it as no Miracle; and that for these two following weighty Reasons. In the first place, because when some Gentlemen came to advise with him about that Matter, he civilly referred them to their own Discretion; which I supposed he would never have done, if he had been fully satisfied, that the taking the Oaths was a Sin, or had look'd upon it to be any thing more than an indifferent Action. In the next place, because the Doctor had long ago Prayed for their late Majesties; which is virtually, and in effect, the same thing with Swearing to them; and if it is a Sin to Swear to a Prince, where the Title is Controverted and under Dispute, I am sure it must be the very same thing to Pray for him. Now then *Tim*, since I was so bold as to make the Doctor's Conversion no Miracle at all, you are not to expect that I should assign any Miraculous Reasons for it, but only such as are frequent and common in the World; so I will begin with that, which ever since the Creation of the World, has had a mighty Influence upon Men of all Countries, and Degrees, and Religions. The greater part of Mankind, and especially our Dissenters at home, love to Christen it by the Name of Conscience; but for my part, the best *English* Word I have for it, is INTEREST. What think you of this now?

Tim. To say the truth, there are abundance of ill-affected Men about the Town, that have trumped that unlucky Card upon the Dr. but for my

A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,
part, I don't believe it had any great share in his
Reconciliation to the Government. Therefore you
had best guess again.

Freem. Nay, but prithee consider, dear *Tim.* what
a lovely charming thing this same Interest is, before
we shut our Hands of it: it has all the Ear-marks of
Love; and Love, you know, works little less than
Miracles. It conquers the Young, and the Old are
not able to withstand its Almightyship: it makes
those that can see, as blind as so many Beetles; and
as for those that are blind, why, 'tis the best Ocu-
list in the World, and recovers their Eye-sight to
all intents and purposes.

Tim. No, no, all this shall not pass upon me, I'll
assure you.

Freem. Have a care, *Tim.* I advise you, what you
say against Five hundred Pounds *per Annum*, name it
you Rogue with Fear and Reverence, and fall down
upon your Knees when you hear it mention'd in
Company; Five hundred Pounds a Year is not to
be spoken scandalously of, honest *Tim.* it will buy
a Coach and a Pair of *Sunday-Horses*; it will pur-
chase Petticoats and Commodes, the *Polyglot* and
Councils, and half the *Non-Resistance* in *Christendom*,
with abundance of other fine things, too tedious
to be reckon'd up.

Tim. Thou keepest as great a pother here with
thy Interest, as a scribbling Courtier with his last
Lampoon, or a School-Philosopher with his newest
set of Distinctions, or what is equally as imperti-
nent, as a Country Fidler with his newest set of
Tunes. But I can tell you for your comfort, that
if you do not guess better at your second Essay,
than you have done at your first, you are not in any
great probability of finding out the Secret.

Freem. To proceed then, Is the Dr. brought to a
better Opinion of the Abdication? or, does he go
altogether upon the Merits of Forefaulture?

Tim.

Tim. No, I suppose he does not; for if he does, the Lord have Mercy, say I, upon all his poor Passive Obedience.

Freem. Why, other People, *Tim.* have store of Passive Obedience about them, as well as the Dr. and yet they don't apprehend, that it is a Farthing the worse, or that they have broke it at all. Suppose, *Tim.* you should find occasion, for Reasons best known to your self, to remove a Bag of your Money from one Goldsmith to another of better Reputation, would you not break that Fellow's Head, who should have the impudence to tell you, you had broke your Sum? Even so in the business of Passive-Obedience, the Dr. and some of his Brethren, have only transferr'd it from King *James's* Hands, who, you know, is broke and ruin'd, and a Statute of Bankrupt has passed against in Parliament, to King *William*, who can give them better Security for it: And Passive Obedience, I can tell you, will be as acceptable to any Prince in *Europe*, as a good Sum of Money to a Banker.

Tim. Well, but this is not the Point still, to try again.

Freem. Is the Dr. then reconciled to us by that Verse in the Psalms; *The Earth is the Lord's, and the Fulness thereof.*

Tim. Why, *No* is the Word still; for I suppose, that that Text proves more than the Question, and besides, would serve a *John of Leyden's* Turn as well as any one's else.

Freem. But where there's a plain Conquest and an honest Cause, as well as a legal Title to support the Conquest, that I believe cannot fail to make a Convert. Come tell me now, have I hit upon the true Reason or no?

Tim. For your satisfaction, Sir, you are come pretty nigh the Point, or else some of the Doctor's Friends have misinform'd me as to this Particular;

A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,
though to say the truth, this Reason was every whit
as good all the last Year, as it is at this present mo-
ment, and I don't see that the Reduction of *Ireland*
has made it the better.

Freem. Now we talk of *Ireland*, what say you, if
the Doctor was resolved to hold out till the taking
of *Dublin*, and to surrender himself immediately
when the Place was surrendered?

Tim. All as I can say to the Question, is, That
the Doctor then may return from us again; for
alas, Sir, all the World can tell you, that *Dublin* is
a Place of no considerable Strength, and cannot hold
out long against any Enemy, especially if he have
a Female Friend in the Garrison. — But, Sir, you
have not as yet had the good Fortune to light upon
the most material Move, that makes the greatest
Bustle about the Town, therefore, once more, make
use of your Divining Faculty.

Freem. No, I heartily thank thee, Dear *Tim.* I
shall pump my Imagination no more for the matter;
I think I have drudged long enough in all conscience
to find it out; and to employ my Brains backward and
forward any longer upon this occasion, would be as
wise a piece of Trouble, as to lie waking all the
Night in one's Bed, only to hear how the City Wea-
ther-Glasses, the Watch-men, vary every Hour, in
their bellowing out of Rain, Frost, and Moon-shine.
Why, prithee *Tim*, what dost thou take me for, a
Prophet, or a Conjuror?

Tim. For neither, I swear; but tell me seriously,
dost thou not know what thing it is that baffles He-
roes, spoils Divines, turns the greatest Princes into
Milk-sops, makes Admirals lower their bloody Flags,
and in fine, breaks all Obligations, and governs all
Mankind?

Freem. Why Interest, I told you.

Tim. And what, does Interest, meer Interest
only do all this?

Freem.

Freem. Why, then 'tis Conscience, I say.

Tim. Conscience do you say! Why, just now Conscience, you told me, was but another *English* Word for Interest. And does nothing but bare Conscience (which *Adoniram Byfield* of Blessed Memory defined to be a Cat-Skin Pouch to put Money in) or bare Interest do all these fine things, which I just now mention'd to you.

Freem. Why, then 'tis a Coach and Six Horses I tell you, and nothing in the World else that I can fancy; for, you know, a Coach and Six was Bishop *Parker's* best Body of Divinity.

Tim. Worse and worse 'Faith. And does a Coach and Six Horses baffle Heroes, spoil Divines, and make Milk-sops of Princes? Come, consider I say once more upon the Point, for 'tis impossible to miss it.

Freem. No, *Tim*, pray excuse me; you see I have no tolerable luck at guessing to Day; and besides, to tell you the Truth, I hate this slavish Piece of Drudgery, as heartily as Sir *Will. Tem*—— in his last Essays tells us, he hates good honest Drolery, as a Bookfeller hates an unfelling Author, or a Jacobite Printer does a furlly Messenger of the Press.

Tim. Say you so, Sir? Nay, then I am resolved to lay it out so open to you, that you must of necessity perceive it. Dost not thou understand the meaning of the *Italian* Proverb, *Piu tira un pelo di donna, che cento carra di bovi.*

Freem. Not I, *Tim*, I no more understand the difference between *Italian* and *Arabic*, than that Learned Protestant Critick, Mr. *Rymer*, knows the difference between the Name of *Callimachus* and *Epimenides*.

Tim. Come then, wert thou ever Married, my honest Friend? Ha! what sayest thou?

Freem.

80 *A Dialogue between Tim. and Freem. or,*

Freem. No, Sir, I bless Providence for it.

Tim. Not married, say you! poor Rogue, thou art unacquainted; I perceive, with the damn'd Persecution of a Curtain-Lecture. Oh! dull, dull still; I can't imagin how to cure this Stupidity of thine; thou art ten times duller than one of *Sh—dwell's* Men of Sense, or a Smile without a Sting, or an Expounder of the *Revelations*, at the finding out stoln Silver-Spoons, or an old dozed Fellow of a House at the ingenious Sport of Questions and Commands.

Freem. Why, I cannot help all this, *Tim*, if my Stars made me so, it was their fault, not mine.

Tim. Once more then I'll endeavour to relieve the Weakness of thy Apprehension, therefore listen to the following Rhymes about *Adam* and *Eve*:

When Eve the Fruit had tasted,

She to her Husband hasted,

And chuck'd him on the Chin-a;

Dear Bud (quoth she) come taste this Fruit,

I will finely with your Palate suit,

To eat it is no Sin-a.

Dost thou now comprehend my Meaning?

Freem. No, 'Faith *Tim*, I am in the dark still; you have made me no wiser with your dull Story of *Adam* and *Eve*, than you would make a *Cheapside* Tradesman, by telling him, that an Obstacle is an Impediment; or a walking *Oxford* Dun, that Motion is an Action from the *Terminus a Quo* of his Habitation to the *Terminus ad quem* of the Refractory.

Tim. Nay, then I am sensible thou art full as slow of Apprehension as the famous *Ferry Blackacre* in the Play. I have but one Trick left to bring you to't at last, and if that fail, I must even serve thee as a stale City-wife serves her dull rustick Prentice, when
she

she has a mind to make him understand her virtuous Inclinations ; that is, I must needs Name the thing to thee in plain downright broad *English*. But listen, prithee :

*As moody Job, in shirtless case,
With Collyflowers all o'er his Face,
Did on the Dunghill languish,
His Spouse thus whispers in his Ear ;
Swear Husband, as you love me, Swear ;
'Twill ease you of your Anguish.*

Freem. Oh ho ! now I begin to smell a Rat ; your meaning is, That the Doctor has been brought to swear at last through the Virtue of a few Conjugal Solicitations ; is it not so, *Tim* ?

Tim. Of a few Conjugal Solicitations, do you say ? No, I am afraid there were abundance of them used in the present case.— Well, dear Friend of mine, not to be tedious with you, I must tell you, that you have made a shift at last to hit my Meaning. However, I would not have you report this matter as from me, though I can safely wash my Hands from the Guilt of inventing it, and all the Town will do me the Justice to own, that 'tis a common Story, and no more a Secret than the Mole on the Rector of *Exeter's* Foot. Besides, you are desired not to lay too great a Stress upon the Truth of it, but to follow that Advice, which the Doctor you know gave upon another Account, and so to make use of your own Discretion.

Farewel.

To

[100]
*To BELINDA: Upon her Mar-
rying one that was Blind and Lame.*

By Mr. T. Brown.

1.
B *Elinda's* sparkling Wit and Eyes
United, dart so fierce a Light,
As quickly flashes, quickly dies,
Wounds not the Heart, but hurts the Sight.

2.
Love is all Gentleness and Joy,
Smooth are his Looks, and soft his Pace;
Her *Cupid* is a Black-guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in your Face.

3.
Proud with the Spoils of Royal Cully,
With vain Pretence to Sense and Parts,
She swaggers like a batter'd Bully,
To try the Temper of Men's Hearts.

4.
Her Bed is like the Gospel-feast,
Where the invited never came;
So, disappointed of her Guest,
She takes up with the Blind and Lame.

5.
Tho' she's as sparkling, and as fine
As Jests, and Gemms, and Paint can make her,
She ne're can wound a Heart like mine,
So Devil, and Sir D—— take her.

*An ESSAY on the late POLITICKS;
or, The Government out of Joynt.*

THIS Government either can't or will not maintain it self upon the Principles upon which it was first made, and thus it sins against the Spirit of the Revolution.

The Convention chose a Speaker, who was chose upon a Corporation Bottom. They thrice suspended the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and Those at the Helm had a strong Inclination to have suspended it the third time. They settled Martial Law; They gave Liberty of Conscience to encrease the Number of Dissenters, and yet continued the Sacramental Test to keep them out of Employments, whereas they should have rather Incorporated them. They Abdicated the King, but call none of his Ministers to an Account, but on the contrary, Employ'd and Carefs'd many of them. They virtually allow the Power of the People over Kings, and yet send out a Proclamation against *Ludlow*, &c. And thus much for the Convention, and now for K——W——.

He loves *English* Money, and yet lays it out to the ——, as if he had no regard for it but for their Use; and withall, suffers the *English* Trade and Commerce to sink to nothing. He is fond of a Standing Army, which is the preternatural Strength of the Kingdom, and at the same time suffers Dilapidations in the Naval Force. His beloved Favorites are the Aversion of the People, neither does he himself treat the *English* with a Courtesy and Familiarity they were wont to receive from their former Princes. He places his chief Dependence upon Foreign Troops and Foreign Confederates, and neglects to keep the Balance of Power in the Hands of *Great Britain*, as was the Ancient Custom;

H

and

and shews a little too strong an Inclination to Absolute Monarchy, tho' he was born and bred in a Common-wealth: And tho' the Kings of *Great Britain* are at the Head of a Democracy, he is forc'd, to serve his Interest, to imploy those he does not care for; viz. T—— is the Keeper of his Conscience, P—— of his Privy-Seal, and N—— of his Secrets: My Lord F—— the Director of his Fleet, R—— and Sey—r are in his Cabinet, R—— Paymaster, Bla—ite Secretary of War.— The Lieutenancy of *London*, and indeed all over *England*, are Instances how much he is forc'd to bend to his Enemies. — C——, M——, T——, M—— y, S——, M——, Man—y, Jack H—w, are Examples how far he values those that have serv'd him with the greatest Fidelity.

His slighting the *Whigs* at present, whose Religion and State Consciences suit best with his T——, is such a Solecism in Politicks that was never before committed but in this Hair-brain'd Unthinking Age.

As to the present Parliament, it must be confess'd, that they are tolerably well Pension'd and Officer'd, for as soon as a Patriot or a Tribunal of the People arises he is ask'd his Price, and no Money parts them. They have chose a witty Speaker, who had once good Regards for King *James*. — They give away the Peoples Money without asking how that which was formerly given has been laid out, tho' at the same time they are under the greatest difficulties to find out Ways and Means to raise more, and after all, put it upon such Funds, that at some time or other the Nation will feel the Weight of it with a Vengeance; and will not be prevail'd upon to pass one Popular Act to make the People some sort of amends for all their Blood and Treasure.

They can see no Faults in the Administration, and therefore are in the Publick Opinion good Representatives,

sentatives, and no *Jacobites*. — In this good Parliament the very *Whigs* joyn'd in throwing out the Bill for regulating Tryals in Cases of High-Treason, tho' for the Pleasure of hanging a few of King *James's* Friends, they and their whole Posterity are under a Possibility of being hang'd afterwards. And whereas upon all Occasions they pretend to quarrel with the Lords, they shew they have not well consider'd the Balance of our Constitution, for we are much too weak in the Aristocratical Part, and had not *Monmouth* appear'd first, and after him the Prince of *Orange*, as much as we stood in need of Revolution, we should hardly have known how to have head-ed One.

As for King *James* he committed many dangerous Errors and Mistakes in his Administration, and yet I think hardly enough to warrant the Proceedings of some People, especially the Clergy, whose former Doctrines and Practices seem'd to encourage and abet all his Despotick Proceedings. The Justice of Providence, at some time or other, will appear for him, and the more so, if he repents of his former Errors. I must own, and so must all the World, that he was grossly misled, and that several things were done in his Reign destructive to the *English* Constitution; but whether we ought to have carry'd the matter up to Abdication, I must leave those to determine that had the greatest share in the Management.

A King who has but a small Faction is the safest King, but the whole Nation must be in a Ferment when the Constitution is begun *de novo*. An Insurrection might have been justify'd according to my Principles, and the refusal of the Army to fight against their Religion and Liberty had been Honourable, but an Universal Defection was carrying the thing too far, and, at some time or other, may prove a dangerous Experiment.

But still I am not without hopes but a Way may be found out to recover and redress all, but it must not be that Way which some Addle-headed *Jacobites* and *Papists* propose; I believe, I say, a Method is not impossible, without running those dismal Risks and Hazards which the Fears of some and the Follies of more suggest; but as these Methods are not fit to be set down in Writing, I must beg the Reader's Pardon till a more proper Opportunity shall present.

I don't care for an Inspection into the Calamities of my Native Country, otherwise, I believe, I could amass together such a heap of ugly Circumstances that would be apt to startle the greatest Stoick among us. I could produce sad Symptoms of the Instability of our Government; its Contradictions, Defects and want of Conduct, and draw a Plan of National Calamities; the decay of our Trade, the loss of our Shipping, and the slender Prospect we have of Success in the War against *France*; but in all these, perhaps, I should not come up to the sanguine Prattle of some *Jacobites* and silly *Catholicks*, whom nothing less will go down with, according to their Methods of Restoration, than an Absolute Conquest; a Notion which all sober Men despise, and every *Englishman* ought to oppose with the utmost of his Power.

Indeed, I look upon this to be in all respects a very inconsiderable Party. For to do Justice to the *Protestant Jacobites* or *Roman Catholicks*, I find but very few of them that come up to this Ridiculous Height: Upon the whole, I think the Nation has no juster ground to be apprehensive of a Conquest either by the *French* or the *Papists* than they had at the beginning of the Revolution to fear *St. Jones's* Gridirons.

'Tis plain, that those that by their Quality and Estates must always govern the Rest, detest such a Notion; and for the Knaves and Fools that shelter themselves under them, I am sure they ought to be expos'd for the sake of the rest of the People. How-

ever

ever I think the *Protestant Jacobites* ought to declare themselves for Liberty of Conscience duly settled, and upon all Occasions to express a high regard for the Liberties of their Country. It would do well likewise, if the *Roman Catholicks* would make a Publick Declaration against Conquest, and that all the Nation would conclude from the Maxims of the Wise King, That — *open Rebuke is better than secret Love, and that Faithful are the Wounds of a Friend.*

The next thing that ought to be considered, is the length of the War, and the manner of carrying it on, which makes it absolutely necessary to transport a large part of our current Coin, which if the War continues according to the Schemes of some of our Modern Politians, must prey upon the very Heart and Vitals of the Nation, and at last destroy the whole Body Politick.

Is it not a Scandal to our Conduct, as well as a Loss to the Publick, that it should be too notoriously known to be doubted, that the *Dutch* openly in their Shops clip all our broad Money, and yet at the same time will receive no *English* Money but by Weight, tho' the *English* Soldiers are forc'd to take for their Pay the very Money they see them clip; and beyond all this, they allow but 18s. for one of our Guineas, which the *Jews* buy of them there, and return hither immediately at 1l. 1s. 8d. What Bubbles are we made? Surely after this we ought not to laugh at the *Irish*, who as unfortunate as they now are, can never be said to have set their Hands so effectually to their own Destruction. —

But that which is our most fatal Symptom, our worst Prognostick, is, that all the several sorts of People, who are Friends to this Government, have outliv'd and barefac'dly contradict their own Opinions. — Thus Sir Robert Ri—b, to be one of the Lords of the Admiralty, can take the Sacrament in the Church of *England*, tho' ever since the Revoluti-

on he has publickly declar'd himself against it, and all the Members of the Church of *England* that wrote for this are forc'd to start new Notions of Government, and those that had the clearest Understanding, and the nicest Sense of Liberty, learn now to serve Turns and advise by Occasion, and little Accidents, and not by such lasting Methods as will be too hard for Arbitrary Ministers in all Times.—

The *Habeas Corpus* Act was suspended upon some *Scotch* Letters being produc'd in Parliament, which after it was suspended were never heard of more, and were very probably a Sham at first. *Fuller's* Plot has made many Members against the Bill for *Tryals in Cases of High Treason*, tho' I believe that was not the only Reason why King *William* solicit-ed the House of Lords against it.

Mad and Hair-brain'd is this Age indeed, and not to be trust'd; for who can the Nation credit, when honest *Ned C—*, and honest *Jack F—*, one within *St. Stephen's* Chapel and the other in all the Coffee-Houses about Town, a little too scandalously labour'd against the Bill for *Tryals in Cases of High Treason*. And how Solicitor *S—* acted his part too in the House of Commons, I judge, is a little too notorious.

These and all the rest of their Party are active Men, and Men fit to be entrusted in any but National Concerns; in those it must be confess'd they are a little too loose or over-tractable; and after all, what can they mean by all this Hair-brain'd, Foolish Work, when if things are truly stated, they need not give themselves the trouble to oppose any Bill that will promote the present or future Security of the Nation, considering that sufficient Cautions are already taken to do that to their Hands.

If they are not wilfully blind by the refusal of the Bill relating to the Judges, they must see that somebody has no great kindness for 'em at the bottom,

tom, neither is the Preservations of our Liberties to Posterity very much at Heart. That Bill was so small a Retribution for what the Nation had done and pay'd, that methinks the Rejecting of it should put them in mind, that they might have had their Business done at a cheaper Rate, at least prevail with them to consider, that the Nation's Business ought to be done before the Traveling Charges for *Holland* are provided.

But I'm afraid, after all, we must be Miserable before we will be wise; for every Body is so abandon'd in this Religious Government, that they readily prostitute their Honour and Consciences to serve their Interest and please the *Rabble*; and some People seem to have so little Inclination for Liberty, that Providence cannot bestow it upon us without a Series of Wonders.

We are gazing at every little Accident, and carry'd away with Personal or Party Aversions, by false Hopes and as foolish Fears, and therefore I must say again, that it will cost Providence many astonishing Miracles to bring about such a Nation's Deliverance; a Nation that will do nothing for itself, and that is so resolutely averse to receive those good things that have been so frequently offer'd to it.

And yet after all this, I would not despair of my Countrey's Safety, if I could find but ten Persons that would hear what could be said, and that had the undoubted and unbyass'd Integrity of *Jack Fanshaw*. A Man that mislik'd all that was ill in former Reigns, and takes no pains to support the Knaves in this, and that can be only tax'd with an unactive Despondency; and since he is so nicely coy of *Jacobites*, 'tis no great wonder he falls into that Error — For according to the common Views that he and the wisest Men that are shy can have, They are not under a possibility of Salvation — I al-

most despair of it my self, unless I could see such Spirits exert themselves and examine Things.

We must be sav'd, if we are at all, by Men that love their Country ; they must be Men of a large size Latitudinarian Politicians; Men that are above Forms both in Religion and Government, that are for the Ends, not the Names of Things; Men that can be content with Hereditary Monarchy, so that the common Good be pursu'd, and care not what Garments the Clergy wear upon condition they meddle not with the State, but preach good Morality and live better; neither the Huzzaing Tories, Whigs of Stingy Principles, nor Visionary Papists can adjust our National Differences and Disputes.

*To the Reverend and Learned Dr. BEVERIDGE. An EUCHARISTICON---
Occasion'd by his Preaching a long Sermon upon RESTITUTION.*

Coming by chance into St. *Lawrence* Kirk,
Where Preachers did of Old *Resistance* jirk,
The prating Reader having made an end
I saw your Reverence on the Mount ascend,
Like old *Zacheus*, who to see ———
His Lord pass by, climb'd up into a Tree.

My Thanks, good Sir, I must confess are due
To penitent *Zacheus* more than you ———
He by Example, You by Preaching taught,
And therein seasonably reveal'd the Thought
Of many Hearts, the Nature and Extent
Of that great Duty of the Penitent
Call'd *Restitution*, which Embalms his Tears,
Sets him to rights, and pays off all Arrears,
Procures

Procures his Pardon from the offended God,
Atones his Vengeance, and does charm his Rod;
Pardon th' Impenitent in vain implore,
Impenitent are they that don't *Restore*
To the wrong'd Man what was his own before. }

If Restitution, Sir, must needs be made,
I think to all Mankind it should be pay'd:
Render to all their Dues, the Gospel says,
Directs to strait, condemns all crooked Ways.
Restore to'th Wrong'd, to all Men Justice do,
The Voice of *Moses* is, and *Jesus* too.

Go preach this Gospel-Doctrine through the Town,
Bid them *Restore* who once usurp'd the Crown;
Fill City and Court Pulpits with the Sound,
Cry *Restitution* all the Kingdom round;
Fear not to preach, like Leaders of the Blind,
And try to change your doating Hearer's Mind:
By your Exorcising Art conjure the Devil,
From this poor Nation, stop th' impending Evil;
Bid 'em transcribe *Zacheus's* Honesty,
Lest they ascend not his, but *Haman's* Tree;
Bid 'em Repent, do Justice, and *Restore*,
Call home the Injur'd, and Rebel no more.

Mr. ALSOP'S

*Mr. ALSOP'S State of CONFORMITY;
OR,*

An Account of a Conversation between a Gentleman of Oxford, and Mr. Alsop, the great Rabbi of the Dissenting-Party, about his Majesty's Declaration for Liberty of Conscience, in the Year 1687; as also whether the Church of England-Men, or Presbyterians, are most inclined to an Accommodation.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

KING James had no sooner declar'd for *Liberty of Conscience*; but the Rabbies of the Dissenters forsook their Lurking Holes among the Godly Sisters, and with their *Crop-ear'd Sanctimony* spread over the Land like the Locusts of *Ægypt*, and almost as numerous. Their diminutive Habit and Band show'd them the spurious spawn of their Good Fathers the *Jesuits*, who at this time began to parade it in Couples about *St. James's* and *White-Hall*, and the *Savoy*.

Tubs on the sudden grew dear: and I'm told, one Cooper got an Estate, by a Cargo of old Wine Casks, to furnish them with Pulpits; the dying Embers of Schism, and Heresy being blown up by this Declaration it burst out in every Corner, here started up *Presbyterians*, there *Mugletonians*, one making God damn all but themselves; and the other

other saving him the Labour, and doing it themselves. Here pirk'd up *Anabaptists*, there your formidable *Fifth Monarchy Men*, who were for beginning the Kingdom of King *Jesus*, from that of King *James*; and put an end to *Antichrist*, by striking in with the *Pope*. In short, *Antinomians*, *Soci-nians*, *Ranters*, *Canterers*, *Brownists*, *Quakers*, and a thousand nameless, and senseless Ring-leaders of Roguery, and Heresie open'd each his Shop of License, which he call'd the *Power of the World*, and like Quacks, that pretend lying Wonders in their Bills, in such a plenty of Fools and Knaves as this Country abounds with, scarce a gifted Cobbler, but found Contribution of much more comfortable Importance than his abdicated Last and Awl, so much more gainful it was to stitch Souls, than Soals.

The Bugbear Popery, that at a distance us'd to raise the cry of the whole deep-mouth'd Pack, when now it was present found them the most complaisant Creatures in the World. They were grown so familiar that in the same Coffee-House you might see a *Jesuit*, and a *Holder-forth*, joyn with amicable spight in running down the *Church of England*.

Well they gave themselves violent Airs of Religious Moderation, Loyalty, and Conscience; and a thousand things else, of which they formerly, abhorr'd the very Name, more than a Miser, Restitution, a Lawyer the end of a Chancery Suit, a Sexton a Healthy Summer, of an Apothecary the *Dispensary*. 'Twas pleasant to hear the Papists Preach against Persecution, and the Fanaticks for Passive Obedience, and submission to the *Royal Declaration*. The Exclusion Men extoll Succession, and deifie that very Prince on the Throne, when a known Papist, as the *Restorer of God to his Empire over Conscience*, whom they strove so much to deprive of it, when he was but thought so; to hear them

them address with Lives and Fortunes, for the Royal Family, who had Beheaded one King, and endeavour'd the same to a second; and *wish, that they had Casements in their Breasts for his Majesty to see the sincerity of their Hearts.* When their after Conduct shew'd what confirm'd Hypocrites they were; but they consider'd first, that it was but a Wish, and next that they spoke to a man of abundance of Credulity.

But not to dwell longer on this preamble, you must know, that *Oxford* it self was not free from the Visitation; for *Alsop* one of the chief Demagogues of the Schism was there, and like another Gentleman in Black, *sought whom he might devour,* amongst the rest he attack'd the Tabernacle of a young Gentleman of my acquaintance, with more than Jesuitical Impudence and Complaisance, and often beat about the Bush, to start a Convert in him; one of their Conferences he related to me in the following Manner.

Mr. *Alsop* and my self being met, and fallen on our usual dispute, I am surpriz'd said I, to find those, who us'd always to rail more at the very *Fantom of P O P E R Y*, which they imagin'd to be in the *Church of England*, than Porters at the Penny-post, should be so fond of *Popery* in its own proper Person. That those very People, who had brought one King to the Block, under pretence of his invading *Property* and the Laws of the Land, should so zealously address another for doing the thing in *Reality*. Like a certain Puritan Alderman, that rail'd at the Lewdness of the *Play-House* in a Brothel. For what is this Declaration but cutting off all *Law*, Root and Branch, and resolving all *Property* into the *King's Will*, while you allow him the Power of suspending, or dispensing with Acts of Parliament? For if he has power to dispense with one, he has with all: So that you might as
justly

justly have seiz'd your Neighbours Estate, shou'd the King have dispens'd with that Law, that secur'd it, as enjoy'd his dispensing with the *Act of Conformity*.

I have heard you, reply'd Mr. *Alsop*, with as much Patience as a Court of Delegates a *Bawdy Cause*; but let me tell you young Gentleman you're a little too hot in this Affair. Moderation wou'd give you an other View; and with submission I will give it you in a fairer Light.

Suppose then here, an honest well-meaning Man, that travelling in the Dark, falls into a Pond, he finds he must either drown or get out of the Water by clambering up the side of a fine inclos'd Garden, do you think, the Owner of it cou'd reasonably plead Damages or sue the drowning Man for a trespass? Thus it is with us; our cause must sink, or we must take hold of this opportunity, to escape with our Lives. Pray which is most reasonable for us to consider, our deliverance from hasty destruction, or the Fences of your fine Garden? Oh! but why wou'd we close with the *Papists*, for this Advantage? A drowning Man wou'd not refuse to catch hold of a Cord, tho' thrown out by an Enemy: and since you who pretend to be our Friends use us like Enemies, certainly we should be look'd on, as Fools in Grain, to reject an Ease tho' offer'd by those, you call our Enemies.

Alas, Sir, said I, you have set the matter in a very wrong Light, for this fellow you mention was so far from an honest well-meaning Man, or his Fall into the Pond Accidental, and in the dark, that he jumpt in purely out of spight, and that in the full force and Light of the mid-day Sun, only because he had no other way of destroying the Fences of the fine Garden you speak of, as you may know by the whole story—— On the Borders of the famous *Tweed*, there liv'd a Gentleman
of

of a very large Estate, and a larger Mind; he was not for racking his Tenants, but allow'd them the full enjoyment of a certain Manour on condition, that they should manage it well, and pay him a Pepper-corn a Year Quit-rent; nor cou'd he suppose those hard Conditions, when they were to reap the Benefit, and fruit of their Labour. But in Proceſs of time this good Landlord had occasion to go a Journey into a far Country, and ſo calls all his Tenants together, and tells them he's leaving them for a little while; but adviſes them as they tender his Love, to mind their Plantations, keep up the Fences, and Watch for one another, with a mutual Help and Love, for they were near ſcurvy Neighbours, who would continually be endeavouring to ruin them either by Fraud, or open Force, by carrying Stories, ſowing diſſention, and perſwading them, that either this Care of your Ground is ſuperfluous, or that you take not Care enough of it, or the like, but do you mind what I ſay, and when I return I will bring an ample Reward for thoſe, who have obſerv'd thoſe Directions. This being ſaid, and all things prepar'd, the Landlord goes his Journey. Their Pilfering Neighbours underſtanding he was gone, whoſe Wiſdom and Power they ſtood in awe of, make many a Trip over the *Tweed*, now and then catch a ſtragglings Cock, or Hen, but often by the mutual vigilance of the Tenants, they went home by Weeping Croſs, with broken heads, and bruiſ'd Sides. At laſt the Wily Kerns finding it in vain to attempt on their Hen-rooſts, and Hedges by open Force, while they were thus united, contrive to ſet 'em together by the Ears: Firſt they devided their Bands, and inſinuated themſelves into the Families of the Poor good natured Tenants; then they carry'd Pick-thank Stories from one to another; and being naturally Cunning, and Miſchievous, they began to perſwade
some

Some one way and some another, in the Observation of the Landlord's Commands till in short they had set the whole Manour together by the Ears! then instead of Brother and Neighbour, Son of a Whore, and hang-dog, was the best words they could give one another; but yet they pretty well minded the main concern, and the Poultry was not so come-at-able as their Neighbours desir'd. To compleat their Roguery, therefore, they found one among the rest who had the largest farm, and perswaded him that the Landlord had left him Steward, and that all the rest ought to be guided by him, and pay him the Pepper-corn Quit-rent, and in short all, that was due to the real Landlord: and tho' the Impudence exceeded all but a Scots, yet I know not how by the subtle Insinuations of the black Guard that Broach'd it, in time he reduc'd the whole Manour under his Jurisdiction; but to their cost they found the difference betwixt their *old* Master and their *new*. In short all things went to wrack, that is they were all rack'd so by their Steward and his ragged Regiment, that at last some more stout than the rest, began to enquire into his Authority, and with equal Resolution, exerted their Liberty; the *Itch* and *Scots* were driven out of their Farms, and they set themselves to reduce things into the former order; among these there were two were more exact, and came to a juster regulation of this, than all the rest, and enjoyed a while the Sweets of it; but o'th' sudden one of them takes a Freak to pull down all the Fences, and lay all their ground in common. The other admonish'd him often, and mended them up again. At last it came to a Breach, for *Jack* said it was contrary to the Landlord's Will, that there should be any Enclosures, but all should be common and confus'd. *Harry* he was for keeping it in the same order he had always had it, and after several Tryals in vain to mollifie

mollifie his Neighbours obstinacy, he set himself to dig an handsome Trench about his Farm to keep obstreperous *Jack* out. But *Jack* vext to the Heart at this, coming Drunk home one night, and as full of Malice as Liquour (for he wou'd take a Cheruping Cup off in a Corner) the Moon shew'd him an agreeable prospect of his Neighbour's Enclosure on one hand, and the very Dunghil his own was grown on the other; what does he me, but leaps into the Mote and scrambles up the Bank, demolishes the Dam, and lets the Water into the lower Grounds. But *Jack* was too top-heavy to escape undiscovered: *Harry* sues him for a Trespass, *Jack* swears it was Accident, that falling into the Mote, he endeavoured to save his Life, and this ensu'd. But the Judge finding this was owing to *Jack's* Malice, more than danger, gave *Harry* damages. The *Scots* who were always sculking about; having found out this Feud betwixt these two Neighbours, inform the rest of the Manner of it, who were all Mortal Enemies to *Jack* and *Harry*,) who at last enter into a Compact with *Jack*, every one to joyn together, and fill up the Mote that *Harry* had made to secure his Enclosure; no sooner said but done. Had not *Harry* just cause of Complaint against *Jack*, for striking in with both their Enemies, meerly to destroy his *Enclosure*? This is the Truth of the story, and you have been told it only by halves: I need not make the Application, the Pope, the Devil and the Fanatick will appear thro' the disguise of the Fable.

But Sir, said Mr. *Alsop*, your Fable does not reach the Case, you make *Jack* an Obstinate Fellow, and a Mischievous invader of his Neighbour *Harry's* *Enclosures*; whereas the Dissenters are Men of tender Consciences. Hold, interrupted I: methinks that's an odd Plea, for what has a Dissenter to do with Conscience at all, while he holds
Prede-

Predestination? I think of frugal Men they are the most prodigal alive, to throw away so many thousands a year among you Gentlemen Holderforths, when by their Fundamental Doctrine they don't know but 'tis a Limb of the Devil that's Preaching to 'em a God's Name.

Well, well, said Mr. *Alsop*, we had no other way of keeping up our Party, but by accepting the Benefit of this Declaration; People daily and daily mouldered away; their Purfes touch'd 'em more than their Zeal, and they lov'd Ease and three Meals a Day, better than *Newgate*, or any other Gaol in all his Majesty's Dominions. So that if we caught hold of this Opportunity of retrieving our selves, and make the best use of it, you may thank your selves for it, who wou'd open no door to let us into your Communion, but one so very small, that we cou'd not thrust our Heads into it, much less draw in our Bodies. You are a little apt, reply'd I to assert very odd positions; for we have often invited you to return to your Mother, and she with open Arms expected to Embrace you: your scruples were answered to the nicest point, and Compliances offer'd, if you can but agree where you wou'd stop, and what wou'd content you. That you shall be judge of, said he, by a story I'm going to tell you.

There was a Gentleman (says he) of ancient and Honourable Extraction, one Col. *Stiff-rump*, that made Love to a grave and virtuons Lady in our Neighbourhood, of whose Character I will tell you more anon, but in the mean time, I must be more particular about my Col. As for his Age and Person there was no exception to be made to them, but his Temper was somewhat imperious and fierce, easie enough to those, that wou'd submit to him, but impatient of being contradicted. Some thought him too Affected, and Formal in his Carriage, and what

was the worst, he was not content to practise these Formalities himself, but wou'd oblige others to do the same; however, in the main his good Qualities overweigh'd his bad. So much for the Col. And now to give you a short account of the Lady, whose Name was *Good-love*; her Fortune was very considerable which drew abundance of Suitors upon her, yet she rejected them all: She did not delight in gaudy Liveries, and what the World calls a magnificent Equipage; but every thing about her was plain, and shew'd a well temper'd frugality, and as she had not been bred up in Musick and Dancing, she seldom appear'd at any publick Assemblies; but kept for the most part at home and visited none but her Relations; this may suffice to let you see what the Lady's Disposition was. 'Tis now high time to proceed to my Story: The Col. finding it for his advantage to make an Alliance with her if possible, very fairly Courted her, and to do the Lady Justice, she received him with more respect, and heard his Address with more complaisance, than she had done any of his Predecessors. In short, matters went on the Colonel's side as favourably as a Man cou'd wish, when coming one Morning into her Parlour, *Well, Madam and what Demonstration do you require I shou'd give you of my Affection? tell me, I am ready to execute it this very moment.* Colonel, (says she) *I require none, I always took you for a Person of Honour: Come, come,* (replies he) *that shan't serve your turn; I have told you a hundred times I Love you, and yet I find you continue still an Infidel, and won't believe me; therefore I am resolved to give you some extraordinary proof of my Passion, such as no lover gave his Mistress before me: Now Madam, if you'd have me trot it to the East-Indies, and bring you the Empress of Japan's Favourite Paroquet, or six of the great Mogul's fore-teeth, or the huge Diamond that hangs in the Sophy of Persia's left Ear; either any of them*
or

or all of them are at your Service; or if you'd have me mount up to the top of St. Laurence's Steeple, take out my Heart, and broil it there upon the Grid-iron, 'tis no sooner said, than done. Thus the Col. gave himself these Rhodomontado Airs, when the Lady taking him up short: No, no, Coll. (replies she) I expect no Impossibilities from you; but since you have made so free with me upon this point, I will put you to the Tryal, but you shall find me very easy in my proposal: know then, I have only one thing to ask of you, the doing of which can neither call your Life nor honour in danger, and which if you comply with, I promise to be yours, and only yours — And pray Madam what may that be? (cries the Colonel in an extasy) I am sure I wou'd Sacrifice my Life, my Reputation, my all, to oblige so — Talk not of Sacrifices, (answers she) I am content with lesser Services, and to convince you of the Truth of this, behold all I demand of you is, that you wou'd send immediately for the Barber, and cut off your Whiskers, because they hinder me from having a full and perfect Communion with your Lips — But Madam, will nothing under my Whiskers satisfy you — Why, can I possibly ask you an easier Instance of your Love? Any Well-manner'd Gentleman wou'd part with them at the request of a Friend, but much more at that of his Mistress. And unless I part with them, must I never hope to be happy in you? — Never upon my Word — Why then Madam, farewell: I'll see all the Women in the Universe, pil'd up like so many Faggots to make the Devil a Bonfire, before I'll cut off my Whiskers to please the best of them: With that he took his leave of her abruptly, and has never been seen since. To apply this Story. Now the Church of England whenever she pleases may marry, or incorporate the Dissenters, provided she wou'd part with her Whiskers, that is to say, a few foolish Idle Ceremonies, which neither contribute to her Beauty, nor her Security; by which means she would render her self impreg-

nable, for the subaltern Sects can never injure her; yet with the untoward Obstinacy of Col. *Stiff-rump*, rather than part with these *Whiskers*, trifles upon so valuable a consideration, she chuses to lose a great part of the Kingdom, not contemptible either for their Numbers, Piety, Learning, or Wealth.

When Mr. *Alsop* had done his Story and Application, he smil'd as if the day were his own, but to pluck him down from his imagined Conquest; Sir, says I, whoever told you this Story, deserves to have his Bones broke, for to my knowledge, he has mislead you not only in the Names and Characters of persons concern'd, but almost in every particular; therefore to set you aright, I will recount the Story to you, exactly as it happen'd, and that in as few words as may be. ' I knew the Fellow singularly well, and so I did the Lady; the Man was a *Tallow Chandler* by Trade, his Name was *Jonathan Schism*, and he lived at the Sign of the Calves-head in *St. Swithen's-Lane*, over against *Salters-Hall*: He was a mighty frequenter of Morning-Lectures, and the like Exercises, but his *watching* bearing no proportion to his *Praying*, that is, his zeal swallowing his concern for his Family, things were run to fixes and sevens; in short, Affairs were come to that pass, that he durst hardly show his Nose over his hatch; tho' at the same time he was as proud as a gifted Quaker, as full of malice as an Exploded Poetafter, censorious to the last degree, glad of any misfortune that befell his Neighbours, and never mannerly but in his Distress: To this odd conditioned Soul was tack'd a Body that nickt it like two Exchequer Tallies, his Hair was greasie, and curled like a pound of his own Candles, his Shirt of the same Complexion with his Hat, and the rest of his Equipage was suitable to this. I beg your pardon Mr. *Alsop*, for dwelling so long upon so nauseous
a sub-

a subject. ' To come to the Lady, her name was
 Conformity, and lived at the fine House yonder,
 perhaps she had not her fellow in the Universe,
 her Temper always Cheerful, and Easie, joyfull
 when she heard of the happiness of others, and
 afflicted at their Calamities; she never preached
 up her own virtue, nor cried down that of her
 Neighbour, no raiser nor second-hand Reporter of
 malicious Stories, good-natured, but discreet, hum-
 ble but carefull to preserve her Authority; in the
 management of her Family she neither affected a
 ruinous Magnificence, nor a sordid Oeconomy,
 but every thing was so decent, and so regularly
 order'd, that there was not the least Confusion or
 disorder to be seen. Thus she lived happy, and
 in the Universal esteem of all, that knew her,
 when all on the sudden, either mov'd by the su-
 perior influence of the Stars, or touch'd by an
 extraordinary fit of Compassion, with which her
 generous Temper abounded to a Fault, or some
 other reason, best known to herself; she sent for
 this slovenly Wretch to come to her House. Our
 Friend *Jonathan* immediately waited on her,
 and the Lady thus unbosomed herself to him:
 " I am no stranger, says she, to your Circumstan-
 ces, and know with what difficulty you keep
 the Wolf from your door; now if you will com-
 ply with a few easie Proposals I have to make
 to you; I will not only free you from the Appre-
 hension of Gaols, and living a constant Tribu-
 tary to those Vermin the Bailiffs, but I'll pay
 your debts, and what is more, settle my Person
 and Fortune upon you. This is a happiness,
 crys our splay-mouth'd Tallow-Chandler in
 a Transport, which I cou'd never have expect-
 ed; but may I make so bold with you Madam,
 as to enquire what you have to propose to me,
 for if you command me to crawl upon all four to

“ *Berwick* upon *Tweed*, or travel to *Rome* and
 “ convert the Pope; there’s nothing you can pro-
 “ pose but I’ll cheerfully comply with, to attain
 “ so much Felicity. Why, Mr. *Schism*. says she,
 “ I have observed, that you are none of the clean-
 “ liest Men in the World, now I abominate a Slo-
 “ ven, and therefore to fit you for my Bed I ex-
 “ pect you should immediately consent to the fol-
 “ lowing Articles. First and foremost I require
 “ you to comb your Hair, and clean it; that you
 “ put on a clean Shirt, and be not hence for-
 “ ward such a mortal Foe to clean Linen;
 “ that you go to the Bagnio, mundifie your Taber-
 “ nacle from the filthy rank Fumes and Scents
 “ of your Trade, and Person; that for the future
 “ you Watch as well as Pray; and that you be not
 “ so proud, but that you shew your Neighbours
 “ the common Civility, which is their due. On
 “ these Terms, said the Lady, I, and my Fortune
 “ are at your Service. Will no other Conditions
 “ serve your turn, reply’d *Jonathan*? Can you de-
 “ sire any more agreeable than what wou’d make
 “ you cease to be a Monster, and make you like the
 “ rest of your Neighbours, to whom now your
 “ singularity, and Pride render you a perfect Nui-
 “ sance? Alas! Madam if nothing but this will do,
 “ you and I can never dance betwixt one pair of
 “ Sheets. What! you’re a perfect Woman, nothing
 “ but a Beau will please you! I love my self too
 “ well, and know my Judgment too infallible to
 “ let any considerations alter my course of Life;
 “ tho’ my Hair be lank and greasie, my Pores
 “ something frowfie, my Linen on the Melancho-
 “ ly, and my Behaviour something obstreperous;
 “ yet it is my Fancy, Madam, and my Fancy is
 “ my Law and my Conscience; and if you don’t
 “ like me rough as I run, fare you well, Madam;
 “ I am not to be altered! wherefore, tho’ I like
 “ your

' your Habitation very well, your Person better,
 ' and your Fortune best of all; yet were you Mi-
 ' stress of the Universe, I wou'd not cease to be
 ' that very numerical, Greasie *Jonathan* to have you.
 ' But Decency, Mr. *Jonathan*, — Hang Decency,
 ' tho finical. You say perhaps I stink among my
 ' Neighbours. I answer, to me the smell's a per-
 ' fume; you call me a Sloven, I am transported
 ' with my negligent Air; you think my Trade a Nui-
 ' sance, I like it better than a Powder Shop. As for
 ' my being like other People, I laugh at it; no, let
 ' other People be like me — So Madam adieu, for
 ' I am old positive *Jonathan* — away flies *Jona-*
 ' *than*, as full of Indignation, as Nastiness — the
 ' Lady still full of Compassion, for his Frenzy,
 ' makes use of the Mediation of Friends, patheti-
 ' que Perswasives, Tenderness and the like Endea-
 ' vours, to reclaim him to his Senses, and to make
 ' him cease to be the Jest, and scandal of his Neigh-
 ' bours, but all in vain, for he remain'd positive,
 ' unless she wou'd grow, as filthy a Slut, as he
 ' was a Sloven, he wou'd have nothing to say to her.

The Application, said I, Mr. *Alsop*, is not diffi-
 cult to make; the Venerable, and decent Worship
 of the Church of *England*, and the irreverent, and
 scandalous Meetings of the Dissenters, are visible
 enough to be seen without the help of a Paralell.
 The Dissenters might when they please, be Marry'd
 to, or Incorporated with the Church of *England*,
 if they wou'd quit their singularity, Pride, indecent
 Worship and the like, which they derive neither
 from Scripture, nor Reason, and which contribute
 neither to their Beauty, nor Strength, and so united
 to a greater part of the Kingdom, very considerable
 for their Numbers, Piety, Learning and Wealth.

Phoo, said Mr. *Alsop*, this will prove like all o-
 ther controversies, both sides Triumphant and
 neither side convinc'd. For I must tell you, that

I cannot but think your Adoration of the Churches Antichristian, and Idolatrous? Why, reply'd I, don't you think there is a decent Respect due to the Place, that's set apart for the Worship of God?—No more, than to my Kitchen, or my Stable, built of the same Brick, or Stone.—Well, well, Mr. *Alsop*, you and I won't differ for Trifles, I shall be glad to see you when I come to *London*, which will be very suddainly, and will there confute a Bottle or two with you: With all my Heart, reply'd Mr. *Alsop*, for tho' you're a Churchman, you seem to be a good honest Fellow: Where shall we meet said I? ——— Where you please, at what Tavern you frequent. I abominate a Tavern; but I'll tell you what, I can procure two Gallons of excellent *Burgundy*, and you and I, and another Friend, will meet and Fuddle our Noses at your *Meeting-house*; where under the Pulpit, as under the Rose, we may say what we please against either State, or Church. Hold, hold a little, interrupted Mr. *Alsop*, my Meeting-House is set apart for the Worship of God, and it would sound oddly to turn it into a Bibbing-House. Not at all, reply'd I, why not into a Bibbing-house, as well as a Dancing School, a Buttock Ball or the like? Besides if it be no more, than your Kitchen or your Stable, how can a Bottle of good *Burgundy* Prophane it?

Mr. *Alsop*, was here at a stand, and while he was puzzling his Noddle with a Salvo, Company came in to his Relief, and so adjourned his Conference, *sine die*.

The Presbyterians Proposals to the CONVOCATION in order to a General Comprehension.

1. **T**HAT a new System of Divinity be immediately drawn up more suitable to the present Constitution both in Church and State, and that the *Political Catechism* be Reprinted, and that the Schoolmasters all over *England* be injoyn'd to instruct the Youth in the Articles and Principles of Mr. *Baxter's Holy Commonwealth*, and that the Tutors in both Universities be commanded to read to their Pupils *Machiavel's Prince*, Mr. *Milton's Defensio Populi Anglicani*, *Junius Brutus's Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos*, and also Mr. *Hobbs's* two excellent Books, *De Cive*, and *Leviathan*; and *Boucher's* the Jesuits Discourse, *De Justa Henrici tertii abdicatione*; and to take care that they make the young Men read over once a Week, that excellent Speech of the Heroick President, Serjeant *Bradshaw*, which he made when he pronounc'd Sentence of Death against King *Charles* the First, wherein he proves the Gallantry and Lawfulness of what they were then acting, and that they press it as an undoubted Axiom, that, *ad factum ad jus valet argumentum*.

2. That this may be judged the standing Act of the Universities, and that in order to enforce and perpetuate it, a Catechistical Lecture be appointed, where no other Doctrines are to be advanc'd but those above-mention'd; and that by a solemn Recommendation, that precious young Man Mr. *Parkinson* of *Lincoln Colledge, Oxford*, and Mr. *Harris* of *King's Colledge Camb.* be constituted the first Lecturers. —

3. That

3. That you would abolish the Book of *Homilies*, as containing Doctrines utterly useles in this more learned and refin'd Age; but if you judge this to be too much to be done at once, that you would cause a new Edition to be forthwith Printed, leaving out those Ridiculous Homilies against wilful Rebellion, at least purge out and expunge all the unsound and dangerous Passages in them, and especially that wherein the Church of *England* does arraign the Noble Barons, who so bravely defended their Liberties against the Encroachments of King *John*, of horrible Perjury, for inviting into *England*, *Lewis* the Dauphin of *France*, and swearing Fidelity to him, and breaking their Oath of Fidelity to their Natural Lord the King of *England*; which they there say was done at that time, because they did not know their Duty to their Prince set forth in God's Word; which peremptory Definition seems to us, notwithstanding all the Artful Definitions of Doctor *Stil — t*, to conclude equally against you and us, and therefore we redouble our Request, that this Passage that reflects so much be wholly omitted.

4. That you cause to be left out of the *Calendar* the Martyrdom of King *Charles* the First, that it may no longer be a Reproach to us, and that the Memory of it may be for ever abolish'd, and that Anniversary Fast laid aside; and that all the Sermons that have been preach't upon that Day, and especially Dr. *Burnet's* and Dr. *Pellin's*, be bought up at the Charge of the Publick, and pil'd on a heap and burnt before you the next 30th of *January* in the Area before the *Jerusalem Chamber*; and that no one dare to retain any Copies of them, or any such like Sermons, much less presume to reprint them on pain of being severely proceeded against as Enemies to the Constitution, and what is of infinitely more concern to us, the Design of a *Comprehension*.

5. That

5. That you also condemn to the Flames, and to perpetual Oblivion, *Salmasius's Defensio Regia*, Dr. *Du Moulin's Clamor Sanguinis contra Parricidas Anglicanos*; all the Works of Judge *Jenkins*; Archbishop *Usher's Power of the Prince and Obedience of the Subject stated*; several Pieces of Bishop *Bramhall* and Dr. *Fern*; Mr. *Diggs*, of the unlawfulness of taking up Arms against the King; Bishop *Maxwell's Sacrosancta Regum Majestas*: That Pestilent Book of Dr. *Falkner's* called *Christian Loyalty*; Dr. *Sherlock's* Discourse of *Non-Resistance*, and Dr. *Hicks's Jovian*, with several others upon the same Argument, which we leave to your Wisdom and Zeal. But however, we cannot but mention, as most worthy your Censure, the three Decrees of the University of Oxford. The one made against the Learned *Paræus*, 1622. The other against the *Solemn League and Covenant*. And the third in the Year 1683, wherein they condemn'd a great number of the best Advocates for our Cause; and after they had past it in the Convocation House, *Nemine Contradicente*, went into the Schools Quadrangle and burnt those excellent Books, that had done us so much Service, by the Hands of a Contemptible Fellow, one *Gigger*, the Beadle of the Beggars. But above all, we expect that you would set a particular mark of Disgrace upon the *History of Passive-Obedience*, and the Bishop of *Chichester's Declaration*, and vote them both Libels — They being very dangerous Papers, and what will do you and us a great deal of Mischief, unless they be condemned by this Sacred Synod.

6. That you take effectual care to make the Reverend Dr. *T——*, tho' otherwise we have a high value and esteem for him, as being intirely in our Interest, publickly recant that ill-penn'd and ill-contriv'd Letter that he wrote to the great but unfortunate Lord *Ru——l*, that Letter having done us and our Cause as much Prejudice as his Book against

gainst *Transubstantiation* has done the *Papists*; and that Dr. So — *th* ask Forgiveness upon his Knees in K. Henry the 7th's Chappel for his indiscreet and unseasonable Zeal in a Sermon preacht the 30th of *January*; wherein he is so bold as to affirm, *That the Doctrine of Deposing and Murdering Kings is a Popish and Antichristian Doctrine*; and that Dr. Sherlock be oblig'd, upon the loss of his Preferments, to answer his own Sermons, and if he should be Restiff or Obstinate, that you would appoint a Committee to draw up Materials for an Answer, and that Dr. Ken — t, Mr. Ho — ly and Mr. Ca — my be of the Committee

7. That you speedily cause to be publisht in elegant Latin, a Book, *de Jure Regni apud Anglos*, Dialogue-wise, after the Method of the Incomparable *Buchanan*, and an Apology for the Church of *England*, for the Information of Reform'd Churches beyond Sea, and all others that may be so curious to inquire into your Conduct in your late stupendious Proceedings.

8. That for the common concern of Christianity you with all speed set forth a Declaration, owning your selves *Latitudinarians* as well in Judgment as Practice, and widen and facilitate the Terms of your Communion, for the sake of honest *Tom Firmin*, and his Brother *Socinians*, as also *Arians*, *Anabaptists*, *Quakers*, *Muggletonians* and *Sweet-Singers of Israel*. Further, we think it proper and conducive to a solid *Union* and *Comprehension*; that you leave out of your *Liturgy*, in your next Editions, the *Nicene* and *Athanasian Creeds*, which we conceive to be very prejudicial to the *Protestant Religion*, and have hindred many Persons from joyning with you in the great Work of *Reformation of Manners*.

Lastly, That out of a wise and careful regard to the blessed Effects of Peace, Union, and God-like Comprehension, and out of just and due regard to the

the Churches of *Holland, Switzerland, and Geneva*, you will shew your selves Men of that Temper and extensive Moderation as some of you solemnly promised at a certain Time and Place, which shall now be nameless, you would, which blessed Time we hope is now at hand, for making *Toleration* perpetual, and extinguishing all needless and oppressive *Penal Laws and Statutes*, which at any other Season we should be extreamly satisfy'd with, but at this time we expect greater things from you. And in order to the Accomplishment of the great Work of *Comprehension*, and in the speedy Execution of that good Temper which at last seems to prevail, we do most earnestly desire and expect, that you should comply with those *Wise and Peaceable Proposals* made in all our *Names* by our dear Brother in his *Healing Attempt*; and that for the future, you stand not so stiff upon the *Establisht Constitution* either in Church or State, but admit our Ordinations and other Forms of Government to be to all Intents and Purposes as good and valid as your own — without which Concessions we think it our Duty, as it becomes Honest and Conscientious Men, to acquaint you in plain and downright *English*, That let the Alterations in your *Liturgy and Canons* be never so many, and your Condescensions never so great, in order to gain us as the Reverend President advis'd you, whose wonderful Charity, and Kindness towards us and our Principles we can never sufficiently extol, we neither will nor can unite with you, or be of your Church. *Comprehension's* the Price, and without that, all the other Overtures you can make are utterly void and insignificant. —

And to encline you, or rather force you by the most strong and convincing Arguments to comply with us therein, we desire you to set before your Eyes the Church of *Scotland*, where Episcopacy being wholly abolisht, and the Revenues seiz'd to the use of
the

the State, Presbytery is become the Church Government of that Ancient and Religious Kingdom. And as our dear Brethren, the *Scotch Covenanters*, freed us once by their kind Assistance from the Yoke and Tyranny of your Predecessors, so we doubt not, but upon a due Application, unless you instantly relent towards us, they will rescue us once more out of your Hands.

This is the Sum of what we propose at present; if you like it, the sooner you set your Hands to the finishing the Business the more you will oblige us; your Delays will make the matter precarious, and perhaps not so acceptable when it comes. We therefore leave these Offers before your Reverences, not doubting but you will immediately take them into mature Consideration, and receive them with all Christian Temper and Moderation, and gratify us in these just and modest Requests, which will be more your Interest than our own. Ours will be the Comfort, but yours will be the Glory; and all Ages, to the End of the World, will Admire and Reverence you, as the happy Promoters of *Comprehension and Unlimited Toleration*.

*A LETTER to Dr. Brown at Tunbridge,
Dated June 27th. 1699, from Dean-
street.... Upon the State of Affairs as
they stood with K. James; or, Tom
Brown turn'd Politician.*

S I R,

YOU are the first Man living that ever took me for a *Politician*, I never but once in my Life made any Attempts that way, and that prov'd so fatal

fatal that I have ever since had a solemn Aversion to that sort of Employment; all that I can think of the matter is, that I believe you are fall'n in with some of our old Companions, and they have prevail'd with you to lay this Command upon me, that you may make your selves merry with my Follies. I most suspect my old Enemy Dr. *Griffith*, who I know left the Town upon *Monday*; and, Sir, were I sure he was at the bottom, I would infallibly publish a Second Edition of the *Welch Levite*.

But, Sir, That you may see your Commands are too powerful with me to admit of any denial, I will do the best I can to gratify your Curiosity, and leave the Dr. and you to make what Sport you shall think fit with me; you may, if you please, give it out *That Tom Brown is turn'd Politician*, and as an Instance of it, shew this ridiculous Scribble to all the Walks.

I think, for an *Introduction*, I need not tell you I am of no particular Religion, for having often read your *Religio Medici* in my former Days, I have thought it best to steer by that Compass. I wish well to all Mankind upon the score of Religion, and since it must be so, shall take the liberty of a true Politician, and attempt to represent, in little, the Causes of the Misfortunes, of which I hear all Parties complaining, and of which I can, humanly speaking, see no End.

1. I desire I may not be thought an Enemy to Monarchy, and disrespectful to the Church of *England*, if I tell you my shallow Politicks suggest to me, That *Passive Obedience* is next to an Impossible Doctrine, unless the flattering Divines could prove *Original Contracts to Kings*. This Pretence of the Priests has prov'd a Sandy Foundation for the Prince to build upon, and those very Men that have so largely fill'd the History of it, have not only over-look'd their own Writings but all the stated
Laws

Laws which would have secur'd the late King without their general Revolt.

The King could do no Wrong, the King is unaccountable in his own Person, &c. would not serve the turn of our high-flown Court Preachers; not only those that had a Hand in his Blood, but every one that was any ways concern'd in the War must be damn'd in this World and the next. Sir Robert Filmer's *Patriarcha* was the only Model of Government, and Sir Roger L' Eſtange's *Observators* the best Guides for Conſciences. The Church of *England Homilies* and *Episcopal Judicial Proceedings* nauseated all Men of severer Reasonings, and the People could be only Harangu'd and punisht into *Non-Resistance*, tho' at the same time all the Court Divines forgot to preach the Duty of Princes, and to shew what common Care belongs to the common Father of their Country.

The *Coronation Oath* was unmention'd lest it should smell of Compact, and as I take the matter, the Kings were chiefly *Jure Divino* that the Bishops might be so too; and for those Notions, how difficult soever they are to be maintain'd, they Persecuted the *Puritans* into Rebellion, and the *Papists* into Plots, whilst, to speak the Truth, the *Penal Laws* and *Test* have been all along but formal Combinations against them; and the greatest Sticklers for uncontrollable Power have Cozen'd, Deserted and Fought against their Rightful and Lawful Princes as soon as ever they thought their own *Diana* was in danger.

I think there is a King that Reign'd not long since that has sufficiently experienc'd, that these Men have not the Patience of *Job*, notwithstanding their high boasts of *Passive Vertue*: They do not serve their Prince for nought let their Pretences be what they will, which I hope will be a standing Caution to his Successors, that Mankind, particularly the Priests, are govern'd by their Interest.

2. That

2. That the *Dissenters* may be fit for Repentance, I take the freedom to humble them a little in order to it. The Parsons have told them sufficiently of carrying on and promoting the late Rebellion, and therefore I shall say nothing upon that score, but proceed to charge them with Ingratitude, or rather with their Folly in the two last Reigns. I will not tax them with what they have writ and openly avow'd concerning the Deposing of Princes, but that which I must blame them for, is their easy and perpetual Discontents against those very Princes, of whose Inclinations and Circumstances they might have made good use, to the Advantage of themselves and Country.

Whether this be deriv'd to them from a natural Aversion they have to Monarchy, you, Sir, that know them much better than I can pretend, can better judge; but that the matter of fact is true, I think Instances enough might be produc'd, if there was occasion. King *Charles* gave them his Promise of *Liberty* and *Indulgence*, and accordingly granted them one by *Proclamation*; and what was the effect of that, but intolerable Insolence and Affronts, and new and greater Demands.

In the next Reign, King *James* grants them a *Toleration* too, upon which they turn *Sycophants* and *Tory-Conventiclers*; they Carefs the King and the *Roman Catholics*, and my Lord *Plausible* could not be more fawning than they were. Their Addresses were affected and canting Adulations, by which they drew in the Credulous Prince to venture all upon their narrow Bottom, and then left his Interest as soon as the disoblig'd Church had call'd over a Champion to Invade him.

The Bishops, as I am well inform'd, would have Compounded for all other Miscarriages, if they could have prevail'd with the King to have recall'd his *Declaration for Liberty of Conscience*; but notwithstanding

withstanding the King kept stedfast to his Promises to them, the *Dissenters* soon joyn with the rest, and upon a just enquiry, I believe will appear his worst Enemies.

3. The *Roman Catholicks*, if I have any Skill in *Politicks*, were as much concerned in his Name, if not more than any other Party in the Nation; this may seem a Paradox at first View, but when a considering Person looks over these matters sedately, he'll find too many plain Truths, that will put it out of Dispute. They believe Miracles in *Politicks*, as well as in Religion, and with their few Hands, and indifferent Heads, are for mighty Undertakings; and though the Laws of the Land have allow'd them no share in the Legislature, were immediately for Engrossing all.

I will not revive their former Faults, by which, by their Pernicious Counsels and Insinuations, they abused, and Inveagl'd a Biggotted Prince out of his Throne, and run a dangerous Risque of their own eternal Extirpation. I fear those things are but too much Remembred, not only by themselves but by the whole Nation. But the greatest Folly of all has been their Ridiculous Proposals in his Absence, to Conquer their Native Country: A design too barbarous for an *Indian* to dream off, one would think too visionary for any Mortal to Conjecture. And who can wonder they should be so much the Aversion of the *English* Nation, that are avowedly in a Plot against their Religion, Liberty and Lives of the People they inhabit with? These wretched *Politicians* have a zeal without Knowledge; are utterly ignorant of the united Strength of their Country, or of the true Disposition of their King, who upon all occasions makes publick Declarations against all such foolish and wicked Contrivances.

I have

I have been told by one that heard him say, the Proposals of the *Roman Catholics*, for Conquering *England*, were highly disagreeable to him, prejudicial to his Interest, and inconsistent with his Inclinations. He would frequently tell them, that though in *Italy* and *Spain*, railing against *Protestants*, and in *Denmark* and *Sweden* against *Catholics*, may be a little excusable; yet in his Dominions it was false Policy, as well as false Zeal, especially in *Catholics*, who are infinitely the lesser Number, and not the Establish'd Church.

These were King *James's* Sentiments, and to confirm what I have said, I'll tell you a Remarkable Story, which I had from a Person that I'm well assur'd did not deceive me — Upon the frequent Informations he receiv'd of the extravagant Discourses of the *Catholics* at his Court; he caused the *English* Confessors to be all sent for, and first having told them how much he was concern'd, that the *Catholics* should behave themselves with so much Ignorance and Intemperance to fill the Court full of impossible Notions of the Conquest of *England*, he commanded them forthwith to apply to their several *Penitents*, and let them know how angry he was, at such Proceedings, and that for the future, under the Pain of his highest Displeasure, they never more, either Privately or Publickly reflect upon the Church of *England*, or upon any particular Society of *Protestants*, and that they forbear to talk of his Restoration, or the Methods of it, any other ways than by the Concurrence of his People.

England is a *Protestant* Country, and not to be alter'd without utter Ruine, and Devastation, and can never be Conquer'd without being first turn'd into a *Golgotha*.

As to the empty Twattle of these silly *West Country* Projectors, 'tis so foolish and absurd, and

withall so villainous too, that it can affect none but themselves and the Rabble.

I wish I had a little room in my Paper, for I find I begin to be powerfully Agitated; a few more of these Whimsical Speculations would make me turn *Politician* in good earnest. I have the Lord knows how many new Schemes bogling in my Noddle already, *Murrey's* an Ass to me, and *Dock-era* the *Penny Post* Projector, an old Fable. Nay, I don't think that *Moneyhead* the Projector General goes much before me, at least in my own Opinion, but a Pox on't, hear's a Fellow coming Spoils all my Projects; I wish I could find a Project to pay this Wretch his Money, for faith I don't like the Phyz of him. D — r I must take my leave and get out the back ways, I am afraid the Rascal by his talking to himself, and looking so confoundedly out of humour, may have some Secret Mischief in his Heart, you shall hear from me the next *Post*, so at present; I'll say no more, but that I am in great haste,

Sir, your humble Servant,

Tho. Brown.

MIS-

MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE and VERSE.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

Carmen Votivum.

Upon the Duke of Albemarle's going Governor of his Majesties West-India Plantations.

BE hush'd, ye Waves, an awfull Silence keep
 Through the wide Regions of the listning Deep,
 Let the rude Sawcy Winds presume no more
 To raise their Billows, but forget to roar,
 And in soft Whispers creep towards the Shore.
 Our Prayers and Vows will fill the Swelling Sails
 Without th' Assistance of more powerfull Gales.
 For who, when *Albemarle* prepares his way,
 For distant Worlds, and Regions to Survey,
 Can grudge kind Wishes, and neglects to pray?

Well did the wisest Monarch of Our Isle
 For him alone design this glorious Toyl;
 To crush our Foes, and raise the *British* Name
 Well did he chose a Heroe of such Fame,
 That scorns the Ease, luxurious Courts do yield,
 And loves the noble Business of the Field,

'Twas fit new Worlds should his great Conduct try,
Inflame his Valour, and his Cares employ,
Since his great Fathers Triumphs fill'd the old,
By no inspired Muse, in equal numbers told.

I see, while Fate its Mystry book displays,
I see a goodly Train of Halcyon days.

Once more the pleasures of Auspicious Peace
Kindly vouchsafe the Western Isles to bless;
Once more soft Concord reassumes her reign
And banish'd Vertue gilds the Clime again.
While *Albermarle* the immortal Toil pursues,
The gratefull Tribute of each lab'ring Muse,
While he does Justice equally dispence,
And sheds on Lands Remote, his precious influence.

Lurk now, ye Curst Infesters of the Main,
To your old Scene of Life return again;
Ye that on Seas, more fatal Tempests move
Than furly *Neptune*, or neglected *Jove*,
Ye that on Spoils of plunder'd Merchants live,
And by Ignoble ways of Rapine Thrive,
Lurk now, and prudently Abscond at home,
Lest Halters, Wheels, and Gibbets be your Doom.

'Tis done, before Great *Albemarle* they fly,
And wisely Shun the Storm that threatens Nigh,
So when *Nun's* mighty Son did once prepare
To scourge Proud *Canaan*, with the Rods of War,
The affrighted People left the Native Land,
And shun'd the Forces, they could ne'er withstand:
Great *Albemarle* will all these Wonders do,
The Thanks to him will our Plantations owe,
In all the Blessings of soft Peace ensur'd,
From Plunder, Rapine, Violence secur'd,
Too long Alas! the wretched Indies groan'd,
Scarce their own Name, and flowing Plenty own'd,
While Pyrats by lewd Villainy inspir'd,
Levell'd whole Towns, and Sacred Temples fir'd.
Then all prophan'd with Blood, and all dismay'd
America i'th' Dust her Scepter laid,

Then

Then no delightfull Smiles adorn'd her Face,
 Robb'd of all Charms, and Ravish'd of each grace,
 No more her Youth sat piping on the Lawns,
 Call'd on the *Sylvans*, and invok'd the *Fawns*,
 No more her *Nymphs*, by some adjoining Groves
 Chatted the rushy Stories of their Loves,
 A general Scene of woe her Looks o'erspread,
 And half the Globe hung down its pensive Head.

But now more pleasing Prospects do appear
 Unheard off Plenty crowns the smiling Year,
 Th' asserted Ocean full of great amaze
 His new Heroic Master's pomp Surveys,
 Pleas'd with the flowing Streamers gallant Pride,
 And the gay Ships that on his Surface ride.

What lofty Muse can then in equal verse
 Great *Albemarle's* Heroic deeds rehearse,
 Or all those Actions in fit numbers shew,
 That fill th' old World, and adorn the New.

*Upon the Encampment at HOUNSLOW-
 HEATH.*

Too long by flowing luxury betraid,
 Our *British* Isle was in loose Slumbers laid ;
 Too long we felt the Ills of Fatal peace,
 And idly Languish'd in inglorious Ease,
 No manly Business did our Thoughts engage
 To purchase Fame on *Europe's* Wondring stage ;
 But grown unmindful of our former Name
 We all our Fathers Triumphs did disclaim,
 While even *France* it self with Scorn beheld our
 (Shame.)

The idle Spear hung up, the polisht Shield
 Forgot the great Atchievements of the Field,

The gen'rous Sword contracted filthy Rust,
 And active Pikes lay Mouldering in the dust.
 Shrill Trumpets spake not to the Armed throng,
 Our Instruments unlearn'd each Martial song,
 While Guns and Bombs as useles did appear,
 As laws, and learning in the times of War:

Mean-while our Neighbours strove to break the
 (Chain

And fought the Empire of fair *Albion's* Main,
 Bold num'rous suitors briskly did prepare,
 To court the *Nymph* with all the Pomp of War.
 Nay more, the Eastern World our Shame must know
 And rifled *Bantam English* Conduct show,
 While the Proud *Dutch* by Potent Nants inspir'd,
 Invade our Coasts, and on the Castles fir'd:
Spain that was much amaz'd at such a fight,
 Suspected now the Truth of eighty Eight.
 And scarcely thought our Fathers could obtain,
 Such great, and glorious Triumphs over *Spain*.

Thus were we Scorn'd, and thus contemn'd abroad,
 While Seeds of civil Feuds at home were sow'd,
 Prompted by each bold Instrument of Hell,
 Dull fools we did, for Conscience sake rebell,
 Then Senseless clamours all our Thoughts employ'd,
 And *Whig*, and *Tory* did the Land divide.

But now Triumphant *James* the Scepter sways
 The adoring World our rising Sun surveys,
 He to our Minds new Vigour does infuse,
 And furnish ample Matter for the Muse;
 He to it self our Island does restore,
 Extends its Limits, and confirms its Pow'r,
 While the great *Edwards* mighty Ghost is pleas'd
 To see his ancient Kingdoms honour rais'd.

Behold how Shining in your Martial pride
 Our Troops at *Hounslow* doe your Courfers guide,
 See how the well-form'd *Phalanx* does advance,
 Taught by experience; not inspir'd by chance;

See

See how the Colours Wanton in the Air,
 And helmets glisten formidable fair,
 See groves of pointed Spears do move along,
 As Trees commanded by the *Thracian* Song,
 While Drums, and Trumpets rend the listning Skies,
 And ev'ry Heart keeps Measure with the Noise.

Surely, if Poets prophecies are true
 These Heroes must unheard off Wonders do,
 Either proud *France* must now fresh Vengeance feel,
 And once more groan beneath the *English* Steel,
 Or perjur'd *Holland* some revolving day
 For fam'd *Amboyna's* fatal Slaughters pay,
 Or the large Kingdoms of the pow'rfull West,
 Too much by *Spanish* cruelties oppress,
 With *English* Arts at last, and *English* Laws be blest.

*Upon the setting up of the Statue of QUEEN
 ELIZABETH, of ever blessed Memory,
 in the Royal Exchange London.*

L Et *Memnon's* Statue be no more admir'd,
 That utter'd Sounds, by the Suns beams inspir'd;
 My Muse a greater Wonder does rehearse
 For Stones have here infus'd the Lofty verse.

Oh! *London*, the just Pride of *Albion's* Isle,
 That dost with Ease and flowing Plenty smile,
 Whose pow'rful Ships the Ocean do Survey,
 And make both *Indies* to thee Tribute pay.

Oh! give fresh Honours to *Eliza's* Name,
 And view the lasting Trophies of her Fame,
 She rais'd thy Head, and all thy Wealth secur'd,
 Which else Proud *Spaniards* rapine had devour'd:
 She chas'd thy Night of Ignorance away,
 And soon restor'd truths incorrupted Ray.

Nor

Nor were her Blessings to this Realm confin'd,
 Strangers enjoy'd the Vertues of her Mind:
Holland half ruin'd by the Pride of *Spain*,
 By her kind Influence rais'd it self again;
 She Freed 'em from the Tyranny of *Rome*,
 And stopt the tide of Heav'n's impending Doom.
 Even *France* it self, with Civil Tumults stain'd,
 Invok'd her help, and help was Streight obtain'd,
 Else the curst League had clipt the Royal Crown,
 And from his greatness thrown the Monarch down.

Who without Joy and Wonder can Survey
 The Glorious Triumphs of that happy day,
 When mighty *Drake* opposed the Power of *Spain*
 And fought their Navy in the *British* Main:
 Long had Proud *Philip*, *England's* Fate conspir'd,
 Urg'd by revenge, and with Ambition fir'd;
 Long had he strove by all the Arts of Pow'r
 Old *Rome's* exploded Errors to restore,
 Then reverend Shrines were of their reliques stript,
 And Consecrated Guns and Daggers shipt;
 Each banner was baptiz'd in Holy Oil,
 And vows were made to recommend the Toil;
 The mitred Prelate of *St. Peter's* Chair
 Club'd towards the Work, and blest it with a Pray'r.
 Nay griping Priests, that never gave before,
 Now plunder'd Altars to encrease the Store.

Thus setting forth from *Lisbon's* Fatal Bay
 Through wondring Waves the Navy cut its Way;
 The World amaz'd lookt on the curst intent,
 And Fate now almost doubted the event.
 But *Britains* Genius not surpriz'd with Fear,
 Towards the great Fleet its nimble course did steer.
 The roaring Guns first Complements did make,
 At which the frightned Gallies 'gan to quake;
 Soldiers like Mag-pies flutter'd in the air,
 And every Ship did in the damage Share:
 Till half consum'd with Streams of glowing fire,
 The Gen'ral thought it Prudence to retire.

These

These Triumphs we to great *Eliza* owe,
Such Blessings her soft Influence did bestow,
Sh' enrich'd our Island with the *Indian* Mine,
And first reduc'd Religion, and our Coyn :
O may She live exalted in her Fame,
Enjoying all the Glories of her Name ;
While *British* Fleets the Ocean shall command,
And Peace, and plenty Crown our happy Land,
While true Religion do's her Sway maintain
Against the Arts of Fraud, and Cruelties of *Spain*.

In Praise of the Bottle. A Song.

I.

WHat a Pox d'ye tell me of the Papists Design ?
Would to God you'd leave talking, and drink
off your Wine.

Away with your Glafs, Sir, and drown all Debate ;
Let's be loyally merry ; ne'er think of the State.
The King (Heav'ns bless him) knows best how to
rule ;
And who troubles his Head, I think's but a Fool.

2.

Come, Sir, here's his Health ; your Brimmer ad-
vance ;
We'll ingross all the Claret, and leave none for
France.

'Tis by this we declare our Loyal Intent,
And by our Carousing, the Customs augment.
Would all mind their Drinking, and proper Voca-
tion,
We should ha' none of this Bustle and Stir in the
Nation.

Let

3.

Let the Hero of *Poland*, and Monarch of *France*,
Strive, by Methods of Fighting, their Crowns to
advance.

Let Chappels in *Lime-street* be built or destroy'd,
And the Test, and the Oath of Supremacy, void;
It shall ne'er trouble me; I'm none of those Maggots,
That have whimsical Fancies of *Smithfield* and Fag-
gots.

4.

Then banish all groundless Suspicions away;
The King knows to govern, let us learn to obey.
Let ev'ry Man mind his Bus'ness and Drinking;
When the Head's full of Wine, there's no Room left
for thinking.

'Tis nought but an empty and whimsical Pate,
That makes Fools run giddy with Notions of State.

The Rover. A Song.

1.

I Hate the Dotard, that restrains
Himself to one. Give me the Spark
That ev'ry single Doe disdains,
But bravely chafes all the Park.

What Charms can one pretend? She's fair,
Well-shap'd perhaps, plays well, or sings.

All's true; but were she yet more rare,
The God of Love, you know, has Wings.

2.

Beauty's dispers'd through all the Kind;
Through all the Universe does move;
And 'till it be to one confin'd,
I think I've lawful Cause to rove.

To Day this Face delights my Eye,
But when I'm ask'd not to give o'er;

Your Servant; I've fed heartily.
Surfeits are dangerous. Not a Bit more.

An

An extempore Epigram on Death.

IF Death does come as soon as Breath departs,
Then he must often die, who often farts.
And if to die, be but to lose one's Breath,
Then Death's a Fart, and so a Fart for Death.

The Campaign. A Song.

1.

MOunt, my Boys, mount; let us view the Cam-
paign;
At *Hounslow* the Tents do cover the Plain.
Hark! the Trumpets sound, the Troopers are hors'd,
If you stay longer, the Sight will be lost.
Hark too! the Hautboys; the Grenadiers come;
Now in the Rear march the Foot with the Drums.
Haste, Gentlemen, haste, our Friends will present's
With a kind Bottle and Wench in their Tents.

2.

See yonder, Sir, see how dazling they shew!
Their Cloths, Hats and Arms, are brandishing new.
How dreadfully look the Bag'nets advanc'd!
How proudly those Jennets before 'em do prance!
See how the Houfings and Trappings do blaze!
How admiring Crowds upon 'em do gaze!
Whigs and old Rebels are dash'd at the Sight;
They curse in their Hearts, and view 'em with Spight.

3.

Now, now we are there; yon's the General's Tent;
All that long Row's for the Queen's Regiment;
Yonder's the Sutler's; and there the Smiths stand,
With Anvils and Forges all ready at hand.

O Wind.

O *Windsor* and *Hounslow*! I hope your Stock's large,
 You're like to maintain an Infantry Charge.
 The Strollers o'th' *Strand* and *Park* will come down,
 And leave at the Camp, what they got in the Town.

The Libertine. A Song.

I.

I'LL languish no more at the Glance of your Eye;
 I Can view you all o'er, and ne'er fetch a deep Sigh.
 No more shall your Voice, Syren-like, charm my
 Heart.

In vain you may sigh, use in vain all your Art.
 No, Madam, I'm free; when I'm recreant again,
 Let me, unpity'd feel again my old Pain.

2.

I'll Libertine turn, use all things in common;
 No more than one Dish, be bound to one Woman:
 Yet I'll still love the Sex, but my Bottle before 'em;
 I'll use 'em sometimes, but I'll never adore 'em.
 Go, Madam, be wise; when a Woodcock's i'th' Noose,
 Be sure hold him fast, lest like me he gets loose.

A Catch.

LET the amorous Coxcomb adore a fair Face;
 L An Hours Enjoyment makes him look like an
 Afs.

Let the ambitious Fop to Honours aspire,
 He burns with the Torment of boundless Desire.
 And let the old Miser hoard up his curs'd Pelf,
 He enriches his Bags, but he beggars himself.
 The Lover, Ambitious, and Miser, are Fools;
 There's no solid Joy, but in jolly full Bowls.

A Match

*A Match for the Devil. In Imitation of
M. Rabelais.*

WHile others idle Tales relate,
To fright Men from the marry'd State;
Do thou, my Muse in humble Verse,
The Vertues of a Wife rehearse.

A Farmer, of much Wealth possess'd,
With Friends too, while they lasted, blest'd,
Kept open House, and lov'd to feast
Those who deserv'd and wanted least.
To Pleasures he prescrib'd no Bounds;
He kept his Hunters, Pack of Hounds.
Somewhat lascivious, somewhat vain,
Some Gentleman had cross'd the Strain.
To try all Joys and Plagues of Life,
He boldly took a buxom Wife.
Now fresh Expences, fresh Delights,
Attend the Day, and crown the Nights.
His new Acquaintance crowd the House;
Some praise the Fare, but most the 'Spouse.
Each strove who should divert the most,
But still 'twas at the Husband's Cost.
He, thoughtless, prais'd th' expensive Pleasure,
To please his dear domestick 'Treasure.
All Care was scorn'd, and Bus'ness vanish'd;
The present Joys, Thoughts future banish'd:
And being both of Years but vernal,
They thought their Wealth and Loves eternal.

But oh! how vain are all Mens Fancies!
Ill-grounded Projects, mere Romances.
What Whims the Wisest entertain!
What strange Delusions fill our Brain!
When we are eager to possess,
We smoothe the Road to Happiness;

We

We level Mountains, empty Seas,
And Reason fierce Desires obeys.
The greatest Danger we despise ;
Our Passion sees, and not our Eyes.

Our Pair now find, some Seasons past,
Nor Wealth, nor Love, would always last,
Unless improv'd with Application ;
But that in one is out of Fashion.
Gold indeed preserves its Sway,
But *Love* ! who does thy Pow'r obey ?
E'en Women now profess to range,
And all their Pleasures is in Change ;
Now seek the present Joys t' improve,
Yielding to many they call Love ;
Artful new Lovers to engage,
Then flight his Love, and scorn his Rage.
Thus these behold what they possess'd,
And wonder how they once were blest.
Their Jars are thought on, and improv'd ;
They hate themselves, that once they lov'd.
Thus lab'ring on in dirty Road,
They snarl, and curse the heavy Load.

How happy were our mortal State,
Were Indolence but our worst Fate !
No sooner Joys the Place forsake,
But racking Pains Dominion take.
No sooner Love had fled the Pair,
When enter'd Meager Want and Care.
The House, which had such vast Resort
When Riot seem'd to keep his Court,
Is now forsook, a lonely Cell,
Where *Silence*, undisturb'd, might dwell.
Clean Pans and Spits the Walls now grac'd.
For Ornament the Pewter's plac'd.
Bright Dishes entertain the Eye.
No Kitchen-Smoke offends the Sky.
Hogheads with dismal Sounds complain'd.
Both Hogheads and the Man were drain'd.

His Landlord stern, his Rent demands.
Stray'd are his Flocks, unplough'd his Lands.
The Wife advises Friends to try ;
Her's she was sure would not deny.
A thousand Vows she had receiv'd ;
Each Vow repay'd, for she believ'd.

But oh ! how soon did they discover,
'Tis Wealth brings Friends, the Face a Lover.
His Wants are heard without Relief ;
Her Eyes afford nor Joy, nor Grief.
His wasted Fortune all affrights ;
Her faded Beauty none invites.

Oppress'd with Wants, to Woods he flies,
And seeks the Peace his House denies.
Roving, lamenting his Condition,
Fate kindly sent him a Physician.
His Habit, Cane, and formal Face,
Shew'd he was of *Geneva* Race :
But cloven Feet the Fiend detect,
And prov'd him Author of the Sect.
With Joy he spy'd the Wretch's Cares,
And fawning, thus he spread his Snares.
My Son ! with Pity I have seen
(Tho' I've a Foe to Pity been)
The sad Disasters you endure,
That of a Wife admits no Cure.
I know your Wants, and her's I guess ;
I cannot swear I'll both redress.
That Task, I fear, is too uneasy ;
But if Possessions large will please ye,
Behold this spacious Tract of Land,
All that you see's at my Command.
I'll give it freely all to thee,
If we on Articles agree.
I can perform it, I'm the Devil, —
Nay, never start Man, I'll be civil.
It shall be yours to plough and sow ;
All that above the Ground does grow,

Whate'er it is, shall be my Due ;
The rest I freely give to you.

Gladly the Farmer does submit,
For pinching Want hath taught him Wit.
With Roots he plants the fruitful Soil,
Which well rewarded all his Toil.
But to his Landlord's jilted Share,
A weedy Harvest does appear.

The Devil vext, new Cov'nants makes,
Next Year all under Ground he takes.
Then Golden Wheat the Land does bear,
And uselefs Roots are *Satan's* Share.
The Fiend resolv'd to spoil the Jest,
And thus the Farmer he addrest.

Believe me, Friend, thou art a Sharper ;
Satan himself has caught a *Tartar*,
I've seen thy Wit, but now at length
I am resolv'd to try thy Strength.
A scratching Match we'll have together ;
Look to thy self, I'll claw thy Leather.
If I submit, the Land is thine ;
If I o'ercome, thy Soul is mine.
Think for your Quiet, I conjure ye ;
Should you to Hell, you leave a Fury.
Observe these Talons, and away,
And Friday next shall be the Day.

A mod'rate Beauty will inflame,
'Till we have seen a brighter Dame.
Rivers with Wonders we survey,
'Till we behold the boundless Sea.
So ev'ry little trifling Care
Appears a Load we cannot bear.
But if some horrid Tortures seize us,
What late we dreaded, now would ease us.

The wretched Farmer homeward goes,
And dreads his future endless Woes.
His Cares, his Dunns, his Wants, his Wife,
And all the Banes of happy Life,

Would

Would now afford him vast Content,
Could he the unequal Match prevent.
His prying Turtle quickly guest
Some Care uncommon fill'd his Breast.
Husband and Wife, sometimes relate
Their Cares and Bus'ness, tho' they hate.
Nor always *Nature's* Call deny,
And tho' both loath, yet both comply.
Her wheedling Tongue soon found the Means
To make the Wretch disclose his Pains.
He tells the Combat and the Laws,
And magnifies his monst'rous Paws.

Pish! Is this all that Plagues your Mind?
An easy Remedy I'll find.

You to your Wife's Advice submit,
And we'll the Devil himself out-wit.
Come, turn about,—and leave your Moans,——
These Husbands are such very Drones.——
He sigh'd, obey'd, and did his best;
His Task perform'd, he went to rest.

Our happy Hours are quickly past,
And time to Misery makes haste.
Soon Friday comes, a dismal Day!
When such a Guest would Visits pay.
The Farmer dreads the approaching Scuffle;
(The Thoughts of Hell, the Boldest ruffle)
But still his Wife keeps up her Spirits;
She knew her Safe-guard, and its Merits:
She bids him hide, whate'er should fall on't,
While she receiv'd the dreadful Gallant.
He soon obeys th' advent'rous Dame;
The Husband gone, the Devil came.

Who knocks impetuous at the Gate,
And angry grows, that he should wait.
Again for Ent'rance loud he cries,
But Screams and Groans are the Replies.
Love and the Devil, what can bind!
They stronger grow, the more confin'd :

If they can 'spy the smallest Hole,
 One takes the Heart, and one the Soul.
 So Satan, vex'd at the Delay,
 Whip'd thro' the Key-hole to his Prey ;
 But to his great Amazement, found
 Th' indecent Wife spread on the Ground :
 High as the Waste expos'd and bare,
 And with her Shreiks she pierc'd the Air.

Why, how now, Woman? Whence this Passion?
 This Posture, and such Exclamation?

Ah! pity, Sir, my wretched Case,
 And quickly fly this horrid Place.
 You, by your grim, Majestick Air,
 Your Feet, your Claws, your Horns declare ;
 You with my Husband come to scratch ;
 But thou, ah! thou, th' unequal Match!
 The cruel Monster ready stands,
 But hope not to escape his Hands :
 His Nails are Scythes upon my Life,
 And for his Horns, Sir, — I'm his Wife.
 This Morn, to try what he could do,
 On me he would his Prowess shew :
 This Chasm he made with's little Finger ;
 Behold, Sir, — is it not a Swinger.
 With that, she threw her Legs aside,
 And shew'd a Hole surprizing wide.

Zounds, quoth the Devil, (quite amaz'd,
 When on the deadly Gulph he gaz'd)
 What do I see! What makes that Wound
 Of such Extent, and so profound !
 If that Nail such a Wound could tear,
 What can the Force of ten Claws bear !
 And by the Stench, to shew his Spite,
 With poyson'd Weapons he would fight.
 My Talons are not half so long,
 Nor is my Sulphur half so strong.
 No, I'll submit, since my Lot's Hell ;
 At least I'll in a whole Skin dwell.

The Land is his, but be he bound,
Since he has made to fill that Wound.
With that he vanish'd from her Eyes,
And sulph'rous Stench and Fumes arise.

The Farmer hastens to the Place,
His great Deliv'rer to embrace.
Well hast thou freed my tim'rous Soul;
But what did e'er thy Pow'r controul?
The fiercest Rage it soon disarms,
Tho' Hell it frights, yet Men it charms.
But be it on thy Tomb engrav'd,
'Tis the first Soul a Wife e'er sav'd.

An Essay on Women. A Fragment.

YOU ask me to give you the true Picture of a Woman: I must tell you according to my Opinion, it is a true *Compendium* of Pride, Vanity, Luxury, Idleness, Spleen, Folly, Malice, and Envy; a Bait made on Purpose to put us Men, who glory in our Knowledge of our most abstruse Mysteries, in our great military Atchievements, and in our governing the World, in mind of our Frailty, in suffering our selves to be ensnar'd in that Net, which being baited with that Bait, is the Bane of all our Bliss, renders our Life miserable for ever. If this Composition happen to have some small Ingredient of Simplicity, (or as some will call it) of *good Nature*; that is to say, if out of Fear, she is either over-rul'd by a Husband to keep in a tolerable *Decorum*, so as not to tire the poor Infant out of his Life, by her Obstreperousness, and continual Clamors; though, at the same time, her Weakness, or *good Nature* (if you please) will not permit her to reject the kind Offers, and Arts of an insinuating Gallant, or a cunning old Lady, who bubbles her

her at the Expence of her Husband ; she thinks, she may justly challenge the Title of a *good*, or at least, of a *good natur'd Woman* ; and woe be to the poor Wretch that is yolk'd to her, if he dares say one Word against it ; and though he be not so complaisant to his Wife's *good Nature*, to think her a *good Woman* ; yet woe, I say, to him, if he dares to say so, he is sure to have the general Vote, with a *ne-mine contradicente*, of all the *good Women* against him ; and of these, you know, there are not a small Number. If these be the *good Women*, what do you think of the *bad Ones* ? I will not, at this time, enlarge my self upon the whole Body of the Sex. I am very willing to pass by in Silence, those of the meanest Rank ; as their Behaviour, for the most part, is insupportable, and often more like Brutes, than rational Creatures, so they have that to say in their behalf, that they tread the Steps of their Parents, meerly by instinct, and without Disguise ; it being my Intention to confine the Compass of this Essay, to some of those chiefly of a superior Rank, who by their Extraction, Affluence of *Fortune*, a liberal and generous apparent Education, (for such too often it is) and genteel Conversation, may seem to challenge much greater Prerogatives, than those of the common People. And now, I would ask any young Country Squire of them all, lately brought to live by my Lady his Mother, or his Aunt ; or any young Scholar of the Universities, come up to *London* along with his Cousin, to view the Curiosities of that City ; I say, I would ask either of them, when they came first into the Play-house, (perhaps to see some new Play, or magnificent Opera) and found the Boxes lin'd with so great Numbers of fair, magnificently attir'd, and sumptuously attended Ladies, whether they did not lose their Senses at the first Sight of them ; and during this Rapture, they be themselves transported into terrestrial Paradise ;
where,

where, instead of Women, find they were to enjoy the secret Conversations of Angels. Truly, young Gentlemen I can't much blame; good Men of many Years and Inheritance have been as much mistaken as your selves, nay, rather more, when, instead of Paradise, they have got into *Lob's* Pound, the only Purgatory to purge off in this World, which purifies them so nicely, that where so many of them have nothing but Skin and Bones left them. Pray look a little about you, for here you will find them of all Sorts and Sizes, from the Lord to the Country-fellow, from the long Robe to the Cassock, from the Sword to the Pen-man, all inveigl'd into the Sin; and you are likely to fall into it without Shame, in bringing the Words of *Æsop's* Fox, *Omnia me vestigia terrent*. I see you are big to tell me, That I only banter, and that 'tis impossible Ladies with such Angel-like Graces and Shapes, with so engaging a Deportment, and so admirable an Air, should be nothing but Darknefs within. Have you forgot how *Lucian* compares them to the *Egyptian* Temples? which are most magnificent Structures without, but their Deities within, nothing but an Ape, a Dog, or some other ugly deform'd Creature. Had *Lucian* liv'd since the Discovery of the *Chinese* Temples to the *Europeans*, he would have had Recourse, in his Comparifon, to them, instead of those of the *Egyptians*; for, as the *Chinese* Temples far exceed the others, as well in the Preciousness of the Materials, as in the Beauty of Workmanship; so the most monstrous Shapes of their Gods contain'd within, seem to have nearer Relation to the modern Extravagancies of the Sex. Some have compar'd them to the transparent Glasses in the *Apothecaries* or *Chymists* Shops, which seem gilt without, contain bitter Draughts and deadly Remedies, unless us'd with the utmost Precaution. Should I but rehearse here half the

Titles and Epithets *Solomon* bestows upon Women, what do you think would become of our *Essay*? It would certainly swell into a good large Piece; and who can deny, but that he was the best Judge that ever was of the Sex? His Judgment being founded, not only upon his Wisdom, but also upon his own experimental Philosophy and Practice. But that it may not be objected, as if Things were much alter'd since *Solomon's* Time, in respect as well of the female Sex, as in many other Matters, let us cast an Eye upon the Education, Practices, and Deportment of those that set up for the female Beaux of this Age. To trace their Education from its head Spring, you too often see a young Miss in her very tender Years, put to the Management of some old Lady or other, who having formerly been my Lady's Woman, (and perhaps my Lord's too) is annex'd, like an Appennage, to a Benefice; so that having liv'd in holy Conversation with the Curate, she is, after her Husband's Death, now thought fully qualify'd for the Education of Miss. This cunning Hag, knowing it is the safest Way to rise now, instead of giving to her young Pupil such Lessons as may lead her to Humility, Modesty, to an easy and complaisant Temper, is sure, in order to flatter her young Mistress's Fancy, and engage her entirely into her Interest, to infuse into her quite contrary Principles. She will not fail to tell her twenty times a Day, of the Charms of her Eyes, the Delicacy of her Complexion, the Nicety of her Shape, &c. and in Conclusion she never fails to put her in Mind that all these were Gifts of Nature, intended to allure Men, and to keep them in Slavery; with many more such like edifying Instructions, she is best able to give, because she has practis'd them before her self. If her young Mistress be of Quality, she tells her, 'tis Haughtiness must be the chief Aim of her Deportment; if she's Rich, she

makes

makes her Belly her God ; she tells her, she ought to eat nothing the Season affords, be it never so dearly bought ; and the better to gratifie both her own and her young Mistresses Appetite, (for she will certainly come in for her full Share) she will take a great deal of Pains to perswade her, that fine Meats and delicious Sauces serve to invigorate her Spirits, render her more plump and comely, and consequently encrease her Charms to the Undoing of Mankind. Miss thus initiated in the Principles of Vanity, Pride, and Luxury, stands now in want of one, who may like a true Assistant to her Tutorefs, teach her how to put in practice some Part at least of her Instructions. And who do you think should this good Man be ? I'll warrant you, you will say, it must be some Man of Wisdom and Experience in the fine Art of accomplish'd Ladies, as may seem to appear to you ? But alas ! how far do you shoot from the Mark ? Be not surpriz'd, if I tell you, 'tis a certain *Whipper-Snapper* call'd a *Dancing-master*, with a blue Coat, scarlet Stockings, and a lac'd Hat ; he being of Mrs. Tutorefs's Acquaintance, in having purchas'd her Favours by the Help of some Pieces of Gold, or perhaps by doing her another good Turn, is by her Commendation, constituted chief Manager of Miss's good Carriages and Manners. This Fellow, when he is introduc'd to the Parents, will tell them Wonders in Praise of Dancing ; how *Socrates* learn'd to dance in his Old-age ; how the grave *Lacedæmonians* us'd it in their publick Feasts ; and how even the *Salian* Priests at *Rome* danced in Honour of *Mars* ; but he is sure not to mention one Word, how *Salust* upbraided *Sempronia* with dancing too nicely ; and how *Cato* objected the same to *Hudrenas*. He takes Care not to put them in Mind of *Petrarch*'s Saying, “ That at Balls many a grave Matron has lost her
“ Honour, many a Virgin has learn'd what she never knew ; but never any one return'd more ver-
“ tuous

“tuous than she went. This Lesson, tho’ verify’d by daily Experience, being not for his Purpose, he is careful to avoid; but instead thereof, extols his Art, as capable of charming the Mind, and make a young handsome Lady so accomplish’d, as to render her Power irresistible to those that behold her. Miss is sure to be told, as often as he teaches her, of her fine Legs and Feet, her round and well-turn’d, Body, graceful Mein and Carriage; which if well improv’d, will by degrees make her the Admiration of all the World. To tickle Miss’s Fancy, and the Beholders, he will, under Pretence, that good Company is a great Addition towards her Improvement of an Art, in which, in a great measure, she must fix the Hopes of her greatest Preferments, introduce some lewd and debauch’d Disciples of his to dance with Miss; who, upon this Occasion, are not sparing to let loose their Tongues, and to infuse into the young Scholar, by their Discourse, such Motions as perhaps she never thought of before. Not to mention the Enormities and Extravagancies committed at the Balls, in the most publick Dancing-Schools; where, by the antick Gestures, antick Tunes, and obscene Aires, shameless Hands, and sometimes also by immodest Kisses, Youth is initiated to the very Practice of Wantonness. But to return to our Domestick Education, whilst the Dancing-Master labours hard to make his young Female Scholar, a perfect Pattern and Master-piece of his Art; and she, poor willing Tit, very diligent in following his Steps, and practising sometimes all Night long: To second her Master’s Endeavours, her Tutorefs, in order to improve the natural Faculties of her Mind, as well as the Dancing-Master does the Activity of her Body, takes care to furnish her young Mistress (who now begins to come to years of Maturity) with rare Histories of Lust, of Fornications, and Adulteries; with surprizing Romances, engaging
Novels,

Novels, enticing Comedies, and wanton Songs; nay, sometimes, with *Ovid's Art of Love*, and perhaps with some of a worse Stamp. But for fear the young Lady should not be so apt a Scholar as to apprehend so soon the Mysteries of all these voluminous Pieces, Madam Tutorefs, not to be wanting in her Duty, and at the same Time to shew her Experience in amorous Affairs, will not be wanting to illustrate the difficult Passages with her own Annotations and Observations, and render every Thing so obvious to her, that she must be one of a very dull Apprehension, if she is not fully convinc'd of the Thing. Rather than fail, the old Gentlewoman will bring in some Love Intreagues of her own; she will tell her how many Lovers, or Sweet-hearts (the better to palliate the Matter) she had, what Presents they made her; nay, how they courted and lov'd her; that unless the young Lady be naturally of a very insipid and phlegmatick Disposition, she sets her a longing for the same Thing, and wishes she might have been in her stead at that Time. Judge now what sort of Improvements such fine Proceedings can produce; since they serve only to season the most Innocent with Pride, Vanity, Luxury, Voluptuousness, a light Carriage, Insolence, Craft, Impudence, and Arrogance; not to say worse. I see by your very Countenance, you are impatient to object against me, That these modest Looks, smiling Faces, and sweet Deportments, are in themselves sufficient to contradict those Slanders and Characters I impose upon 'em, perhaps, to divert, or revenge my self, at the Expence of the fair Sex: But have a little Patience, you will perhaps be in a better Mood, young Man, when I shall make it out to you, as I intend to do, that they bestow at length, as much Times and Pains in the Art of Dissimulation, as they do in setting out their Faces.

The

The Charms of the Bottle, a Friend to Love.

An Answer to Melanissa's Letter to Alexis in the first Volume.

IT is no small Charm to me, my dear *Melanissa*, to find by Yours, that I have still so great a Share in your Heart. The Concern you express needs no Excuse, since it is an Argument of your Fondness; which must make a Heart, sensible as mine, easily forgive a Warmth that is only the Effect of a Love, of which *Alexis* must ever be proud. But give me Leave, my Dear *Melanissa*, while I pay all the Deference in the World to your Beauty, to dissent from your Opinion.

You seem jealous of my Inclinations to the *Bottle*; in which you proceed upon a great Mistake, quarrelling with your Friend as an Enemy.

For Wine to Love, and a Friend confess'd.

And Love, without the Vinter *Bacchus*, and the Cook *Ceres*, would frieze up and die. They furnish fresh Spirits and new Desires, and make every Night like the first. The Nymph gathers fresh Chams from our Cups; which, like *Telescopes*, discover secret Beauties one cannot see without them. You erroneously therefore confine the *Bottle* to old Age, and by prescribing a perpetual, a continu'd, Course of Beauty without Interruption, promote an Inconstancy you would not approve. Enjoyment is a luscious Food, which soon clogs the Appetite, if we feed too grossly upon it; whilst intervals, and their Pleasures, keep it up, and give an Edge to Desire.

Your

Your Letter indeed, is a Proof of what you say, That you knew little of the World when you set up a Paradox that can never be made out; nay, I am afraid, *Melanissa*, that you knew as little of Nature, when you imagine, that a Man can always be imprison'd in white Arms. To retire to my study now and then, is no Confinement but Pleasure; but to be always lock'd up with a Book, will make the most studious Man dull and empty. The Liberty we take Abroad, and the noisy Delights of Conversation, make a Retirement the more agreeable. If you would have us vigorous and fond when we are with you, you should indulge our Absence sometimes to vary the Scene. He that is always at the Table, makes but a scurvy Meal; where we never ought to come, but with a good keen Appetite, then fall to with a Stomach, and our Vi-ctuals does us good.

Your Draught of the Tavern, is partial and imperfect; you draw a likeness indeed, but 'tis a scurvy one; nay, such a one that you would never forgive in *Delial* and Sir *Godfrey*. But this comes from a Mis-information; you have it by *Hearsay*; and because *Scoundrels* and *Rakes* abuse the Creature, you allow no good Use of it.

From the Play, indeed we pass to the *Rose*; and having glutted our Eyes with the Ladies, and our Ears with the Poet, we unbend over a Bottle, and prepare for the Embraces of *Melanissa*. Each Glass we drink, we crown with her Health, and every Glass is indeed a fresh Mistress; it sparkles like her Eyes, and is ruddy like her Lips; smells like her Breath, and gives Joys like her Arms; whilst Wit and good Humour make the Night rival the Day, and *Bacchus* gives more chearful Warmth than the Sun. Formality and Disguise is laid aside, and the second Bottle leaves no cautious Reserve, restoring the Golden Age; while Design and mean Cunning are

are left to the grave Consults of the Aged. Here the sprightly Repartees fly about with the Glafs, and *Horace* and *Anacreon* arise from their Graves to exalt the Conversation. Soft *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, and learn'd *Catullus*, by Turns make their Entry to heighten our Pleasure: *Corinna* and *Lesbia* are compar'd to *Melanissa*, and we judge of the Joys of these Poets, by those that we now find in your Arms. Thus Wit and Wine aspire, and bless our Hours, 'till we part with full Satisfaction in the innocent and manly Diverfion.

But now let us view the Biggot of *Venus*; I see how short are his Joys to ours. The sober Sot flies from the Play, *Celia*'s his Apartment for Kisses and Raptures, which are always the same. He steals in a Doors, gets into her Chamber; the Visit's betray'd, and in the midst of his Transports, is fain to leap from the Balcony in his Shirt; happy if he escape both the Keeper and the Watch, at Expence of his Purse and Reputation.

But suppose him more fortunate, and no ill Adventure interrupt his Amour, the Parents sleep soundly, the Confident is faithful, the Keeper or Husband from Home; yet *Celia* is false, claps her favour'd Gallant into her Closet on your Approach and suffers your Embrace, while the other has all her Caresses. In a Morning or two, the Bubble finds himself warmer than he desir'd, and Pills and Bolus's must repair the Breaches of his Tabernacle: Doctors, Surgeons and Apothecaries-Bills, come instead of *Billet-deux*, and Aches and Pains for Raptures and Transports; and so for one Night's Enjoyment, does Penance a Month; Whereas the Debauch of the Bottle, is heal'd the next Morning; and the Liquor that gave the flight Wound, gives an agreeable Cure.

But suppose him more happy and free from this Punishment; Jealousies and Fears, Quarrels and
Tears,

Tears, soon enter the Lists of Amours. *Celia* is cold, he swears she's inconstant; she's impatient of the Accusation; he is more confirm'd; she scolds, he rants, she cries, he submits, or perhaps flies away in Indignation, pursues a new Game, has the same Fate, and so spends his Life in a foolish Round of short Pleasures and long Pains: While the Bottle renews its Enchantments every Night, and never soures, but sweetens your Humour; is obedient to your Will, enjoy'd when you please, and thrown aside when your Appetite's satisfy'd. If one don't please you, the Drawer obediently pimps for your Pleasure with another.

Thus you see, *Melanissa*, that the Bottle is on as good a Foot, as the Joy you perswade, and merits not the Contempt you wou'd have us bestow on its Charms. But I'll join so far with you; I'll allow you your Pleasure, provided you allow mine; let me drink, and you shall love; Claret that prepares me for your Arms, and when I find my self rul'd by its Energy divine, inspir'd with the God, I'll come to your Arms, and convince you by my Zeal, that you have rail'd at your Friend; and if Interest was the Source of your Advice, you'll find it was a mistaken Interest, as this Night you shall experience from him that loves as dearly and tenderly as *Melanissa*, that is, your

ALEXIS.

A Dream.

I Dream'd, that bury'd in my fellow Clay,
Close by a common Beggar's Side I lay,

And

And as so mean a Neighbour shock'd my Pride,
 Thus, like a Corps of Consequence, I cry'd ;
 Scoundrel, be gone, and henceforth touch me not,
 More Manners learn, and at a Distance rot.
 How, Scoundrel ! in a haughtier Tone, cry'd he,
 Proud Lump of Dirt, I scorn thy Words and thee.
 Here all are equal ; now thy Case is mine ;
 This is my Rotting-place, the next is thine.

The Whett.

WINE, Wine in a Morning
 Makes us frolick and gay,
 That like Eagles we fore
 In the Pride of the Day.
 Gouty Sots of the Night
 Only find a Decay.

'Tis the Sun ripens the Grape,
 And to Drinking gives Light ;
 We imitate him,
 When by Noon, we're at Height ;
 They steal Wine, who take it
 When he's out of fight.

Boy, fill all the Glasses,
 Fill them up now he shines,
 The higher he rises,
 The more he refines ;
 For Wine and Wit fall
 As their Maker declines.

Song.

Song.

1.

WHO their Passions do fondly conceal,
They are Fools for their Pains;
'Tis a Confidence gains.

What a modest Intreague never wins.

Court briskly but once, and you'll presently find,
There's nothing than Woman, than Woman, so
(kind.

2.

Then gently, good Madam, comply,
And seem not to say,

That you rather would stay;
If you do, I shall tell you, you lye;
For you know, had not *Eve* with her Charms
(brought him to't,
The old Man had ne'er tasted, ne'er tasted the Fruit.

On Sternhold and Hopkins, and the New
Version of David's Psalms.

(Knaves,

YE scoundrel old Bards, and a Brace of dull
What a plague makes ye mutter, and talk in
(your Graves?

Sure ye drank in your Porridge, like a Couple of Sots,
And have mix'd the *Spoon-meat* with the Belch of the
(Pots;

Or the Worms had by this Time, if they had any
(Conscience.

Stopp'd the Tongues of those Fools who made *Da-*
(*vid* speak Nonsense.

M

Te

164 *On the New Version of David's Psalms.*

Ye write, and be damn'd t' ye! *Ye* traffick in Metre!
Why, a Baudy-house *Tongs* has a Voice that is
(sweeter:

A *White-Fryars* Sinner, or a *Saint* in *Duck-Lane*,
A *Crowders-Well* Sonnet, or a *Pye-Corner* Strain,
Has Raptures and Flights, full of Judgment, and
(taking
When compar'd to the things ye call *Psalms* of your
(making.

Shame on ye, for Coxcombs, away with this Riot,
And rot on, like the rest, who lie by ye in quiet;
Nor dare to presume to petition and squable,
When there's none takes your Part, but the igno-
(rant Rabble.

As for *David*, for God's sake, how dare ye to name
(him?

When your wretched Translations so damnably
(shame him?

Poor *Psalmist*! he frets, and he storms, and he stares,
Bemoans his Composures, and renounces his Pray'rs;
Blushes more at the Dress which his *Penitence* hath on,
Than when told of his Faults by the Prophet old
(*Nathan*.

So chang'd are his Lines, and so murther'd each
(Sentence,
So debauch'd his God's *Praise*, and so lame his *Re-*
(pentance.

That to know the good King by the Words ye create
(him,

Is a thing much more hard, than it is to *translate* him.
Let me tell ye, grave Dons, I'll be bold to assure ye,
It is well that this Warrior lies buried in *FURT*;
Had he laid near the Place, which at present contains,
Of the two sorry Sinners, the stupid Remains,
'Tis a Pound to a Penny, but his Ashes would fly on,
And handle your Skulls like the *Bear* and the *Lion*.

But for fear I should dwell on the Subject too long,
And the Dulness I laugh at, be seen in my Song;
Left

On the New Version of David's Psalms. 165

Left the *Muse* should turn Jade, and, by Sympathy
(led,
Take part of the Scandal sh' has flung on the Dead;
I'll no more of your Canting, and Whining, and
(Chiming,
Your *Elizabeth* Phrase, and your *Fartbingal*-Rhiming,
Brought in Use as a Covert to Nonsense, I'll tell ye,
As that *righteous* Queen's Drefs was to hide a Great
(Belly.

But tho' the loud Rabble should never deny ye,
Confirm'd in their Purpose, and resolv'd to stand
(by ye;
Tho' the *poor* Ones should murmur, and doat on your
(Sense,
For want of due *Thinking*, and for want of the *Pence*;
Tho' the stiff *Parish* Clerks, with their *Bands* and their
(Gowns,
Read the *New Psalms* with *Hums*, and with *Ha's*, and
(with *Frowns*,
Cause the *Levites*, their Masters, by Chance are a-
(fraid
Innovation should turn to a Practice and Trade;
And by those Means, the godly *Wise-Acres* be driven
From their *Desks* and their *Pulpits*, their *Sloth* and
(their *Haven*;
Tho' the *Stationers* strive all they can to decry 'em,
And *Took* swears, that thousands of *old* Ones lie by
(em:
Tho' the *late Version* fails of the *Spirit* and *Force*
Of *DAVID's* *Rejoycings*, or *DAVID's* *Remorse*;
Yet I'm not such a Cockscorn, 'stead of *new Psalms*,
(to learn *Old*,
Or to quit *TATE* and *BRADY*, for *Hopkins* and
(*Sternhold*.

On Mr. Prance's Hymn to the Pillory.

NOW the Devil's old Agent, that brought to the
 (Gallows,
 In the Empire of Swearing, a Leash of poor Fellows,
 With Eggs Aromatick, and Turnips assaulted,
 And in wooden Machine, like his Brethren exalted,
 Meets at last the Reward of his Swearing and Sin-
 (ing;
 This, this of his Punishment, is the Beginning.

2.

Huzza! How the Eggs and the Oranges fly!
 How the Witnesses they maul! How they darken the
 (Sky!

Huzza! the poor *Silver-Smith* tells a sad Ditty
 To all the compassionate Hearts of the City;
 While the Rabble does rail at the damnable Wretch,
 And bids him adjourn to the Hands of 'Squire *Ketch*.

3.

Come, Boys, come again, the Encounter renew;
 Give *Prance* and the Devil their Due;
 While the Warkets and Stalls any Luggage afford,
 Keep on the Assault, let the Witnesses be stor'd:
 Let your Kindness ne'er cease, but distribute your
 (Dole,
 Make his Body as nasty and vile as his Soul.

Tom Brown *having committed some great Fault at the University, the Dean of Christ Church threaten'd to expel him; but Tom, with a very submissive Epistle, begging Pardon, so pleas'd the Dean, that he was minded to forgive him, upon this Condition, viz. That he should translate this Epigram out of Marshal extempore.*

NON amo Te Zabidi, nec possum dicere quare,
 Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo Te.

Which

Which he immediately render'd into *English* thus,
*I do not love you Dr. Fell, But why I cannot tell;
But this I know full well, I do not love you Dr. Fell.*

Latinæ Linguæ Studiosis, S.

Romani sermonis gnari, omnesque illum magis magisque excolere nitentes, amici invitantur roganturque sui copiam facere, sive loquendi sive audiendi dignentur, quovis die Martis in vico Clare-street dicto, in foro Clare-Market, ad insignia Oxoniensia apud Rogerum Fowler, celeberrimæ academix nuper coquum haud incelebrem: Itidemque quovis die Veneris ad Latinum Coffee-polium in vico Ave-mary-Lane dicto, hora quinta. Quibus stans horis, non integrum erit cuiquam alio idiomate uti, nisi ad res necessarias a famulis petendas, aut animi sui sensa melius explicandi gratia.

A Lottery for Ladies and Gentlemen: Or, A New Million Adventure. Invented for the Benefit of Ladies that want Husbands, and younger Brothers that stand in need of rich Wives. Written in the Year 1694.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

FOR I love to jumble both Sexes together, I hope you will favourably give your Attention to a usefull Project, that may justly challenge more than my Bashfulness will permit me to ask: You know how, at this Time, the whole Town (what do I say, the whole Town; nay, the whole Nation) is addicted to the pleasant, and sometimes profitable Diversion of publick Lotteries. We have seen Lotteries for old Plate, new Cabinets, China Dishes, and Womens Dresses; and finally, for all Ornaments of Life, unless that one grand Blessing of a

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handsome Wife, and a rich Fortune. Wherefore, we the Undertakers of the present Adventure, have found out an easie Method to supply that Defect, and to gratify both Sexes with the most obliging and easie Way of raising their Fortunes, that ever yet appear'd in the World. For we propose,

First, That 5000 Gentlemen Batchelors, aged between 20 and 30, well descended, or at least can pretend to be so; and having no outward Blemish of Body, nor inward Averfation of Mind to a pretty Woman, shall lay down each one hundred Pounds, which amounts to 500000 l.

Secondly, That 5000 Gentlewomen of the same Age, and the like Accomplishments suitable to their Sex, shall pay into the Manager's Hands one hundred Pounds, which amounts to 500000 l. in all 1000000 l.

There shall be (mingl'd with a proportionable Number of Blanks) these following Prizes. l.

5	Prize Ladies of 20000 l. each	1000000
10	— of 10000 l. each	1000000
20	— of 5000 l. each	1000000
40	— of 2500 l. each	1000000
80	— of 1250 l. each	1000000
1000	— of 500 l. each	500000

1155 Prizes to 5000 Blanks.

1. The Ladies shall first draw: They that have Prizes, shall be intitl'd to the Fortunes in their Tickets specify'd, provided they will take such Husbands as shall fall to their Lot; otherwise lose all Advantage of their benefit Ticket.

2. The Lots thus drawn, and the Numbers noted by the Managers in their respective Books, the Men shall be admitted to draw, and they whose good Fortune it shall be to light on a Prize, shall have the Money, and that very individual Woman
who

who had drawn the same Prize before him, taking her for better for worse from that very Instant.

3. As for those Ladies who have drawn Blanks, that they may not lose all for nothing, (the great Complaint against other Litteries) they shall have the same Man for their Husband who drew the same Blank with theirs; so that they who put in 100 *l.* are sure to have a Husband for't.

4. The Gentlemen and Ladies shall make Oath before the Managers, That they will stand to the Conditions of the Adventure, or rather, because there is now-a-days little Security in Oaths, the Managers will take their Bonds.

And for the farther Encouragement of all Persons that are willing to be concern'd in this Adventure, the Managers do farther promise, That Dr. *Clewer* shall be there ready to marry 'em gratis, Dr. *B—s* shall preach the Wedding Sermon, the City Poet shall write the Epithalamium, and the Chamber of *London* shall receive and keep all the Prize-Fortunes.

The Managers do farther propound, That 5 *per Cent.* only shall be deducted from the Prize-Fortunes, to satisfy for all their Pains, Hazzard, and Trouble, besides the Use of the Women, (as other *Goldsmiths* have of the Money) 'till the Day of Marriage.

But because there is no excellent Invention, but may be liable to Objections by those carping *Momus's*, who value nothing but the Product of their own empty and insignificant Noddles, we shall answer the most formidable of their Objections, and leave the rest to be laugh'd at by Readers of the meanest Capacity.

Objection 1. *That it is dangerous to marry by Chance.*

Answer. And pray why so? Do not *Armies* fight by Chance? *Navies* sail by Chance? Are not *Lawyers* honest by Chance? Counsellors wise by

Chance? Do not Physicians cure by Chance? Dignify'd Clergy-men preach by Chance? Are not Poets witty by Chance, and their Plays take by Chance? Don't Groom-Porters grow rich by Chance, and some say, pay their Debts by Chance too? Juries save or hang by Chance? In short, we do all things by Chance, for we are sure of nothing, and yet we must be afraid to marry by Chance; when by Chance, there may be a great deal of Pleasure and Profit in it? We say, That *Marriages are made in Heaven*; and how can we commit 'em to the Arbitration of Heaven more commodiously than by Lot? How many are ready to hang themselves for having made an ill Choice in Matrimony? which they had certainly avoided, had they taken a Husband or Wife by Lot? For then they could not accuse their ill Choice, but their ill Fortune. And tho' they had been miserable, yet they had remain'd innocent. In short, those that believe Predestination, can never be against us; and therefore, if the Adventure do not fill, we will send our Bills to the next Conventicle, or remove our Office to some Province of the *Turks* and *Tartars*, where we hope our honest Endeavours will procure a more *Christian* Reception.

Object. 2. *Lotteries are destructive to Trade, and the Nation is poor enough already.*

Answer. We grant it is very true, that the Nation is poor enough already: Some that once were able to raise an Army out of their Tenants, must now do it out of their numerous Creditors, who are grown by far, the more formidable Body of Men. Trade is so far decay'd, that we expect shortly (for lack of a better) that City-Poets should become Aldermen, and Aldermen turn City-Poets; that Merchants will buy nothing but Blank-Tickets, and Tradesmen put nothing out to Use but their
Wives

Wives and Daughters; that Gentlemen should turn Tenants, and Farmers be the only Gentlemen, because they have nothing to pay. But this does not affect our Lottery, which tends to the Promotion of all Trades in the Kingdom. We say, that the Number of Inhabitants promotes the Trade of a Kingdom, and does any Thing increase the Number of Inhabitants more than Matrimony? Is it not better to get Children of our own, than send for Foreigners from the Gaols, and Gallies of *France*, or the Bogs of *Holland*? Is there any Comparison between Naturalization and Generation? Notwithstanding some Persons seem'd very eager for the former, I dare swear their inward Man did most approve of the latter. How will the Parsons and Parish-Clerks bless us for Christnings, Churchings, and Burials, the Vintners for Sack-poffets and Cawdles, the Mercers for rich Petticoats and flower'd Mantua's; in short, there is no Occupation, but that of Mother *Ridgley's*, but will have Reason to bless the Discoverers of this most excellent and useful Invention.

Object. 3. *There are too many Lotteries already.*

Ans. But none so advantageous as ours, where there are not five Blanks to a Prize; and where the very Blanks (considering the Wit, Beauty, and Humour of the Lady) may prove to be the most desirable Prizes.

Object. 4. *It will be indecent and immodest for Ladies to seem so desirous of a Husband, and it may spoil their Fortunes.*

Ans. Not in the least; for they who come to this Lottery, will be sure to have a Husband, and consequently need not fear they shall spoil their Fortunes. Besides, who knows whether the Lady that takes a Ticket, be desirous of a Husband, or of
20000 l.

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20000 l. And if they are not ashamed of Covetousness, which all acknowledge a Vice, why should they be ashamed of being desirous of Matrimony, which is a State of Vertue? Is it not as modest to speak out, as to make broad Signs, the usual Custom of maiden Ladies? Is it not better to be marry'd *ex tempore*, than be teas'd for two or three Months together, with the premeditated Harangue of an amorous Fop, whose cold Brain could never digest the sublime Eustian of the *Academy of Complements*? I know Custom is against you, but why should any boggle at the Breach of a foolish and unnatural Custom?

Object. 5. *This may be the Occasion of unequal Matches.*

Answ. It is morally impossible it should be so. For, First, There can be no great Inequality in Age, because none shall be admitted to this Adventure, but those that are aged between twenty and thirty; nor of Fortunes, because none will venture here that can't raise 100 l. nor of Humour, for all here are desirous of entering into the same State, and will all be in a good Humour at the Time of Drawing, however they may prove afterwards. Besides, Humour is very fluid and alterable, and may as well be fitted after *Matrimony*, as before it; and for the most part, a great deal better. At least each Man and Woman must stand to their Fortune. If any blunder upon Horns, or a Scold, it is no more than he might have done, if the Stars would have it so, notwithstanding his utmost Precaution.

And thus having answer'd all material Objections, we hope all wise Fathers will rather come to us, with one hundred Pounds, than go to the Devil for twenty thousand Pounds to pay to their Daughters Portions.

The Overseers that have promis'd to be present at the mingling and drawing of the Tickets, are these,

these, viz, Sir Timothy Zealous, that sent his Officers to suppress Bawdy-Houses, and forgot to bid 'em call in at the next Conventicle; Sir Anthony Bashful, that went from Home, on purpose because he was ashamed to see his Wife make him a Cuckold; Sir Orlando Furioso, that run mad by hearing of Sermons, and was cur'd by reading of Plays; Sir William Turn-coat, that gives the Weather-cock for his Arms, and turns about so fast, that none can perceive his Motion.

Tickets may be had at the *Minories, Lamb chapel, Cuckold's-point*, and at most publick Houses of *London and Westminster*.

The Adventure, if full, (which we promise to ourselves from the Fairness of the Proposal (will be drawn on the 1st of *January*.)

An Epigram by Mr. THO. BROWN.

De Parnasso.

PHœbe, Pater Vatum, moderator Phœbe dierum,
Qui pariter Radiis ingenioq; vales.

Cernis ut incassum miseris, tua Turba, Poetæ,

Carpimus incertam per tua Regna Viam.

At tuus ille, Annis natus melioribus, alto

Vertice Parnassi regnat Homerus ovans.

Nosq; fatigatos & vincere summa parentes,

Aonio prohibet figere colle Pedem.

Sic ego. Sic Divus; Convitia mitte jocosa.

Mitte leves Curas, vana Quærela tua est.

Regna colunt unam nosti, terrestria Regem,

Odit rivales Imperialis apex.

Parnassusq; meus, genuo licet Ætherea clivo,

Dividat, ac Reges non capit ille duos.

Thus

Thus paraphras'd.

O *Phæbus* ! Father of the rhiming Crowd,
 Doom'd to be poor, yet destin'd to be proud ;
 Bright Ruler both of Poetry and Light ;
 'Tis true, you give us Wit, but starve us by't.
 Behold us struggling in those slippery Ways,
 Which lead from Profit to the Hopes of Praise ;
 That tempting Shadow which such Swarms pursue,
 Tho' sooth'd by many, merited by few ;
 Yet oft by Fools, and Flatterers enjoy'd,
 And to the more Deserving still deny'd,
 But thy Son *Homer*, liv'd in better Days,
 And shone in Wit, as glorious as thy Rays ;
 With Honour justly climb'd the lofty Hill,
 And rul'd with Joy the sacred Pinacle ;
 Where none his ancient Title must dispute,
 Or after him presume to set a Foot.
 Inspir'd by these, he took so vast a Flight,
 That modern Ages ne'er could reach his Height.
 His Works forbid us to molest his Reign,
 And shew that all Attempts would prove in vain.
 Yet since all Ages have their certain Best,
 And one has Right to tow'r above the rest ;
 God-like, from Cares exempt, I'll sit at Ease,
 And jest with humane Follies as I please :
 Ne'er pine in vain, or languish o'er my Wants,
 But leave to whining Coxcombs such Complaints.
 And as no earthly Monarch will admit
 A rival Prince in his Imperial Seat ;
 So o'er *Parnassus* will I reign as King,
 And whilst the envious Criticks rail, I'll sing.
 The bending Arch of Heav'n shall be my Crown,
 And thus unequall'd, will I rule alone,
 'Till more aspiring Wit shall justly claim
Apollo's Kingdom, and surmount my Fame.

An Epigram by T. B.

Fulserit antarctus radianti Cancer Olympo,
 Nescio certe, Annus sed puto Cancer erat.
 Grandinis inde ruit crepitantis Saxeus imber,
 Decidit hinc tacitè mobile vellus aquæ.
 Sive suas Tempus fugitivum perdidit Alas,
 Aut vellet veri dicere Bruma, Vale.

Thus merrily turn'd over a Glass.

THE Crab does oft the tufted Ring possess,
 And crawls unseen about the heav'nly Place;
 From whose soft Banks the whizing Waters fall,
 And Show'rs of Love perform the Dev'l and all.
 But when old Time has stretch'd the Channel wide,
 And stop'd the Flux of the refreshing Tide,
 'Tis Drudg'ry then in such a Pool to sail,
 One Moment makes us glad to say, Farewel.

A Translation of *Lesbia mi dicit semper
 male. Out of Catullus. By Mr. T H O.
 B R O W N.*

I.

EAch Moment of the long-liv'd Day
Lesbia for me does backwards pray,
 And rails at me sincerely;
 Yet I dare pawn my Life, my Eyes,
 My Soul, and all that Mortals prize,
 That *Lesbia* loves me dearly.

2.

Why shou'd you thus conclude, you'll say,
 Faith 'tis my own beloved Way,
 And thus I hourly prove her;
 Yet let me all those Curses share

That

That Heav'n can give, or Man can bear,
If I don't strangely love her.

*A Song in Ridicule of a famous Musician,
who was caught serenading his Mistress
with his Base-Viol, in a very frosty Night.*

LOOK down, fair Garretteer, bestow
One Glance upon your Swain,
Who stands below, in Frost and Snow,
And shaking, sings in Pain.
Thaw, with your Eyes, the frozen Street,
Or cool my hot Desire;
I burn within, altho' my Feet
Are numb'd for want of Fire.

Chorus, the Viol leading.

Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum,

Come, come, come, come,

My dearest be not coy;

For if you are, (Zit, zan, zounds) I

Must without your Favours die.

Behold me from your lofty Tow'r,
And, to your Lover, shew
Your Charms; and when it's in my Pow'r,
I'll be as kind to you.
Hither I came, with joyful Speed,
And fear'd no freezing Wind;
But as the Saint at Troas did,
Have left my Cloak behind.

Chorus.

Thrum, &c.

My Dear, would you but open wide
The Casement with your Hand,
My Fiddle, and my self beside,
Should be at your Command.

Could

The good Fellow.

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Could I behold you in your Smock,
Tho' dark, the luscious View
Would then embolden me to knock,
And ask you how you do.

Chorus.

Thrum, &c.

Or would you open but the Door,
As I have done my Case,
I've sweeter Instruments in Store,
To play a thorough Base.
But since you're coy, I know not what
To farther sing or say,
My Love, 'tis true, is very hot,
Yet I'm too cold to stay.

Chorus at going off.

*Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum,
Home, home, home, home,
I hate a Whore that's coy;
But since you are, (Zit, zan, zounds) I
Must without your Favours die.*

The good Fellow.

1.

WHile the pious grave Sot does amuse half the
(Nation
With impertinent Scruples, and Zeal out of Fashion;
While Harangues that at Church made us piously
(sleep,
'Mongst Priest-ridden Cullies, such a Pother do keep;
We'll with trusty *Champaign* our Devotion refine,
And shew a good Conscience by drinking our Wine.

2.

Let the motly dull Herd for Religion engage;
Let 'em urge the Dispute with vile Clamour and
(Rage;
Let

Let your Authors keep on the dull Method of Writing,
And pursue the curs'd Toil they take so much De-
(light in.

We ne'er make Replies, but rest fully contented,
Tho' good Fellows and Drink, have been misrep-
(sented.

3.
May their musty stiff Volumes to *Grub-Street* adjourn,
Or rot in *Duck-Lane*, or in Coffee-house burn;
May they furnish no more empty Cits with Debate,
Or touch the Intrigues and *Arcana's* of State.

Wine does edify more, than dull Canting of Vicar;
'Tis our Freedom we owe to that orthodox Liquor.

4.
I ne'er pall my Fancy, or trouble my Brain
With the Chances and Fate that our Stars will ordain;
Let the Monarch of *France* keep his Subjects at Home,
And forbid the mad Zealots abroad for to roam,
So he lets his boon Claret but cross the kind Main,
We shall never be angry, we shall never complain.

5.
Ne'er tell me of those, that with factious Notion
Infect the wild Rabble, and poison Devotion;
That Mortal is guilty of a far greater Sin,
That presumes, with vile Stum, to debauch honest
(Wine.

Such impious Wretches, may Poverty seize on,
'Tis against our Liege *Bacchus* the highest of Treason,

*An Epistle to Charles Dives, Esq; writ-
ten by a Gentleman in a Post under the
Government. Corrected by Mr. THO.
BROWN.*

TO Epistolize in Verse to those,
To whom I never writ in Prose,

And

And that (the more presuming) too,
To such an able judge as you ;
Requesting what 'twould be much fitter
To ask in serious Prose, than Metre ;
Is what was hardly ever heard on ;
So, to begin, I beg your Pardon.

By the Subscript, you'll quickly guess
The Occasion of this odd Address.
Yet, pray, Sir, read it, e'er in Pocket
You put it, or in Candle Socket ;
And it will plainly let you see,
What I am now, and what would be.

I need not tell you, Sir, of late,
That *Cowley's* Curse has been my Fate.
A long Attendance all in vain,
Has made that Matter pretty plain ;
Vacancies almost every Week
Happen, both in the Town, and eke
Within the Country, here and there,
Yet none of them fall to my Share ;
And Waiters Places bring no Gains,
Only Folks Labour for their Pains ;
And Faith unless (you'll interpose)
When 'twill be better, the Lord knows.

I know your Generosity
Is such, you'll plead without a Fee,
A Cause, and Faith I'm glad it is,
For mine's in *Forma Pauperis* ;
And must (unless some Body will)
Of meer Necessity stand still ;
Yet I opine, 'tis no hard Task
To prove I'm fit for what I ask,
But that I want the main Support,
That others have, a Friend in Court,
To write a Name, or twenty tell,
Require but very little Skill :
And this may be the Cause that some
Of late into Employment come ;

N

Who,

Who, if they cannot write, can score,
As being us'd t' th' Trade before.

Whence I infer, strong Commendation
Is much the best Qualification;
And for that Reason, Sir, to you,
Once more I for that Favour sue.

Sir, to be plain, I can't enjoy
My self, 'till I'm in some Employ;
For, as the Devil does possess
Soonest those given to Idleness,
So (having too much vacant Time)
I find I'm seiz'd with one call'd *Rhime*;
A Devil that of so great a Force is,
Nothing but Bus'ness can exorcise;
And (not cast out) 's attended by
A living Death call'd Poverty.

This *H*——*x* and *St*——*g* knew,
And therefore seasonably withdrew,
And to the Muses bid Adieu.

Prefaging being Poets Mates-Men,
Would neither make 'em rich, nor States-Men;
And wisely made this Observation,
Parnassus is a poor Plantation:

And that a thousand Acres there,
In value make not one Foot square
Of Ground-rent, where they settl'd are.

While *Dry*——'s, or thro' Fate or Choice,
Spell-caught by their Syrenick Voice,
Cowley and *Sev.* and more beside,
(For th' Council-Table qualify'd)
Were in their Fortunes shipwrack'd on
The flow'ry Banks of *Helicon*.

Tho' to die famous, was their Lot,
'Tis known they liv'd not worth a Groat.
Some say the last is just my Case,
That I've got (not the *French-Disease*)
But Poets, a much greater Curse,
A *Gonorrhœa* in the Purse;

And

And tell me, to remove that Ill,
That now and then a golden Pill
Apply'd internally to Fob,
Infallibly will do the Job;
And that I *applicare* this must;
Toties, quoties fit paroxysmus;
And say't must be my Business,
In order to't, to get a Place.
Then pray acquaint with my Condition
You know who, or I must by Petition,
Beseeching he will please to apply
Forthwith that sov'reign Remedy;
That is, an Officer to make me,
Or the Parish-Officers must take me.
And if to my Request he listen,
I shall be now and henceforth his and

Sir, your's

A sober Slip in the Dark; or, a poor, unfortunate Gentleman's Petition to his Friends, who had broke his Arm in a frosty Night.

When a Dutch Wind had rais'd the Price of
And Men sought Comfort in the warmest
When piercing Weather taught the Poor to know
Compassion was as cold as Frost and Snow;
When Surgeons busy were with fractur'd Bones,
And Women walk'd in Fear of slipp'ry Stones,
Which flung the virtuous Fair upon their Backs,
As well as those loose Ladies, Punks, and Cracks;
Oft forcing the disdainful Maid to stoop,
That frozen Ground might kiss her thawing Poop,

And cool those glowing Lips were *Cupids* swarm,
To keep Lov's melting Paradise more warm.

'Twas then, when *London*-streets, with Frost and
(Rain,
Were smooth, but treach'rous, like the Tongues of
(Men,

That I, who long had mourn'd beneath the Fate
Of being what my self, like others, hate,
Was creeping Homewards in a dismal Night,
When the cold Streets were destitute of Light;
Nor could I one auspicious Star descry,
To guide my Foot-steps, or direct my Eye;
But all as dark and terrible appear'd,

As the old *Chaos*, e'er the Heav'ns were rear'd.
At last, as groping thro' a dang'rous Street,
Where Stones and Twaits in frosty Winters meet,
And where the sliding Foot betrays the Rump,
In spite of Care, to many a fatal Thump:

'Twas there Dame *Fortune*, that invet'rate Whore,
Who long had curs'd me with her Frowns before,
Tripp'd up my Heels, when unappriz'd of Harm,
And fractur'd with a Fall, my yielding Arm.
So the unhappy Wretch, born down by Fate,
By fresh Misfortunes still improves the Weight,
And makes the Burthen of his Woes more great. }

O cruel Termagant! ill natur'd Foe!
To cast thy humble Suppliant so low;
One who has courted thee so long in vain,
And always met with thy severe Disdain:
But why should I, in these unhappy Times,
Upbraid a fickle Gypsy with her Crimes;
Since cunning Jilts, like Tyrants, by Degrees,
First make us poor, then use us as they please?

Had Liquor lent my Soul one ebrious Ray,
With greater Safety I had steer'd my Way;
The Proverb then had kept me on my Feet,
For drunken Men with Danger seldom meet:

But

But I, alas ! was sober when I made
The fatal Stumble, like a founder'd Jade;
Nor could my vacant Fob or Pocket boast,
One useful two Pence, in so hard a Frost;
But Pennylefs and poor, did Homewards creep,
To drown the Thoughts of Poverty in Sleep.
Thus, when o'erborn by *Fortune's* base Design,
I fell unarm'd with either Ale, or Coin;
Numb'd in hard Weather, 'twixt the double Curse
Of a cool Noddle, and an empty Purse;
Plagues that continue to improve my Fate,
And make me still the more unfortunate.

Therefore, my Friends, I must your Aid implore,
(If Friends are to be found by one that's poor)
Hoping you'll pity him, who lamely starves,
And really wants, much more than he deserves.

But if my Friends, who hear my doleful Tale,
Prove frozen, like the Stones on which I fell;
Rugged, inflexible, and hard as those
United Flints, that were my Midnight Foes,
Twill make me wish, (if you no pity take)
That when I broke my Arm, I'd broke my Neck;
For who'd not rather chuse a speedy End,
Than live in Pain, and starve without a Friend?

*The Character of a Puritan ; written in the
Reign of King William.*

A Modern Saint ! what is that monstrous Thing?
Friend to Sedition, Flatterer of his King,
Brother to Envy, subtle Satan's Son,
Heir to those Ills his Serpent Sire begun;
Without a Vizard, by his meagre Face,
Within a Devil, varnish'd o'er with Grace;
Dull, proud, imperious, ignorant and grave,
In Pow'r a Tyrant, when reduc'd, a Slave;

An envious Hypocrite, that prays and whines
 At good Mens Welfare, more than for his Sins ;
 Fond of Diffention, does the Church bely,
 And in distracting Tempests, soars most high ;
 Uses Religion to disguise his Fraud,
 And serves himself thereby, but not his God ;
 Prays loud, and often with a Conscience foul,
 More in Regard to Int'rest than his Soul ;
 A quaint Dissembler, who does pious seem,
 Not to gain Heav'n, but win the World's Esteem :
 In wicked Crimes, the Zealot thrives a pace,
 Like poy's'nous Hemlock, o'er the wholesome Grass ;
 And as he shoots, and makes the greater Show,
 Like nauleous Weeds, he does the ranker grow ;
 Spreads and Impov'rishes his native Ground,
 And stints the nobler Herbs that fade around.

A Nettle in the Soil, that sprouts too fast,
 And deeply rooting, lays the Garden waste ;
 O'er runs our fruitful *Eden* by Degrees,
 And drains the Sap from useful Plants and Trees.
 So hungry Lings each gen'rous Grain will choak,
 And Ivy, to its Ruin hug the Oak.
 But, O! that we could see that pow'rful Hand,
 That plants so many Lawrels, weed our Land ;
 Then might we hope, the peaceful Palm would
 And flourish, as *Geneva* Thorns do now ; (grow,
 But since our lofty Pines must be remov'd,
 And worthless Thistles in their Room improv'd ;
 Whilst such rank Weeds are cherish'd and manur'd,
 The Plagues we suffer, must remain uncur'd.

*Commendatory Verses on the Author of the two
Arthurs, and the Satyr against Wit. By se-
veral Hands, and collected by Mr. Brown.*

*A short and true History of the Author of the Satyr
against Wit.*

By Coll. Codrington.

BY Nature meant, by Want a Pedant made,
Bl — re at first profess'd the Whipping-trade;
Grown fond of Buttocks, he would lash no more,
But kindly cur'd the A — he gall'd before. (swore,
So Quack commenc'd; then fierce with Pride, he
That Tooth-ach, Gripes, and Corns should be no more.
In vain his Drugs, as well as Birch, he try'd,
His Boys grew Blockheads, and his Patients dy'd.
Next, he turn'd Bard, and mounted on a Cart,
Whose hideous Rumbling made *Apollo* start;
Burlesqu'd the bravest, wisest Son of *Mars*,
In Ballad-Rhimes, and all the Pomp of Farce.
Still he chang'd Callings, and at length has hit
On Bus'ness for his matchless Talent fit,
To give us Drenches for the Plague of Wit.

Upon the Author of the Satyr against Wit

By Sr. Charles Sidley.

A Grave Physician us'd to write for Fees,
And spoil no Paper, but with Recipes,
Is now turn'd Poet, rails against all Wit,
Except that little found among the Great;
As if he thought true Wit and Sense were ty'd
To Men in Place, like Avarice or Pride.

But in their Praise so like a Quack he talks,
 You'd swear he wanted for his *Christmas*-box.
 With Mangl'd Names, old Stories he pollutes,
 And to the present Time, past Actions suits.
 Amaz'd we find, in ev'ry Page he writes,
 Members of Parliament, with *Arthur's* Knights.
 It is a common Pastime to write ill;
 And Doctor, with the rest, e'en take thy Fill.
 Thy Satyr's harmless; tis thy Prose that kills,
 When thou prescrib'st thy Potions, and thy Pills.

*To that incomparable Panegyrist, the Author
 of the Satyr upon Wit.*

By Coll. Bl—.

Henceforth no more in thy Poetick Rage,
 Burlesque the God-like Heroes of the Age;
 No more King *Arthurs* be with Labour writ,
 But follow Nature, and still rail at Wit.
 For this thy mighty Genius was design'd;
 In this thy Cares a due Success may find.
 Opinions we more easily receive
 From Guides, that practise by those Rules they give.
 So Dulness thou may'st write into Esteem;
 Thy great Example, as it is thy Theme.
 Hope not to join (like *G—rth's* immortal Lays)
 The keenest Satyr with the best of Praise.
 Thy Satyrs bite not, but like *Æsop's* As,
 Thou kick'st the Darling whom thou would'st caress.
 Would'st thou our Youth from Poetry afright,
 'Tis wisely done, thy self in Verse to write.
 So drunken Slaves the *Spartans* did design
 Should fright their Children from the Love of Wine,

Go

Go on, and rail as thou hast done before.
 Thus Lovers use, when picqu'd in an Amour;
 The Nymph they can't enjoy, they call a Whore. }

*The Quack corrected; or, Advice to the
 Knight of the Ill favour'd Muse.*

By the Right Honourable the Earl of —

LET *Bl* — *re* still, in good King *Arthur's* Vein,
 To *Fleckno's* Empire his just Right maintain.
 Let him his own to common Sense oppose, (Foes;
 With Praise and Slander, maul both Friends and
 Let him great *Dr—d—n's* awful Name prophane,
 And learned *G—rth* with envious Pride disdain;
Cedron's bright Genius with vile Puns lampoon,
 And run a Muck at all the Wits in Town:
 Let the Quack scribble any Thing but Bills,
 His Satyr wounds not, but his Physick kills.

*To the merry Poetafter at Sadler's-hall in
 Cheapside.*

By Dr. * * *

UNweildy Pedant, let thy awkward Muse
 with Censures praise, with Flatteries abuse.
 To lash, and not be felt, in thee's an Art;
 Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy School-boys smart.
 Then be advis'd, and scribble not agen;
 Thou'rt fashion'd for a Flail, and not a Pen.
 If *B—l's* immortal Wit thou would'st decry,
 Pretend 'tis he that writ thy Poetry.
 Thy feeble Satyr ne'er can do him Wrong,
 Thy Poems and thy Patients live not long.

An

An equal Match ; or, a drawn Battle.

By Coll. Codrington.

A Monument of Dullness to erect,
B——y should write, and *Bl*——re correct ;
 Like which, no other Piece can e'er be wrought,
 For Decency of Stile, and Life of Thought ;
 But that where *B*——y shall in Judgment sit,
 To pare Excrescencies from *Bl*——re's Wit.

*To the Mirrour of British Knighthood, the
 worthy Author of the Satyr against Wit:
 Occasion'd by the Hemistick, Pag. 8*

By Captain Steel.

——Heav'ns guard poor *A*——n.

MUST I then passive stand? and can I hear
 The Man I love, abus'd, and yet forbear?
 Yet much I thank thy Favour to my Friend,
 'Twas some Remorse, thou did'st not him commend.
 Thou do'st not all my Indignation raise ;
 For I prefer thy Pity, to thy Praise.

In vain thou would'st thy Name, dull Pedant hide ;
 There's not a Line but smells of thy *Cheapside*.
 If *Cæsars's* Bounty for your Trash you've shar'd,
 You are not the first Assassine he has spar'd.
 His Mercy, not his Justice, made thee Knight,
 Which *P-rt-r* may demand with equal Right.

Well may'st thou think an useless Talent Wit ;
 Thou, who without it, ha'st three Poems writ :
 Impenetrably dull, secure thou'rt found,
 And can'st receive no more, than give a Wound :

Then

Then scorn'd by all, to some dark Corner fly,
 And in Lethargick Trance, expiring lie,
 'Till thou from injur'd G---rth thy Cure receive,
 And S——d only Absolution give.

*To the Cheapside Knight, on his Satyr a-
 gainst Wit.*

By Mr. Burnaby.

SOME scribling Fops so little value Fame,
 They sometimes hit, because they never aim.
 But thou for erring, ha'st a certain Rule,
 And, aiming, art inviolably dull.
 Thy muddy Stream, no lucid Drop supplies,
 But Puns like Bubbles on the Surface rise.
 All that for Wit you could, you've kindly done;
 You cannot write, but can be writ upon.
 And a like Fate does either side besit,
 Immortal Dulness, or immortal Wit.
 In just Extreame an equal Merit lies,
 And B--le and G--rth with thee must share the Prize,
 Since thou can'st sink, as much as they can rise. }

To the indefatigable Rhimer.

By Dr. Smith.

O! S——rs, T——t, D——ett, M——gue,
 G——y, S——ld, C——sh, P——ke, V——n, you,
 Who suffer Bl——re to insult your Taste,
 And tamely hear him bluster in Bombast,
 Bid him, before he dare to write agen,
 Resign his own, and take some other Pen.

D——n

D—*n* shall Numbers, *C*—*ve* Wit inspire,
Dr—*ke* nicest Rules, but *B*=*le* and *Codron* Fire.
 Then *G*—*rtb* shall teach him, and his witlefs Tribe,
 First to write Sense, and after to prescribe.
 The unlearn'd Pedant thus may please the Town,
 But his own nauseous Trash will ne'er go down;
 For nought can equal what the Bard has writ,
 But *R*—*ff*'s Scholarship, and *G*—*n*'s Wit.

A modest Request to the Poetical Knight.

By Coll. Codrington.

SINCE *B*—*y*'s Nonsense to out-do, you strive,
 Vain to be thought the dullest Wretch alive,
 And such in imitable Strains have writ,
 That the most famous Blockheads must submit;
 Long may you Reign, and long unenvy'd live,
 And none invade your great Prerogative.
 But in Return, your Poetry give o'er,
 And persecute poor *Job*, and us no more.

Wholesome Advice to a City Knight, over-
run with Rhimes and Hypocrisie : Occasi-
on'd by his Satyr against Wit.

By the Right Honourable the Earl of *Anglisea*.

WE bid thee not give o'er the Killing-Trade:
 Whilst Fees come in, 'tis fruitless to dissuade.
 Religion is a Trick you've practis'd long,
 To bring in Pence, and gull the gaping Throng.

But

But all thy Patients now perceive thy Aim,
 They find thy Morals and thy Skill the same.
 Then, if thou would'st thy Ignorance redress,
 Prithee mind Physick more, and Rhiming less.

*To a thrice illustrious Quack, Pedant, and
 Bard, on his incomparable Poem, call'd,
 A Satyr against Wit.*

By the Right Honourable the Countess of San----

THOU Fund of Nonsense, was it not enough,
 That Cits and pious Ladies lik'd thy Stuff,
 That as thou copyd'st *Virgil*, all might see,
 Judicious Bell-men imitated thee:
 That to thy Cadence, Sextons set their Chimes,
 And Nurses skimming Possets hum'd thy Rhimes.
 But thou must needs fall foul on Men of Sense,
 With Dulness equal to thy Impudence.
 Are *D-n*, *C-dr-n*, *G-th*, *V-k*, *B-le*,
 Those Names of Wonder, that adorn our Isle,
 Fit Subjects for thy vile pedantick Pen?
 Hence sawcy Usher, to thy Desk again.
 Construe *Dutch* Notes, and pore upon Boys A---es,
 But, prithee write no more heroick Farces.
 Teach blooming Blockheads by thy own try'd Rules,
 To give us Demonstration that they're Fools.
 Let 'em by *N---*'s Sermon-Style refine
 Their *English* Prose, their Poetry by thine.
 Let *W---s---*'s Rhimes their Emulation raise,
 And *Ar--wk--r*, instruct 'em how to praise.
 That, when all Ages in this Truth agree,
 They're finish'd Dunces, they may rival thee;
 Thou only Strain to mighty *William's* Sword!
 Old *Jemmy* never knighted such a T---d.

For

For the most nauseous Mixture God can make,
Is a dull Pedant, and a busie Quack.

To Sir R—Bl—re, on the two Arthurs being condemn'd to be hang'd.

ONce more take Pen in Hand, obsequious Knight,
For here's a Theme thou can'st not underwrite,
Unless the Devil owes thy Muse a Spite.
To Prince and King thy Dullness Life did give;
Let then these *Arthurs* too in Dogg'rel live.

A Tale.

By Coll. Codrington.

POEMS and Prose of diff'rent Force lay Claim,
With the same Confidence to *Tully's* Name;
And shallow Criticks were content to say,
Prose was his Bus'ness, Poetry his Play.
Thus *Cæsar* thought, thus *Brutus* and the rest.
Who knew the Man, and knew his Talent best.
Maurus arose, sworn Foe to Health and Wit,
Who *Folio* Bills and *Folio* Ballads writ;
Who bustl'd much for Bread, and for Renown,
By Lies and Poison scatter'd through the Town.
To *Roman* Wives with Veneration known,
For *Roman* Wives were very like our own.
And Husbands then we find in *Latin* Song,
Would love too little, and would live too long.
Tully, says he, 'tis plain to Friends and Foes,
Writes his own Verse, but borrows all his Prose.
He fearless was, because he was not brave;
A noble *Roman* would not beat a Slave.

The

The Counsel smiling, said, Judicious Friend,
 Thy shining Genius shall thy Works defend.
 Inimitable Strokes defend thy Fame;
 Thy Beauties and thy Force are still the same:
 And I must yield, with the consenting Town,
 Thy Ballads and thy Bills are all thy own.

*Upon the Character of Codron, as 'tis drawn
 by the bungling Knight, in his Satyr a-
 gainst Wit.*

By Coll. Codrington.

HOW kind is Malice manag'd by a Sot,
 Where no Design directs the *Embryo* Thought,
 And Praise and Satyr stumble out by Lot. }
 The mortal Thrust to *Codron's* Heart design'd,
 Proves a soft wanton Touch to charm his Mind.
 Can *M---nt---gue* or *D---rs---t* higher soar?
 Or can immortal *Sh---ff---ld* wish for more?
 Brightness, Force, Justness, Delicacy, Ease,
 Must form that Wit, that can the Ladies please.
 No false affected Rules debauch their Taste, }
 No fruitless Toils their gen'rous Spirits waste,
 Which wear a Wit into a Dunce at last. }
 No lumber Learning gives an awkward Pride,
 False Maxims cramp not, nor false Lights misguide.
Voiture and *W---lsh* their easie Hours employ,
Voiture and *W---lsh*, oft read will never cloy.
 With Care they guard the Musick of their Stile,
 They fly from *B---ly*, and converse with *B---le* :
 They steal no Terms, no Notions from the Schools,
 The Pedant's Pleasure, and the Pride of Fools;
 With native Charms their matchless Thoughts sur-
 (prize,
 Soft as their Souls, and beauteous as their Eyes :
 Gay

Gay as the Light, and unconfin'd as Air,
 Chast and sublime, all worthy of the Fair.
 How then can a rough artless *Indian Wit*
 The faultless Palates of the Ladies fit?
Codron will never stand so nice a Test,
 Nor is't with Praise, fair Mouths oblige him best.
 Let others make a vain Parade of Parts,
 Whilst *Codron* aims not at Applause, but Hearts.
 Secure him those, and thou shalt name the rest,
 Thy Spite shall chuse the worst, thy Taste the best.
 He will his Health to *Mirmil's* Care resign,
 He will with *Buxtorf* and with *B——ly* shine,
 And be a Wit in any Way but thine.

*An Epigram on Job, travestied by the City
 Bard.*

By Coll. Codrington.

POOR *Job* lost all the Comforts of his Life,
 And hardly sav'd a Potsherd, and a Wife:
 Yet *Job* blest God, and *Job* again was blest,
 His Virtue was essay'd, and bore the Test.
 But had Heav'n's Wrath pour'd out its fiercest Vial,
 Had he been then burlesqu'd, without Denial,
 The patient Man had yielded to that Tryal.
 His pious Spouse, with *Bl——re* on her Side,
 Must have prevail'd, and *Job* had curs'd, and dy'd.

*To the Adventurous Knight of Cheapside, up-
 on his Satyr against Wit.*

By Mr. Manning.

W^Hat Frenzy has possess'd thy desp'rate Brain,
 To rail at Wit in this unhallow'd Strain?
 Re-

Reproach of thy own kind ! to slander Sense,
 The nobl'st Gift bestow'd by Providence !
 Was it Revenge provok'd thee thus to write,
 Because thou'rt curs'd to such a dearth of Wit ?
 Or was it eager Passion for a Name,
 To be inroll'd among the Fools of Fame ?
 Like him, who rather than he'd live obscure,
 Would fire a Church, to make his Name secure ?
 Or was it thy Despair at length to find
 Thy loads of Chaff the Sport of ev'ry Wind ?
 To see thy hasty Muse, that loves to roam,
 Promise such Journeys, but come founder'd Home ?
 Just fate of Sots, who think in their vain Breast,
 Their Coffee-Rhimes shall stand the publick Test :
 Seiz'd with prolifick Dulness, 'tis thy Curse
 To write still on, and still too for the worse.
 Who hates not *Wes-----y*, may thy Works esteem,
 Both alike able to disgrace their Theme.
 But thou, thro' wild Conceit, aspiring still,
 Claim'st, in thy ravings, *Esculapian*-skill.
 Quack, thou art sure in both, and curs'd is he,
 Who guided by his adverse Stars to thee,
 Employs thy deadly Potions to reclaim
 His feeble Health, thy Pen to spread his Fame.

O

To

*To the canting Author of the Sa-
tyr against Wit.*

By Mr. Mildmay.

TH E Preacher *Maurus* cries, All Wit is vain,
Unless 'tis like his Godliness, for Gain.
Of most vain Things he may the Folly own;
But Wit's a Vanity he has not known.

Friendly Advice to Dr. Bl---

By the Right Honourable the Lord——

K Nighthood to Heroes only once was due,
Now's the Reward of stupid praise in you.
Why should a Quack be dubb'd, unless it be
That Pois'ning is an Act of Chivalry?
Thus we must own, you have your Thousands slain
With direful strokes of your resistless Pen.
By whipping the Boys, your Cruelty began,
And grew, by bolder Steps, to killing Man.
Just the reverse of *Dionysius* Fate,
Who fell to flogging Bums, from murdering the
(State:
For

For both these Trades your Genius far unfit,
 At length with sawcy Pride aspires to Wit.
 Which by pretending to, you more disgrace,
 Than toasting *Beaus*, our ancient *British* Race.
 I'th' Mountebank the Afs had lain conceal'd,
 But his loud braying has the Brute reveal'd.
 Such vile Heroicks, such unballow'd Strains,
 Were never spawn'd before from *Irish* Brains;
 Nor drowsy *Mum*, nor dozing *Usquebaugh*,
 Could e'er suggest such Lines to Sir *John Daw*.
 You weakly skirmish with the Sins o'th' Age,
 And are the errant Scavenger o'th' Stage.
 Why Vertue makes no progress now is plain,
 Because such Knights as you its Cause maintain.
 If you'd a Friend to Sense and Virtue be,
 And to Mankind, for once be rul'd by me,
 Leave Moralizing, Drugs and Poetry.

*To Dr. Garth, on the fourth
 Edition of his Incomparable
 Poem, The Dispensary; oc-
 casion'd by some Lines in the
 Satyr against Wit.*

By Dr. James Drake.

BOLD thy Attempt, in these hard Times, to raise
 In our unfriendly Clime, the tender Bays,

While *Northern* Blasts drive from the neighb'ring
 (Flood,
 And nip the springing Lawrel in the Bud.
 On such bleak Paths our present Poets tread,
 The very Garland withers on each Head.
 In vain the Criticks strive to purge the Soil,
 Fertile in Weeds, it mocks their busie Toil.
 Spontaneous Crops of *Jobs* and *Arthurs* rise,
 Whose tow'ring Nonsense braves the very Skies.
 Like Paper-kites, the empty Volumes fly,
 And by mere force of Wind are rais'd on high.

While we did these with stupid Patience spare,
 And from *Apollo's* Plants withdrew our Care,
 The Muses Garden did small Product yield,
 But Hemp and Hemlock over-ran the Field ;
 'Till skilful *Garth*, with salutary Hand,
 Taught us to weed, and cure poetick Land ;
 Grubb'd up the Brakes and Thistles which he found,
 And sow'd with Verse and Wit the sacred Ground.
 But now the Riches of that Soil appear,
 Which four fair Harvests yields in half a Year.

No more let Criticks of the want complain
 Of *Mantuan* Verse, or the *Mæonian* Strain ;
 Above them *Garth* does on their Shoulders rise,
 And, what our Language wants, his Wit supplies.
 Fam'd Poets after him shall strain their Throats,
 And unfledg'd Muses chirp their infant Notes.

Yes, *Garth*, thy Enemies confess thy Store,
 They burst with Envy, yet they long for more :
 Ev'n we, thy Friends, in doubt thy Kindness call,
 To see thy Stock so large, and Gift so small.
 But Jewels in small Cabinets are laid,
 And richest Wines in little Casks convey'd.

Let

Let lumpish *Bl* ——— *re* his dull Hackney freight,
 And break his Back with heavy Folio's Weight ;
 His *Pegasus* is of the *Flanders* Breed,
 And limb'd for Draught or Burthen, not for Speed.
 With Cart-horse trot, he sweats beneath the pack
 Of rhiming Prose and Knighthood on his Back.
 Made for a Drudge, e'en let him beat the Road,
 And tug of senseless Reams th' Heroick load ;
 'Till o'er-strain'd, the Jade is set, and tires,
 And sinking in the Mud, with Groans expires.

Then *Bl* ——— *re* shall this Favour owe to thee,
 That thou perpetuat'st his Memory.
Bavius and *Mævius* so their Works survive,
 And in one single Line of *Virgil's* live.

*To a Famous Doctor and Poet
 at Sadlers-hall.*

IF Wit (as we are told) be a Disease,
 And if Physicians cure by Contraries ;
Bl ——— *re* alone the healing Secret knows,
 'Tis from his Pen the grand *Elixir* flows.

O 3 To

To the Cheapside Quack ; occasion'd by this Verse in the Satyr against W it.

' Who with more ease can cure, than C—ch kill.

By a Gentleman whom Dr. C---lb---ch had cur'd of the Gout.

By Colonel Johnson.

HOW durst thy railing Muse, vain Wretch, pretend
In base Lampoons thus to abuse my Friend !
Whose sacred Art has freed me from my Pains,
And broke a haughty Tyrant's stubborn Chains ?
Keep off, for if thou com'st within my Clutches,
I'll baste thy Knighthood with my quondam Crutches.
The gen'rous Wine that does my Sorrows drown,
The charming *Cælia* that my Nights does crown,
The manly pleasures of the sporting Fields,
The gay delights the pompous *Drama* yields ;
All this, and more, to his great Skill I owe,
Such Blessings can thy boasted Helps bestow ?
The Snuff of Life, perhaps thy feeble Art
May fondly lengthen to thy Patient's smart ;
But Health no more 'tis in thy Pow'r to give,
Than thy dull Muse can make her Heroes live.

Ev'n War and Plague of killing to arraign
In thee, is most nonsensical and vain :
Thee, who a branded Killer art declar'd
In both Capacities of Quack and Bard.

What-

Whatever Sots to thy Prescriptions fly,
 For their vain Confidence, are sure to die;
 And whate'er Argument thy Muse employs,
 Her awkward, stupid Management destroys.
 Death with sure Steps thy Doses still attends,
 And Death too follows, whom thy Muse commends,
 What can escape thy all-destroying Quill
 When ev'n thy Cordials, and thy Praises kill?
 Thy Mother, sure, when in Despair and Pain (*Cain*.
 She brought thee forth, thought of the Mord'rer

*To that most Incomparable Bard
 and Quack, the Author of the
 Satyr against Wit.*

By Tho. Cheek, Esq;

I Charge thee, Knight, in Great *Apollo's* Name, }
 If thou'rt not dead to all Reproof and Shame, }
 Either thy Rhimes or Clysters to disclaim.
 Both are too much, one feeble Brain to rack,
 Besides, the Bard will soon undo the Quack.
 Such Shoals of Readers thy damn'd Fustian kills,
 Thoul't scarce leave one alive to take thy Pills.

A merry Ballad on the City Bard.

By the Honourable Richard Nort---n.

To a new Play-house Tune.

IN London City, near *Cheapside*,
 A wond'rous Bard does dwell
 Whose *Epics* (if they're not bely'd)
 Do *Virgil's* far excel.
 A sprightly Wit and Person join'd,
 Both Poet and Physician;
 Artist as famous in his Kind,
 For ought I know, as *Titian*.
 In Coffee-houses purest Air,
 His foggy Lines he writes,
 In Fields of Dust and Spittle there
 His *British* Hero fights.
 By sudden Motion then o'erta'en,
 The Privy-house he chuses;
 Great are his Thoughts, and great his Pain,
 And yet no Time he loses.
 Grip'd in his Guts and Muse, he there indites,
 And praises *Arthur* most, when most he sh---

The End of the Collection.

An

*An Elegy on that most Orthodox,
and Pains-taking Divine, Mr.
Samuel Smith, Ordinary of
Newgate, who dy'd of a
Quinsey, on St. Bartholo-
mew's Day, the 24th of Au-
gust, 1698.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

T*Yburn*, lament, in pensive sable mourn,
For from the World thy ancient Priest is torn.
Death, cruel Death, thy learn'd Divine has ended,
And by a Quinsey, from his Place suspended.
Thus he expir'd in his old Occupation,
And as he liv'd, he dy'd, by Suffocation.

Thou, reverend Pillar of the tripple Tree,
I would say Post, for it was prop'd by thee;
Thou Penny-Chronicler of hasty Fate,
Death's Annalist, Reformer of the State;
Cut-throat of Texts, and Chaplain of the Halter,
In whose sage presence Vice it self did falter.
How many Criminals by thee assisted,
Old *Smith*, have been most orthodoxly twisted?
And when they labour'd with a dying Qualm,
Were decently suspended to a Psalm?

How

204 *An Elegy on the Ordinary of Newgate.*

How oft hast thou set harden'd Rogues a squeaking,
By urging the great Sin of Sabbath-breaking;
And fav'd Delinquents from old *Nick's* Embraces,
By flashing Fire and Brimstone in their Faces?

Thou wa'st a Gospel-Smith, and after Sentence,
Brought'st Sinners to the Anvil of Repentance;
And tho' they prov'd obdurate at the Sessions,
Could'st hammer out of them most strange Con-
fessions,
When Plate was stray'd, and Silver Spoons were
(missing,
And Chamber-maid betray'd by *Judas* kissing,

Thy Christian Bowels chearfully extended
Towards such, as by their *Mammon* were befriended.
Tho' *Culprit* in enormous Acts was taken,
Thou would'st devise a way to save his Bacon;
And if his Purse could bleed a half Pistole,
Legit, my Lord, he reads, upon my Soul.
Spite of thy Charity to dying Wretches,
Some Fools would live to bilk thy Gallows-Speeches.
But who'd refuse, that has a taste of Writing,
To hang, for one learn'd Speech of thy inditing.
Thou alway'st had'st a conscientious itching,
To rescue Penitents from *Pluto's* Kitchen;
And hast committed upon many a Soul,
A pious Theft, but so *St. Austin* stole.
And Shoals of Robbers, purg'd of sinful Leaven,
By thee were set in the high Road to Heaven.

With sev'ral Mayors hast thou eat Beef and
(Mustard,
And frail Mince-pyes, and transitory Custard.
But now that learned Head in Dust is laid,
Which has so sweetly sung, and sweetly pray'd:
Yet tho' thy outward Man is gone and rotten,
Thy better part shall never be forgotten

While

An Epitaph on the Ordinary of Newgate. 205

While *Newgate* is a Mansion for good Fellows,
And *Sternhold's* Rhimes are murder'd at the Gallows;
While *Holborn* Cits at Executions gape,
And Cut-purse follow'd is by Man of Crape;
While *Grub-street* Muse, in Garrets most sublime,
Trafficks in Doggerel, and aspires to Rhime;
Thy deathless Name and Memory shall reign,
From fam'd *St. Giles*, to *Smithfield*, and *Duck-lane*.
But since thy Death does general Sorrow give,
We hope, thou in thy Successor will live.
Newgate and *Tyburn* jointly give their Votes,
Thou may'st succeeded be by Doctor *Oates*.

*An Epitaph upon that profound
and learned Casuist, the late
Ordinary of Newgate.*

UNDER this Stone
Lies a reverend Drone,
To *Tyburn* well known;
Who preach'd against Sin,
With a terrible Grin,
In which some may think, that he acted but odly,
Since he liv'd by the Wicked, and not by the Godly.
In time of great need,
In case he were fee'd,
He'd teach one to read
Old Pot-hooks and Scrawls,
As ancient as *Pauls*.
But if no Money came,
You might hang for old *Sam*,

And

206 *An Epitaph on the Ordinary of Newgate.*

And founder'd in Psalter,
Be ty'd to a Halter.

This Priest was well hung,
I mean with a Tongue,
And bold Sons of Vice,
Would disarm in a trice;
And draw Tears from a Flint,
Or the Devil was in't.
If a Sinner came him nigh,
With Soul black as Chimney,
And had but the Sense
To give him the pence,
With a little Church-paint
He'd make him a Saint.
He understood Physick,
And cur'd Cough and Ptisick;
And in short all the Ills
That we find in the Bills,
With a sovereign Balm,
The World calls a Psalm.

Thus his *Newgate-birds* once, in the space of a Moon,
Tho' they liv'd to no Purpose, they dy'd to some
(Tune.

In Death was his Hope,
For he liv'd by a Rope.
Yet this, by the way,
In his praise we may say,
That, like a true Friend,
He his Flock did attend,
Ev'n to the World's end,
And car'd not to start
From Sledge, or from Cart,
'Till he first saw them wear
Knots under their Ear;
And merrily swing,
In a well-twisted string.

But

But if any dy'd hard,
And left no Reward,
As I told you before,
He'd inhance their old score,
And kill them again
With his murdering Pen.

Thus he kept Sin in awe,
And supported the Law;
But, oh ! cruel Fate !
So unkind, tho' I say't,
Last week, to our Grief,
Grim Death, that old Thief,
Alas, and alack,
Had the boldness to pack
This old Priest on his Back,
And whither he's gone,
Is not certainly known.
But a Man may conclude,
Without being rude,
That Orthodox *Sam*
His Flock would not sham ;
And to shew himself to 'em a Pastor most civil,
As he led, so he follow'd them all to the D——l.

The

*The Wonder of Wonders ; or,
a rich Vintner, and no
Cuckold.*

OH ! happy *F—ck*, thou alone art he,
From jealous Stings, and forked Antlers free ;
No am'rous Coxcombs clutter round thy Bar,
To breathe their Passions in thy Help-mate's Ear ;
Or at thy Bride their squinting Glances throw ;
Whilst thou art mixing fatal Wines below,
Such that with scorching Fevers fill our Veins,
And with inebrious Fumes distract our Brains.

The bouncing partner of thy Nuptial Joys,
Who crowds thy Nurs'ry with such thumping Boys,
Graces the Confines of her chaulky Throne,
At least with two Cart loads of Flesh and Bone ;
And seems, by her huge Sarazanick Face,
To be deriv'd of old *Tagenna's* Race ;
Who was, if ancient Writers do not lye,
Twelve Fathom thick, and seventy Cubits high.
But thine's a *Fairy* to so tall a Dame,
And cannot tow'r to such a lofty Fame ;
Yet none that ever view'd her, makes a doubt,
But that she's six Foot high, and twelve about ;
Yet sh'as such Charms in her gigantick Face,
And moves with such an Elephant-like Grace,
That were *Antæus* living, thou might'st dread
A Rival then that might adorn thy Head.
But since Mankind to Pigmies are declin'd,
And no such monstrous Men we now can find,
Thou'rt safe from all the horned Plagues that wait
On Love, and need not fear *Acteon's* Fate ;

For tho' thy Bride appears so fat and fine,
She's far too big for any Arms but thine.

What, tho' no Moon at full, with all her Light,
Can shew a Countenance more large and bright ;
And that her snowy Breasts look big, and spread,
Like two peck Loaves of whitest Flour made ;
Yet who can tell but that which hidden lies,
May prove by chance of a delightful size,
Since *Greenland* Sea-men from Experience note,
That the huge Whale has but a narrow Throat :
The mighty Monster arm'd with Iv'ry Tooth,
Tho' large his Limbs, has but a little Mouth.

What, tho' her Belly looks as if she bore
Beneath her Clonts, a Sack of Malt before,
To keep the spacious Centre of her Charms
Beyond the lustful reach of common Arms ;
For her Temptation, as she upright stands,
Lies too remote by much, for humane Hands ;
And from Assaults and Bobs is safe and free,
'Till Love's huge Pillars are disclos'd for thee.

What, tho' her swelling Buttocks chafe behind,
And like too Mill-stones, as she waddles, grind ;
It is a pleasing Sign, she has no need
Of artful Pillows in her Nuptial Bed ;
But that sh'as Flesh enough, when hugg'd at Night,
To raise her Charms to a convenient height.

Therefore make much of thy gigantick Bride, }
For all the World believes she never try'd }
Love's tickling Joys, with any Man beside.

A Comical Letter, out of the famous Monsieur de Colletier, to Mademoiselle de Choux.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

MADAM,

D I'D you ever see an Almanack in your Life? You'll say this is an odd Question. I'll give you the Reason then why I ask'd it: There's an odd sort of a Fellow usually pictur'd in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him? cry you. Why, Madam, he's only a Type of your humble Servant, for that Son of a Whore *Cupid* has so pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my troth, I look like---let me think, like what;—like your Ladiship's Pin-cushion. But this is not all: Your Eyes had like to have proved more fatal to me than *Cupid* and all his Roguery; for, Madam, while I was Star-gazing t'other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame (as we Lovers use to be) I dropt plumb into your Fish-pond, by the same token that I his'd like a red hot Horse-shoe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a hundred Pound to a Penny but I had been drown'd, for, those that came to my Assistance, left me to shift for my self, while they scrambled for boil'd Fish that were as plentiful as Herrings at *Rotterdam*. Some of my Fellow-sufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladiship, as well as of, Madam,

Your most devoted Slave,

Colletier,

THE

T H E

Mourning Poet, &c.

The PREFACE.

I Wont say any thing in behalf of the following
P O E M. A Prison is none of the most delightful Places for a Muse to exert her Talent in; and tho' Verse, in respect of Prose, is a confin'd sort of Writing, yet no People hate Confinement more than Poets.

'Tis true, I as little thought a few Years ago of turning Poet, as, with all due Reverence be it said, any of the most topping Citizens about the Exchange do now; but the Case is alter'd, and for want of employing my Time better (which was none of my own Fault) I was forc'd, and I hope that will justifie me, to employ it in innocent Rhiming.

But let the Versification be what it will, my Subject and Design, I am sure, is virtuous and honest. I plead for Compassion and Pity to our fellow Creatures, and surely we should be asham'd of boasting our selves made after the Divine Likeness, if we don't Copy our Maker in what, with relation to our selves, is the best of his Attributes.

*I will not rail at those Persons, by whose Impor-
tunity and Management the late Act against poor
Prisoners was carried, that were but too misera-
ble before; only it may be worth their while to rumi-
nate a little upon the Apostles Words, Let him
that stands take care of falling. The World's
a Lottery, and he that preaches against giving Re-
lief to day, may want it for himself and Family
to morrow. That Ill-condition'd Engineer, who pre-
sented Phalaris with the brazen Bull, was the
first that handsell'd it. And after all, Why should
numberless Wretches starve for a few Delinquents?*

*If Numbers signifie any thing to gain a Cause,
we have above Sixty Thousand Hands to sign this
Paper. We don't pretend to Copy the Impudence of
the Legion Letter; no, 'tis our Business to suppli-
cate, not buff Parliaments; nay, even to speak fair
to the meanest of our Creditors. But tho' we are
far from imitating the Insolence of the late Legi-
on, yet 'tis plain the Name but too justly belongs
to us, for, Heaven knows, we are a parcel of poor
unpitied Devils.*

The

Can Riches keep the Mortal Wretch from Death ?
 Or can new Treasures purchase a new Breath ?
 Or does Heaven send its Love and Mercy more
 To *Mammon's* pamper'd Sons than to the Poor ?
 If not, why should the Fool take so much State,
 Exalt himself and others under-rate ?
 'Tis senceless Ignorance that sooths his Pride,
 And makes him laugh at all the World beside.
 But when Excesses bring on Gout or Stone,
 All his vain Mirth and Gayety are gone.
 Then to make any Truce with his Disease,
 And purchase the least interval of Ease,
 He'd all his ill-got Magazines resign,
 And at Health's Altar Sacrifice his Coin :
 And when he dies, for all he looks so high,
 He'll make as vile a Skeleton as I.

To number out the several sorts of *Poor*,
 Would be to count the Billows on the Shore :
 My Muse shall therefore all the rest decline,
 And to th' industrious Man her self confine ;
 Who with incessant Labour strives to live,
 And yet by cruel Accidents can't thrive.
 To Trace the Original Fountain of his Woe,
 From whence the Gross of all his Ills do flow ;
 With *War* I must begin, whose fatal Doom
 Ruins all Trade as well Abroad as Home.
 The dire effects the Merchant feels the first,
 And all the other Trades by War are curs'd ;
 The Vitners, whom I own I pity most
 Are daily in this cursed scramble lost.
 And who can wonder that so many fail,
 When righteous Claret truckles to vile Ale,
 And *Barcelona* stoops to *Belgick* Mild and Stale.
 War (to whose Court all lesser Evils join)
 First help'd to circumsise our Current Coin.
 'Twas a fine Harvest, when the Clipping Race,
 To the conniving Government's disgrace,

Cut short his Majesty within the Ring,
 And dock'd his Horfe's Tail (God blefs the King :)
 Then Goldsmiths, Scriveners, and the bulky Tribe
 Of monied Knaves, too num'rous to describe,
 Batten'd apace on this unrighteous Trade,
 And at the Realm's expence large Fortune's made;
 While the poor half-starv'd Slaves that for them
 (wrought,
 Within the fatal Toil were daily caught;
 And to relieve them in their *Tyburn* Qualm,
 Troop'd off to the dull Musick of a Psalm.

The Charge of War out-balanc'd soon our
 Trade,
 As this advanc'd, that palpably decay'd.
 And as 'twas ten Years War that ruin'd *Troy*,
 So ten Years War did *England's* Wealth destroy.
 War, fatal War, the murderer of Trade,
 Occasion'd heavy Taxes for its aid;
 It set Mercurial Heads at work t' invent
 Most easie ways to serve the Government:
NEALE started first, to raise a speedy Sum,
A MILLION LOTTERY, let who will come,
 No Loss can happen, but most certain Gain;
 Sell Lands and Houses, ne'er was such a Main.
 This was a general and inviting Bait,
 And did so luckily relieve the State,
 That the Groom-Porter had Encouragement,
 New specious Schemes and Projects to invent.

Next, the old Maids and Batch'lers were cajoll'd,
 Fourteen *per Cent* for Life, and well enroll'd:
 They drew their Cash from Commerce and from
 (Trade, }
 And lavishly adventur'd on this *Aid*, }
 Long may they live, and still (as now) be paid. }
 At the heels of this, *Survivorship* came in,
 ('Tis hard to stop, tho' easie to begin)

From six *per Cent*, t'increase as Children die,
 So promising a Fund who wou'd not try?
 Thus eager Parents paid their Money down,
 To make their Children Vassals to the Crown,
 And with much Ceremony beg their own.

At last, resolv'd new Methods still t' explore,
 As if we ne'er cou'd drain the Nation's store,
 The *Bank* peept up, and all before it bore.
 As Rivers dutifully glide to pay
 Their liquid Tribute, to their Parent Sea.
 Nor is it strange ; Av'rice is always wise,
 And Profit, say the Learned, never lies.
Int'rest at twelve *per Cent*, for Stock advanc'd,
 Stock to One hundred thirty Pounds enhanc'd ;
 So he that had a Thousand Pounds in there,
 For Thirteen Hundred strait cou'd sell his Share ;
 Prodigious Gain ! *Such Principal, such Use*
Tb' Exchequer pays ; What must tb' Exchequer loose ?

But say, my Muse, what harm was it to Trade,
 If the Exchequer *Cent per Cent* had paid,
 When the Realm's wants requir'd a present Aid ?
 It made the Nations Debt call for Supplies,
 By doubling both the *Customs* and *Excise* ;
 It fram'd the *Capitation* by Degrees,
 Births, Burials, Batchelours, Lights, Lawyers Fees,
 Stock, Money, Titles, empty Houses pay,
 Altho' the Tenants often run away.

All these, and many more Inventions joyn'd
 To pamper War, while sickly Trade declin'd :
 Set up *Stock-jobbers* on the Nation's Back,
 Whose weight compleated poor *Britannia's* Wreck.
 These Vermin being hatch'd, the numerous Brood
 Increas'd, and fatten'd on the Trades-Man's Blood ;
 If Tally's were deliver'd on some *Aid*,
Stock-jobber fixt, what Money shou'd be paid.

The *Legislators* gave Encouragement
 For Men to work, and trust the Government;
 But tho' a general Good they thus design'd,
 Those rav'nous *Harpies* of th' *Exchange* combin'd
 To frustrate All; and deaf to th' Nation's Cries,
 Ev'n our best Laws turn'd into Merchandise;
 So that poor Trades-Men for a Hundred Pound,
 For Fifty with these Rascals must compound,
 Or else to Gaol; their Wants call for supply,
 And ready Cash at any rate they'll buy:
 Thus all those Millions given for Supplies,
 Those *Caterpillars* still monopolize;
 And if we find not out some speedy way
 To kill these Worms that on our Vitals prey,
 Commerce, the Nation's Glory, soon will fail,
 And half our Traders perish in a Jail.
 Oh, who can bear to see so many Hands
 Lie idle, like uncultivated Lands;
 Devour'd by Want, only to gratifie
 Senseless Revenge, and brutal Cruelty?

Rome, whose Imperial sway the World obey'd,
 Justice the Rule of all her Actions made;
 And tho' most Nations dreaded her Alarms,
 Was no less famous for her Laws than Arms.
 Among the rest this justly claims a place,
 And let not *England* think it a disgrace,
 The glorious Empress of the World to trace.
 "The Debtor had one part, the Creditor two;
 Revenge had nothing, nothing was her due.
 Credit with us the whole Estate doth seize,
 And on the wretched Debtor's Body preys;
 Heav'n's brightest Gift, Compassion's out of Door;
 And he's a graceless Reprobate that's poor.

In *France* this Law does still maintain a sway,
 If Trades-Men prove incapable to pay;

Six Persons of known Truth and Probity,
 Make inquest what their whole Estate may be :
 When this is duly done, two parts of three,
 They to the Creditor's allotted fee :
 And then one third to th' Debtor is convey'd,
 That he may have some Stock again to Trade ;
 How worthy praise are such good Acts as these ?
 Considering too there's not a peny Fees.
 Why should we then our *English* Laws advance,
 And scornfully expose the Laws of *France* ?
 Since Subjects, fellow Subjects can destroy,
 And rob us of our boasted Liberty.
 In *Holland*, if a Creditor thinks fit,
 His Debtor to a Prison to commit,
 At his own Charge he must maintain him there,
 Not let him starve, as Creditors do here.

A Prison ! Heav'n's, I loath the hated name,
 Famine's Metropolis, the sink of Shame,
 A nauseous Sepulchre, whose craving Womb
 Hourly inters poor Mortals in its Tomb ;
 By every Plague, and every Ill possest,
 Ev'n Purgatory it self to thee's a Jest ;
 Emblem of Hell, Nursery of Vice,
 Thou crawling University of Lice :
 Where Wretches numberless to ease their Pains,
 With Smoak and Ale delude their pensive Chains.
 How shall I thee avoid ? Or, with what Spell
 Dissolve th' Enchantment of thy Magic Cell ?
 Ev'n *Fox* himself can't boast so many Martyrs,
 As yearly fall within thy wretched Quarters.
 Money I've none, and Debts I cannot pay
 Unless my Vermin will those Debts defray.
 Not scolding Wife, nor *Inquisition's* worse,
 Thou'rt ev'ry Mischief cramm'd into one Curse.
 May we at last the Senate's Mercy find,
 And breathe (what Heav'n bestows on all Mankind ;

What

What needy Clowns as well as Monarchs share)
The common Benefit of wholesome Air :
Then to your Clemency we'll Altars raise,
And with united Voice our Benefactors praise.

So pray

Threescore Thousand.

*A true Copy of a Speech made by
an English Colonel to his Re-
giment, immediately before their
Transportation to Flanders.*

THUS far, Gentlemen and fellow Soldiers, I have conducted you, in order to your Transportation for *Flanders*. The Honour of the Post I now enjoy is due only to his Majesty's Goodness, but the Happiness which I propose to my self in the Possession, is a Gift which none but your selves can bestow upon me.

Your civil Deportment and strict Obedience hitherto, I take as an Earnest of my good Hopes and Successes hereafter; and when I consider you are *Englishmen*, whose Loyalty to your Kings, and natural Courage, are celebrated all over *Europe*. I once thought I might have spar'd you the trouble of this meeting; but tho' long Speeches are now grown pretty well out of date, yet having something of high Importance to communicate

nicate to you, I am resolv'd rather to be out of Fashion than lose the Opportunity.

I must acquaint you in the first place, that notwithstanding our Loyalty and Courage may be at as high a pitch as any mortal Man can boast of ; yet the greatest Loyalty may be debauch'd, and Courage daunted, by the false Suggestions and cunning Insinuations of our Enemies, which Captivating our Understandings, and Perverting our Judgments, disarm us more forcibly than the open Assaults of our Foes.

Honour is such an inseparable Qualification of a Soldier, that when the Honour is gone the Soldier dies, though the Man perhaps may drag on a miserable despis'd Life. Now the Justice of the Cause in which we are to engage, has been always esteem'd the first and greatest Motive to Men of Honour to hazard their Lives and Fortunes upon ; and to undergo the Hardships of War, and to appear glorious with all those Wounds, those Scars and Deformities upon them, which still from the Justice of the Cause have ever been reputed Honourable. What Man of Honour then would appear in a villainous Cause, and venture his Limbs and Life, and perhaps his Soul among the rest, in an unjust War? Slaughter in such Cases becomes Murder, Plunder is Robbery and Theft, and Victory it self oftentimes ends in the Destruction of the Conquerors.

Having premis'd these things, I must next observe to you how industriously this War has been misrepresented ; and, with Grief and Abhorrence I speak it, some of the great Towns and Places where I have formerly quarter'd, have behav'd themselves

themselves with a great deal of Rudeness upon that Account; I think it therefore my Duty to put you in mind of this, that you may be prepar'd against it. Many of those brave Fellows that at the first raising of my Regiment came in Volunteers, have already been buried in the Bed of Honour; to you therefore that have never cross'd the Seas 'tis I am chiefly speaking; it may be of use to you to know what kind of Reception and Entertainment you are to expect Abroad. You, Gentlemen and fellow Soldiers, that have been sharers in our Sufferings, as well as in our repeated Victories, will be inform'd of what has pass'd at Home, and consequently all of you be convinc'd of the Justice of our Cause.

I shall begin at the Fountain and Head of all Justice and Honour, I mean King *William*, and follow the stream of his most admirable Qualifications, until they are lost in the vast Ocean of noble Thought. First then, he is our Natural and Hereditary King, and Sovereign Liege Lord, and we his natural born Subjects. Had I no more than this to say of him, it were enough to confirm our bounden Duty and Loyalty to him. What, Gentlemen, can be more Just and Honourable than to observe the inviolable Laws of Nature? And what Man of Honour can forbear to blush, to hear himself charg'd with Disobedience, after such strong and inviolable Obligations.

The Crimes which we commit against Nature, make us degenerate below the level of brute Creatures, who, even without the assistance of Reason, preserve the Law of Nature; from the Kid and his Dam to the Lyon's Whelp, and the fiercest Lyons. All Creatures by Nature follow those
which

which nourish and preserve them, and shall we whose Profession and Reward too is Honour, shall we forsake our Natural Hereditary King, who is our Common Father as well as our Protector?

But to proceed; were he not our King, yet we have so many Obligations to him, that would silence all our Complaints. He it is, who at the hazard of his Life, and at his own Expence, for our sakes only, has consented to accept of Three troublesome Crowns, to deliver us from the Two dreadful Monsters, Popery and Slavery. He it is that brought in with him Peace and Plenty, and has insur'd them to us and our Posterity, beyond the possibility of being again depriv'd of them. He it is that so Tenderly and Compassionately loves us, that he holds our Lives in the Palms of his Hands, and is so cautious of exposing them to the common Danger, that he constantly heaps up his own Countrymen as a Bulwork before us, whilst himself remains in the Rear to favour our Retreat, if there should be occasion.

In his Nature he is Affable, Courteous and Liberal, even to a fault; he is likewise extremely Merciful and Compassionate, and so free from all Ambition and Tyranny, the common and daring Vices of Princes, that he hath divided his Throne with the Consort of his Bed, and hath entrusted his Power to the Will of his People. But, not to dwell too long upon Words, I proceed to Effects, which are more convincing, by how much they are the more sensible to us.

First,

First, From the beginning of his Reign how free have we been from unnecessary Taxes? How do we wallow in Peace and Plenty, and are secure, even from the Rumours of War? Is not our Trade increas'd, and our Merchants free'd almost from the Apprehensions of Loss by the Seas? Are not the Prices of Food and Rayment considerably decreas'd, and every thing in a most regular and flourishing Condition? And more than all, is not Justice equally distributed, and are not the Liberty and Property of the Subject as dear to him as his Prerogative? Have the Nobility, Gentry or Commonalty known of any illegal Fines or Imprisonments? Have we had any such thing as brib'd Parliaments, and has not the Church of *England* been always best encourag'd and supported during his whole Government?

Have the Spoils of our Enemies been given to Foreigners, or Honours and Employments bestowed upon Strangers? Are not our Councils guided by the best of our Nobility, and the Cabinet by the Persons who most love, and are most belov'd, of the *English* Nation? Is not the Trade and *English* Interest promoted, almost to the ruin of *Holland*, and are they not ready to sink to their poor distressed State again for want of Traffick, whilst we ride Masters of the Ocean, and Import to them all Foreign Commodities, upon *English* Bottoms, to the eternal Glory of our King, and our own inexhaustible Profit?

Are we now infested, as in former Reigns, with swarms of *Hugonots*, that like Maw-worms in our Bowels, eat up the Bread of the poorer Tradesmen, and starve the Wives and Families of our willing and industrious Natives? Or are our Palaces

laces guarded by Foreigners, to the dishonour of our Countrymen? Or our Armies commanded by *Hogan Mogan* Generals that hate our Nation? Have not the *English* the preference Abroad, both as to Pay and Post of Honour? And are not the Sums given by Parliament constantly imploy'd for the Use of our Countrymen only?

My Hearts, are we not always led on to certain Victory by our Brave and Wise Commander? Or if any of us drop, or are wounded, is not there the greatest Care imaginable taken of us? Are we not welcom'd by the *Dutch* with high Civilities and Respect, and upon all Occasions, trusted with more than we shall ever be able to pay? Do they not Congratulate our Arrival among them with the most sincere and affectionate Demonstrations of Love and Honour, and lament our departure as if they had parted with their Guardian Angels? Are not our Sailors paid and encourag'd to that degree that there is hardly any need of Press-Masters?

To conclude, for what Tongue or Pencil can sufficiently represent the inconceivable Vertues of our gallant Commander; should I compare him with the bravest of his Predecessors, it would raise his Glories to so high a pitch that it would blind the Eyes of the universe, by gazing too stedfastly upon his insupportable Lustre. Comparisons, says the Proverb, are Odious, therefore I shall forbear giving my self or you any farther trouble in that respect.

To conclude all, fellow Soldiers, if all that has or can be said, were omitted, yet is there one Consideration hitherto untouch'd, sufficient of it self to elevate our Courage and Resolution to the noblest

noblest Emulation, and fix upon us all the most durable Sentiments of Love and Loyalty. In short, we are now, by the exalted Care and Goodness of our Generals, upon the very brink of entering upon that Stage of Glory, where the greatest Captains and the Heroes of the Age are proud to bear a part. We, our selves, shall be Actors in those famous Tragedies, which will represent us in History as the Ornaments of all Ages.

To us it is granted to be instructed in the noble Discipline of Marching and Countermarching, which is the Perfection and Consummation of the utmost Art of War. To us it is given to divide the Spoils of our Enemies, and share in the Trophies of desperate and decisive Battles: And to us, and us only, is allow'd the Honour of all the most hazardous Attacks and Enterprizes, by which means 'tis highly evident, that we are distinguish'd from the *Dutch*, and all other Foreign Troops. All this and abundantly much more which might be said, will, I don't doubt, sufficiently satisfy you how great is the Honour, Justice, Equity, Prudence, Piety and many more innumerable Advantages of our Glorious Cause.

Thus far, as I said, Gentlemen and Companions in Arms, I have brought you, and if I have detain'd you longer than I intended, remember the boundless Character of our inimitable Captain, and his wonderful Qualifications have been the occasion of it. I shall now dismiss you till a fair Gale wafts us over to the *Elizian* Fields of *Flanders*, where, in all probability, the fate of War will put a glorious end to the many Misfortunes and Hardships of a Soldiers Life.

When

When the Colonel had done, a stout Volunteer addresses himself in the following manner to his Commander, and the rest of his fellow Soldiers ;

MOST Noble Colonel, your fine Speech has been so pleasant and grateful to us all, especially to my self, that I rather wish you had added much more than left off so soon ; but since your Honour hath been pleas'd to take so much Pains for our Satisfaction, I beseech you, Sir, to give a poor Soldier leave to mind you of one Point that seems to require a more full and ample Explication.

I had the fortune to be born the younger Son of an *English* Yeoman, now call'd forsooth, a Gentleman ; my Father had 80 good Pounds *per Ann.* he kept a good House, and we had Beef and Pudding and Nog, to content. My Elder Brother had the good luck to be brought up in the way of his Ancestors, that is, to the Plough, and a quiet Country Life ; but, for my part, my Father, who was now a Gentleman, resolv'd that I should be Book learn'd, and so I was lash'd from School to School, until at last I became a poor Scholar in the University of *Cambridge*. But the excessive Taxes, Polls and Prizes of all Necessaries, since the Revolution, growing too heavy for my Father's Income, to allow any thing considerable towards my Support, I was forc'd, *super pedes Apostolorum*, to make the best of my way back into the Country. I had not been there long but I perceiv'd my Father's way of living was entirely alter'd, and our Commons grown so short, that my poor Brains were almost turn'd with Grief and Melancholy ; and, to add to my Afflictions, the Vicar of our Parish, who for a long time had been

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an hospitable good Fellow, had shut up his Shop, and boarded upon meer Element and Barley Dumplin, at a poor Farmer's House in the Village.

Lord, Noble Colonel, had you seen this dismal Revolution in our Town, it would have broke even your own courageous Heart; for my part, I was not able to bear it any longer, but had fix'd my Thoughts upon seeking my Fortune. In short, I resolv'd to *abandon Dwelling*, and saving your presence, *out I went a Colonelling*; London is the place I fix'd upon as the center of my Hopes, but long I had not been there, when my small Stock being almost spent, I found it absolutely necessary to think of some Employment: I had heard of such as Knights of the Pad, and of the Post, which, as they told me, these hard Times a great many Gentlemen had been constrain'd to take up with. Others advis'd me to get my self admitted into the united Company of *English and Dutch Clippers and Coiners*, but observing many hopeful young Gentlemen of those Professions, solemnly conducted up *High Holborn*, it soon check'd my Inclination against any of those Vocations. I resolv'd then to shere into the City, to try what luck I could find there, and, if possible, to bind my self out an Apprentice to some honest Handy-craft Trade. But when I look'd into the Shops, instead of being busied in selling their Goods, and answering Customers, I saw most of the 'Prentices either asleep or at play, or else the Shops as empty as if the House had been infected with the Plague. I easily invited one or two of them to drink a Pot with me, where they told me most dismal Stories of Trade, and generally swore to me, that a Man had better be a Hangman in these Times than a Tradesman. I soon took leave of

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these

these uncomfortable Companions, resolving to see what was to be done in the remoter Parts of the City, and accordingly I happen'd unluckily to fall into *Spittle-Fields*. But, noble Colonel, had your Honour seen the poor *English* Weavers, Button Makers, &c. sitting at their Doors with their Wives and Children, cursing and railing at the *French* Dogs, as they call'd them, for taking the Bread out of their Mouths. Had your Honour heard them blaspheming the Government, or smell the Hogo of their Onions and Garlick, you must have had strange Ideas of the Misery of those unfortunate People. I soon took my leave of this Quarter too, and finding that there was but small Prospect of any good to be done at Land, I resolved to try my Fortune in a Sea Expedition. In order to that, I set sail for *Wapping*, not questioning but considering I was five Foot and nine Inches at least, I should find some honest Master that would entertain me on Board.

But would you believe it, Sir, the Seamen were all fled with as much diligence from thence as I had taken care to get thither ; so that I scarce found any Body but shoals of Seamens Widows and Wives, with their Children and Orphans bitterly exclaiming against Press-Masters, the Navy-Office, &c. I was soon weary of this Place also, which I look'd upon as the Representative of Hell it self, for I found nothing but weeping, wailing and gnashing of Teeth. Back then I return'd to *Holborn*, where, as my good or bad Stars guided me, I heard a Drum, and seeing the Majesty of a Serjeant, furiously marching with his Halberd in the front of the Rabble ; right or wrong I resolv'd to Lift my self immediately for a Soldier. The first thing I did, was to enquire who was the Colonel, who I found

to

to be your Honour; and hearing all People giving you the Character of a good Officer, and an honest Gentleman, I was willing to take on; and now here I am, noble Colonel, at your Service.

And now, Sir, I have troubled you with all this, only to shew you and my fellow Soldiers, that it was Necessity, and not Choice, that brought me hither; and, to be plain with you, I neither regard the Justice or Injustice of the Cause. I neither fight for King *William*, nor against King *James*, but I venture my Life to preserve my Life by Bread and Pay, and so I believe do most of those that are here present, begging your Honours pardon if I am mistaken in your self.

Your Honour knows that a lusty young Man's Life is valued at seven Years Purchase, and to venture seven Years Purchase against five Pence a Day, is such a scandalous Bargain that the Devil himself would be asham'd of, if he had any other way to help himself. Now if we want our Pay we want all Things, and by consequence get nothing but blows and starving for all our hazards, but that I hope will never be our Case whilst your Honour is at our Head.

And now, most noble Colonel, I only beg the liberty of one Word more; since I was admitted into this Honourable and Beneficial Employment, I have kept Company with many of my own Profession, some serv'd in *Flanders* under the Duke of *Monmouth*; and these unanimously commend the good Usage and good Pay they receiv'd in that Service. I have also convers'd with others that serv'd under the late King *James*, and when I enquire of them how they were treated and paid in those Days, they fall a sighing and sobbing as if

230 *The Volunteer's Speech to his Colonel.*

their Hearts would break ; and I can hardly get any thing from them but, Ah, shall we never see those glorious Days again ; and shew such Raptures of Grief and Love for their Memories, that they almost amaze me. But truly, Noble Colonel, when I discourse with those that have made these last Campaigns in *Flanders*, all of them universally, except those of your Honour's Regiment, have given a Relation so contrary to those of the former, and especially as to the main Points of Pay and good Usage, that if your Honour would be pleas'd to give us a satisfactory Word or two in those two grand Particulars, which, I can assure you, Sir, are the principal Motives to us, your Honour may be fully assur'd, that like true born *Englishmen*, we shall all follow you thro' all sorts of Danger, without any regard to the Cause. We will follow you, Sir, thro' Fire as well as Water, even to the Gates of *Paris*, if you command us, and pay us well. *Here the young Fellow ended, and having made a very low Obeisance, the Colonel smiling made this short Reply.*

YOung Man, I have heard your long Speech with patience, and forgive many Impertinences in it ; and that nothing may be wanting to your intire Satisfaction, take this in answer to the two main Points you speak of.

First, Gentlemen, I do most solemnly promise, that I will do my utmost that your Usage in *Flanders* shall be such as shall be worthy of *Englishmen*, and the Goodness and Justice of your Cause. And next, as to your Pay, I do here give you my Word and Honour, that you shall be, all of you, certainly paid before you return for *England* ; in the mean time I command you to your Quarters, and recommend your respective Landladies to your Care and good Management.

THE

*The Widow's Wedding: Or, A
true Account of Dr. Oats's
Marriage with a Muggletonian
Widow in Breadstreet,
London, August the 18th.
1693. In a Letter to a Gentle-
man in the Country.*

S I R,

THE only News of Importance I have to communicate to you at present is, that the Famous and Never-to-be-forgotten Dr. Oats was married the beginning of this Week. You know for a Person of his Constitution that always express'd, and perhaps inherited, an Aversion to the Fair Sex; and besides, had found out a back Door to bestow his Kindness and Strength elsewhere, to confine himself at last to the insipid Duties of Matrimony, is as unnatural and unexpected a Change, as for an old Miser to turn Prodigal. And this perhaps was the surprising Revolution which most of our Almanacks, both at Home and Abroad threatned us with in the Month of *August*. I remember I happen'd to be at *Garraway's* when a Gentleman came in and told us the News. Immediately all other Discourse ceas'd, *East-India* Actions, the price of Pepper, and rising of Currants; not a word of our Army in *Flanders*, or the Siege of *Belgrade*, the *Turkey* Fleet and the Battle of *Landen* were not men-

tion'd in two hours after. Nay, the Duke of *Savoy*, who is now working Miracles for us at *Piedmont*, was wholly laid aside. Every Body stood amaz'd, and it was a considerable time before they could recover themselves out of this Astonishment. At last an old Gentleman, at the upper end of the Table, broke the silence, and made himself and the Company very merry at the Dr.'s Expence. I remember, says he, I have somewhere read, that when *Erasmus* heard that *Martin Luther*, of blessed Memory, was Married, he would say in a jesting manner, That if, according to the old Tradition, Antichrist was to be got between a Monk and a Nun, the World was now in a fair way to have a Litter of the sort. Not that I would (continues he) apply this Story to the Doctor, for God forbid that we should live to see a Brood of sucking Antichrists come out of the Doctor's Loins. My meaning is only this, that since the Saviour of the Nation has join'd his saving Faculty with a damning Talent (for you are to understand his Lady is a Muggletonian) and those People pretend to have the Power of Damnation ; we may now expect to see a Motley Race of half Saviours and half Damners. Hold you there crys another Gentleman, you ought to have said half Damners and half Saviours ; for since the Mother's is the surest side, if the Doctor lives to have Children, they'll damn in all likelihood before they'll save.

The Doctor (as I have been acquainted by several of his intimate Friends) had two Reasons to incline him to marry in his old Age. The first was his great Concern to see the Noble Army of Evidences defeated, *Bedlow*, *Dugdale* and *Dangerfield* sleeping with their Fathers, viz. the Witnesses that swore against *Susanna*, and those that

that stoned St. Stephen; Fuller, who with good Management, would have made a cleaver Fellow, buried alive in a Prison, *Et cætera*. Young, his Virtuous Companion, routed past all hopes of rallying. Others, at the sight of a Pillory or Whipping-post, utterly discountenanc'd and asham'd of their Profession. So the Doctor finding the whole hopes of the Family of the *Evidences* cent'ring in himself, and that if due care were not taken, the Species would be intirely lost, resolv'd, as far as in him lay, to prevent its utter Extinction, and to raise up Seed to the Popish Plot himself.

In the second place, the Doctor was touch'd in Conscience for some Juvenile Gambols that shall be nameless. It seems tho' he had pitied the other Corruptions of Popery, yet he still fancied Cardinalism. Now all the World knows Conscience is a sad terrible thing; what says the Doctor's Friend St. *Austin*? Why, *Conscientia mille Testes*, Conscience is a thousand Witnesses. It is therefore to be admir'd if the Doctor, who, make the best of him, is but one single Witness, and scarce that, found himself forc'd to yield to a thousand? So then, as I said before, his Conscience perpetually alarming and disturbing him, the Doctor, merely at last for his own ease and quiet, made a Vow to sow his wild Oats, and not to hide the Talent which God had plentifully given him in an *Italian* Napkin. No sooner was this pious Resolution communicated to his Friends, who were mightily pleas'd at the News, but they look'd out sharp to find him a proper Yoke fellow. It was represented to him, that a Maid was by no means for his turn; the Doctor was fat and pursie; a Maidenhead was not to be got without much drudging for't; and besides, 'twas

now just the Dog Days, and who knew but the Doctor's Reins might receive great Damage, in case of a violent Encounter. At last an Independent Minister advis'd him to Mrs. *Margaret Wells* of *Breadstreet* (whose former Husband was a Muggletonian, and she continued of the same persuasion) urging this Argument in her behalf, that in her the Doctor might have open and free ingress, egress and regress as oft as he pleas'd. That as he might enjoy her without the sweat of, so he might eternally live with her without the least peril of his Brows, she being no Charmer, and consequently would not equip him with a pair of Horns, which he knew the Doctor abominated, as being Marks of the Beast, and altogether Popish. The Doctor liked the Proposal, and at the first Interview was so extremely smitten with the Gravity and Goodness of her Person, that he could neither eat (which was much) nor drink (which was more) 'till the Business was concluded.

A comical Passage happen'd at the *Commons*, which I think very well worth sending you: The Doctor going thither for a Licence, two scurvy Questions were ask'd him; the first was, Whether he would have a Licence to Marry a Boy or a Girl? The second, Whether he would have a Licence for behind or before? At this the Doctor lost all patience, held up his Cane, and thunder'd out, you Rascal, as thick as Hops, 'till upon the Proctor's crying *Peccavi*, the Sky clear'd up again.

The Articles of Marriage were as follows,

Imprimis, The Doctor promises, *in verbo sacerdotis*, to keep ne'er a Male Servant in his House under Sixty, and to hang up the Picture of the Destruction of *Sodom* in his Bed-chamber, *adrefricandum*

dam Memoriam, and to teach his Children to swear as soon as they can speak.

Item, The Doctor promises that he will never offer to attack, either in Bed or Couch, Joint-stool or Table, the Body of the aforesaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, *a parte post*, but to comfort, refresh and relieve her, *a parte ante*; giving the aforesaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, in case he offend after that manner, full leave to make her self amends before, as she pleases. As also on a second Trespass to burn his Peace-maker; however, with this Proviso, that whenever the aforesaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells* happens to be under the Dominion of the Moon, that is to say, whenever it is Term Time with the aforesaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, then the abovemention'd Doctor shall have full Power, Liberty and Authority to enter the *Westminster-Hall* of her Body at which Door he pleases. This last Clause was not obtain'd 'till after a stiff dispute on the Doctor's part, who threatned to break off if it were denied him. The other Articles, as less considerable, I pass over to come to the main business in Hand, the Marriage.

On the 17th of this present *August* the Doctor was new wash'd and trim'd, with a large sacerdotal Rose in his Hat, and all his other Clergy Equipage, came to the House of an Anabaptist Teacher in the City; where, in the Face of a numerous Assembly, consisting of all Sorts, Divisions and Sub-divisions of Protestants, he was Married to Mrs. *Margaret Wells*. The Doctor was observ'd to be very merry all Dinner time, and the largest part of his Face, meaning his Chin, mov'd notably. There stood right over against him a mighty Sirloin of Beef, to which he shew'd as little Compassion as he did the Jesuits in time of the Plot.

After

After Dinner 6 Fifth Monarchy Men, larded with as many Ranters, danc'd a Spiritual Jig, and 12 sweet Singers of *Israel* employ'd their melodious Quail-pipes all the while. But Madam *Salamanca*, for so we must now call her, seem'd not to be much affected with this Diversion, but look'd very Disconsolate and Melancholy. One of the Sisterhood ask'd, why on a day of Rejoycing she express'd so much Sorrow in her Looks? To which Madam *Oats*, after a deep sigh or two, answer'd,

That she very much doubted, like the *Staffordshire* Miller that mounted King *Charles* after the *Worcester* Fight, upon one of his Mill horses, whether she should be able to bear the weight of the Preserver of three Nations.

Thus the Time was agreeably spent 'till ten, and then the Bell rung to Prayers, and then his Spouse, after the laudable Custom of *England*, being gone before, the Dr. resolutely march'd to the place of Execution. There was no Sack-Posset, nor throwing the Stocking, both those Ceremonies being look'd upon as Superstitious, and Things of meer Human Invention. The Bed continued in a trembling fit most part of the Night, for 'tis not doubted but the Dr. acquitted himself manfully; since the good Woman has already assur'd her Midwife, that the Doctor fought out all his Fingers, and she began to find an Alteration in her Constitution. An Astronomer in *Moorfields* has been consulted upon this Occasion, and he foretels it will be a Boy, which has made the Doctor very busie among the *Hebrew* roots to find out a proper Name for his Son.

I am your Servant,
Tho. Brown.

An

*An Elegy in Memory of the Gal-
lant Viscount Dundee, who
was kill'd by a random Shot,
after he had won the Battle at
Gillecranke. Writ by Mr.
Brown, at the Request of
Dr. Griffith and Mr. Burges.*

Fors & virtus miscetur in unum.

Vir. Æneid. 12.

GOddeſs, to urge me on forbear,
Or make my mournful Song thy care;
Oppreſs'd with Doubts, and mighty Woe,
I'd ſing the Man, that all Mankind ſhou'd know,
How brave he fought, how conquer'd, and how fell,
And in what Cause aſſiſt me whiſt I tell.

Quickly the News was hither brought,
Too true, alas, that he was dead,
And all our Expectations fled;
But yet we would not entertain the Thought.
Between th' extreams of Hope and Fear,
Confus'd we ſtood the Truth to hear,
Until 'twas made at laſt too plain,
Beyond all doubt the great unconquer'd Man was
(ſlain.

Forgive

Forgive me, *Heaven*, that *impious Thought*,
 At first I question'd your *Supreme Decree*,
 Love to my *King* the Madness wrought,
 And Grief for the World's Loss, the brave
 (DUNDEE.

Oh! frail Estate of Things below,
 Well to our cost your emptiness we know.
 Scarce from the *fury* he had pass'd
 Of a mistaken factious *Race*,
 But other Dangers follow him as fast,
 And trace him as he goes from *Place* to *Place*.
 His *Friends* desert, his *Foes* pursue,
 Yet still undaunted he goes on;
 New Dangers but his *Mind* and *Strength* renew,
 So Brave, so Just and Good was this unalter'd Man.

Tho' much o'er-match in *Men and Arms*,
 His *Cause* and *Courage* only best,
 And his Example far above the rest:
 Firmly resolv'd he meets the *numerous Foe*,
 But first with *cheerful Anger* in his Face,
Soldiers and *Friends* he spoke, I'm sure you know,
 For what Intent, and for whose sake we go;
 And then he bow'd, and briefly told the Case.

His Speech to his Soldiers.

A *King* Entail'd by long *Descent*,
 Equal almost to Time in its extent,
 Robb'd of his *Throne*, for sure it must be so;
 Nor *God* nor *Nature* can,
 Only *presumptuous Man*,
 Be guilty of so black an Overthrow.
 What's worse, to palliate the *pretence*
Harmless Religion too is brought,
 Falsly and indirectly us'd,
 And all her sacred *Mysteries* abus'd,
 Beyond what the dark *Sibyls* ever taught. And

And can we bear, my Friends, this great Offence?
Can we stand idle by,
And see our *Mother* robb'd at last condemn'd to
(die?

And not endeavour for some Recompence.

Envy and *Fraud*, *Hypocrisie* and *Pride*,
And bold *Ambition* arm'd for *Parricide*;
The certain loss of *Liberty* and *Laws*,
And *Usurpation* an intolerable Cause.

All these and more, have brought us here;
Let no Man doubt, let no Man fear,
His *Cause* is *Just*, and if he falls to day,
For so by chance he may.

At worst his *Name* shall wear
A large and noble *Character*;
But his exalted *Soul* shall fly
The boundless pitch of vast *Eternity*.

He spoke; his Soldiers much approve,
Despair and *Fear* quit ev'ry Breast,
Rage and *Revenge* their place possess'd:
And then with wond'rous *Order* t'wards the *Foe*
(they mov'd,

But who th' *Amazement* and th' *Affright* can tell,
That on the other *Army* fell?

Or who without *Astonishment* can say,
The *wonderous Things* this great Man did that Day?
In vain their routed *Squadrons* fly,
In vain aloud for help they cry,
The *Battle's* lost, and they must *yield*, or *die*. }

But see of Human Things the brittle state,
The only best, and best deserving Man,
That should have breath'd beyond the *common Span*,
The last that meets *Triumphantly* his Fate;
As he was lifting up his Hand,
To give the finishing Command,

Comes

Comes a malicious random Shot,
 And struck the *Victor* dead upon the spot.
 Methinks I see the wounded *Hero* lie,
 Too good to live, and yet too brave to die;
 I hear him bless his *Cause*, and more he had to say,
 But, oh! the hasty Soul could make no longer stay.

Unconquer'd Man farewell,
 Now thou art gone to dwell
 Where thou shalt be intirely free,
 From all the Curses of *Mortality*.
 No anxious Thoughts shall wrack thy Breast,
 No *Factions* shall disturb thy Rest;
 Nor shalt thou be by *Tyranny* oppress'd.
 Thy *Learning* and thy *Parts*,
 Thy *Knowledge* in the noblest, useful Arts,
 Thy Conversation and thy Wit,
 Spoke thee for *Earth* unmeet, for *Heaven* only fit.
 Live bless'd above, almost invok'd below;
 Live, and accept this pious Vow,
 Our Captain once, our Guardian Angel now.
 Live and enjoy, those great Rewards are due,
 To those who to their Prince are Faithful, Just and
 (True.

When he had finish'd his Poem, he inclos'd it in the following Letter to Dr. Griffith, and sent it the next Night to the Club, which was then at the *Castle Tavern* in *Fleet-street*.

Dear Doctor,

AT your Request I have writ something, which, if you think fit, you may call an *Elegy* upon the *Viscount Dundee*. But in truth, Sir, I am so ill acquainted with that kind of Writing, that I could have wish'd you would have pitch'd upon some Body else for your Operator. As for
 Crambo

Crambo, Acrostick, Anagram, and such sort of *Performances*, I think my self not much below my Name-fake *Durfey*, or any other of the *Gentlemen* of that *Order*; but for this *Elegiack* way, I know no more of it, with respect to his *Holiness* be it spoken, than the *Pope* of *Rome*. I was two Days at least hunting for a *Precedent*, at last I fell in with Mr. *Cowley's Imitation* of *Pindar*, whom I have been so *impudent* to attempt to *Mimick*; so that if this mighty *Production* should ever pass into any other Hands, it must be dignify'd with the Title of a *Pindarick Elegy, in Imitation* of Mr. *Cowley*. But, Sir, to be a little serious, I am afraid I have not treated this great Man's *Character* as he deserves; and withal, I am told Mr. *Dryden* has something of this Nature new upon the *Stocks*, so I must beg of you, upon these and other weighty Considerations, that after you have read over the *Paper* you'll immediately apply it to the proper use. Sir, you see by this how ready I am, and always shall be, to obey your Commands; and to take all Opportunities to approve my self

Sep. 27. 1689.

Your most obedient Servant,

Tho. Brown

England's

England's *Triumph* for their
Conquest in Flanders, in the
Year 1694- when the French
 took Namur, worsted us at
 Steenkirk, and General Tal-
 mash was kill'd at the De-
 scent upon Brest. *A Burlesque*
Poem.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

When People find their Money spent,
 They recollect which way it went,
 The like in order to prevent
 for future.

That Money's spent I need not tell,
 The French King's Tyranny to quell,
 I'm sure we must remember well,
 'tis true, Sir.

But least that we should think it vain,
 Our English Feats I will proclaim,
 And what we did the last Campaign
 in Flanders.

With Money flush'd, and Arms good store,
 We'd touch the French to the quick we swore,
 With that in haste we hurry'd o'er
 Commanders.
 But

But scarce they'd set their foot on shore
But News was brought that *Luxemburg*
Had actually besieg'd *Namure*,

nigh *Liege*, Sir.

This *Action* put 'em in amaze,
And yet if they should make delays,
They thought they hardly e'er should raise
the Siege, Sir.

With that they summon all their force,
Full fourscore thousand *Foot* and *Horse*
That never flinch, nor hang an Arse
when fighting.

But yet all this did prove in vain,
They not an inch of Ground could gain,
There was such *Storms* of *Thunder*, *Rain*
and *Light'ning*.

The Season bad did make 'em fret,
Not that they fear'd the *French* a bit,
But that it was so cursed wet,
raw Weather.

And raise the *Siege* they could not do't,
It was so dirty under foot,
The *French* were strong intrench'd to boot,
together.

On this they frequent Counsels call,
In which they voted one and all,
That least the *French* should chance to maul
the Army,

'Twas better let the *Town* be taken
Provided they could save their *Bacon*;
The *Weather* too in time might happen
less Stormy.

Thus being, as you hear, distress'd,
They think it now high time to rest,
And full two Months they took at least
to do it.

R

When

244 *England's Conquest, a Burlesque Poem.*

When thus refresh'd, then up they rose
And swore if none did them oppose,
They'd be reveng'd, and make their *Foes*
to rue it.

Away they march with full intent
To pay these *French* a Complement,
And drub them to their Hearts content,
but mark, Sir.

The *French* their coming understood
And therefore lin'd a little Wood,
Where they their *Party* did make good
'till dark, Sir.

These cunning Rogues had manag'd so
That we receiv'd another blow,
Which might have prov'd our overthrow,
pray mind it.

Here our poor *English* go to pot,
Because, forsooth, it is their Lot
To undergo all *Service* hot,
we find it.

We had about *seven thousand slain*,
But that is nothing in the main,
Considering what we hope to gain
next battle.

Then we'll recover all again,
With one of ours we'll kill them ten,
'Till we have wasted all their Men,
mere rattle.

But now tho' this *Attempt* did fail,
W'had still a *Trick* that would prevail,
And make *Monsieur* his Stars bewail,
with Sorrow.

We had a *Project* under-hand
That soon would make him understand,
He must no longer keep the *Land*
h' had borrow'd.

This

This noble *Whim* to execute
A mighty *Fleet* was fitted out,
And *Talmash* is the Man must do't,
or no Man.

Away he goes, with might and main,
To try if he could footing gain,
But there the *Gallant Man* is slain,
brave *Roman*.

Namure we saw to *France* submit,
At *Steenkirk* w' had enough of it,
And the *Descent* did prove beshit
all over.

Our *Conquest* thus at length you view,
And how the *French* we did subdue,
Our *Triumphs* next I will to you
discover.

The *Tower Guns* were all prepar'd,
And *Fire-works* on *Lighters* rear'd;
But what came on them, I ne'er heard
a verbum.

In Houses all Folks set up Lights,
Only some sawcy *Jacobites*,
Who were all put to mortal frights
to curb 'em.

First came the *Guards* to clear the way,
And next a 'Squire in Boots of Hay,
Upon a *Nag* most miserably
Jaded.

Masons and *Bricklayers* with their Rules,
Join with the other *Rout* of *Fools*,
Who were to be the *Party's Tools*
perswaded.

Next these in *droves* the Rabble come,
In one Hand Club, in t'other Stone,
Those *Windows* that had Candles none
to batter.

246 *England's Conquest, a Burlesque Poem.*

Last came a *Coach*, in which there sate
Four *Lords*, who went, as *People* prate,
The *General* to congratulate

and flatter.

But after all, it must be said,
Our *Conquest* was not quite so bad,
But they these *Triumphs* merited

and more, Sir.

For never yet, as I presume,
Was *British Prince*, or *Emp'r* of *Rome*,
With *Farthing Candles* lighted Home

before, Sir.

*Mr. Brown's Extempore Ver-
sion of two Verses out of Mar-
tial, occasion'd by a Clamorous
Dun, who vow'd she would not
leave him 'till she had her
Money.*

S*exte, nihil debes ; nil debes, Sexte, fatemur,
Debet enim si quis solvere, Sexte, potest.*

Sextus thou nothing ow'st, nothing I say,
He something owes that something has to pay.

Mr.

Mr. Brown's Character of the Dukes and Dutchessees.

THE *Dukes* we have of several Classes,
Some Wise and Great, some perfect Asses,
Some have quick Heads, some have slow Heads,
Some have great Heads, some have no Heads;
Some have *Courage, Wit* and *Beauty*,
Some have *Honour, Sence* and *Duty*,
And some there be too that have neither,
So they're a *Hodge podge* mix'd together.

The *Dutchessees* likewise are a *buddle* of *Creatures*
That differ as much in their Minds as their *Features*;
Some are Fair, and yet *Vertuous, Religious* and *Good*,
Some Ugly, yet Proud, some *Old* and yet *Lewd*;
And the mischief on't is, that the Breed is so cross'd,
In an Age or two more all the *Good* will be lost;
For if whoring goes on as it has done of late,
We shall have all *Bastards* at the head of the *State*.

Mr. Stacy going to visit *Mr. Brown* in a Morning,
found him in Bed; and, after some Complaints for
want of Sleep, he repeats to him the Verses following,
which he call'd a Morning Whim.

Great God of Sleep, if now thou art awake,
And hear'st the Vows poor watchful *Mortals*
(make;
Raise all the Vapours under thy Command,
And make each Rebel Sex pay homage to thy Wand,
All Things but I a peaceful *Sabbath* keep,
The Sea it self is wearied into Sleep,
All hush'd and calm, forgets that e'er it roar'd,
And all its noise is but as if it snor'd.

248 *An Ode in Imitation of Mr. Oldham.*

Doubtless some happy *Lovers* now may lie,
Immers'd in Joys, and dread thy Company;
Leave them all loose to bliss, but fetter me,
What I a Blessing call, they'll count a Robbery.
Let them pursue with Vigour their delight,
And in short slumbers pass away the Night;
But touch me quickly, with thy charming Rod,
That I may *sleep* and *dream* that thou'rt a God.

*To the memory of Mr. Hender
Silly, of Trevalvar in Corn-
wall. An Ode in Imitation of
Mr. Oldham.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

TWas a great *Truth*, spoke by the wisest King,
That better is the Day of *Death*,
Than that curs'd *Day* that gives us Birth;
Since nothing here can any Comfort bring,
And Life, at best, is so unfix'd a thing.
In vain, alas in vain,
With so much care and Pain,
We strive a little longer time to gain:
'Tis *nonsense*, all that we can do.
Our utmost *Arts* are *nonsense* all;
Diseases, *Death* and deep *Despair*,
Attend us ev'ry where,
And upon wretched Men do undistinguish'd fall.

Farewel

Farewel the last, and of thy *Race* the best,
For thee *Trevalvar* hangs its Head ;
Thy Tenants and thy Servants too,
With deep and unexhausted Woe,
Lament their *Generous Master* dead.
But why do I disturb the good *Man's* rest ?
Vain *Muse*, to urge me on forbear,
We cannot reach his *Character* ;
His worth deserves a better Pen.
Poor artless me——
Shall only foil his *Memory* ;
His worth deserves an *Oldham's* Muse,
And *Oldham* sure would not refuse
To place his Name i' the highest *Rank* of Men.

Oldham, forgive me, I invoke thy Name,
Thou that so well couldst raise
Thy dearest *Morments*, and thy *Master's* Praise,
To th' utmost pitch of unexhausted Fame.
Thy *Friend* and mine were surely near ally'd,
For *Virtue* both, and noble *Acts* compleat
Above *Design*, above *Revenge* or *Pride* ;
Great without *Pomp*, and without *Grandure* great ;
They were no *Apes* nor *Peacocks* of the Town,
No fluttering *Creatures* only fit for shew,
They were indeed, as all that knew 'em own,
Above the common size of every thing below,
To speak 'em both in one *Epitomy*,
They were what ev'ry brave Man is, and ev'ry one
(should be,

Farewel, dear Friend, again farewel,
Now thou art gone to dwell
Where thou shalt be intirely free
From all the *Curses* of *Mortality*.
This Life is nothing but a *Name*,
And all our noise of *Wealth* and *Fame*,

250 *A Preface to the English Marshal.*

Is merely but an *empty sound*,
That like a *Taper* under Ground,
Goes out as soon as found.
Why should we then his Loss complain?
Why should we wish him here again,
To run another round of *Sickness, Care and Pain*?
And yet 'tis pity he should die,
Without the Pomp of *Elegy*;
Great Men and Good should be the *Muses care*,
And *Ages* yet to come, their *Virtues* share.
And surely none could be more fit than he
To be a *standing Guide* to late *Posterity*.

*A Preface sent by Mr. Brown to
the Author of the English
Marshal, &c. Printed 1699.*

Without formal *Petition*
Thus stands my *Condition*,
I am closely block'd up in a *Garret*,
Where I *scribble* and *smoak*,
And sadly invoke
The powerful assistance of *CLARRET*.
Four *Children* and a *Wife*,
'Tis hard, on my *Life*,
Beside my *self* and a *Muse*,
To be all *cloath'd* and *fed*,
Now the *Times* are so dead,
By my *scribbling* of *Dogg'rel* and *News*.
And what I shall do,
I'm a *Wretch* if I know,
So hard is the fate of a *Poet*;
I must either turn *Rogue*,
Or, what's as bad, *Pedagogue*,
And so drudge like a *Thing* that has no wit.

My

My *Leve's* all Duns,
 Attended by *Bums*,
 And my *Landlady* too she's *Teazer*,
 At least four times a day
 She warns me away,
 And what can a Man do to please her.
 Here's the *Victualler* and *Vinter*,
 The *Cook* and the *Printer*
 With their *Myrmidons* hovering about, Sir.
 The *Taylor* and *Draper*,
 With the *Cur* that sells *Paper*,
 That in short I dare not stir-put, Sir.
 But my *Book* sure may go,
 My Master *Ovid's* did so,
 And tell how doleful the *Case* is ;
 If it don't move your *pity*
 To make short of my *Ditty*,
 'Twill serve you to wipe your *Arfes*.

*A Letter from Mr. Brickland,
 an Oxford Taylor, to Mr.
 Thomas Brown, with Mr.
 Brown's Answer.*

Lightning and Destruction, Mr. Brown, what do you mean? My *Wife*, my *Man* and I, have been these three Days in pursuit of you, to no purpose. My *Wife* has been at all your haunts, from *Boccardo* to *Frier Bacon's Study* ; my *Man* has hunted all *Holywell* and *St. Giles*, and I, my self, have been at all the Ale-houses and Bawdy-houses in *St. Thomas's*, *St. Towl's* and *St. Ann's*, but the Devil a word was to be heard of Mr. Brown. When you have no *Money* you're easie enough to be

be found ; then you're to be heard of at *Mother Carpenter's*, or at *Hart's*, *Harding's*, or some other of your *Offices*, where either you, or any of your *Comrogues* have any Credit. What the *Devil*, is the Devil in you, to keep a *Body* out of a *Body's Money* when a *Body* wants it? *Gad's Flesh and Blood* you'd make a *Body* mad : And there's your two Pupils, *Heywood* and *Gosney* too, owe me for two *Suits* and a *Gown* each, and have put me off with their *flim flams* for this five Months; but I'll be serv'd so no longer by them, nor you, nor no *Body* else. I'll get leave, and one *Writ* will serve you all, and have you I will, if among the *Living*; and to *Boccardo* you go, and there you shall lie 'till you're as rotten as so many *Medlers*. 'Tis a very hard Case, that you'll spend the *Money* you had sent you, and neither your *Bed-maker*, *Washer-woman*, nor any of your *Creditors*, of which I am the chief, should have one Shilling. This is the old way ; but look you, Sir, your shams shan't always serve your turn, and I am resolv'd to be as troublesome and malicious as I can, unless speedily paid, and then you shall find me your humble Servant, as formerly, to command,

John Brickland.

*From my House, near
the May-pole, Sept.
27. being Saturday.*

As soon as this Letter came to Hand, *Tom Summons* a *Committee* to meet at *Mother Carpenter's*, to consider what Answer was fit to be return'd in an *Affair* of so great *Importance*, where 'twas concluded *Mr. Brown* was the properest *Person* to draw it up, which he did in the following manner, and superscrib'd, *To Mr. John Brickland, Taylor in Oxon.*

We

We the under-written *Simon Heywood, Richard Gosney, John White, Stephen Townsend, and Thomas Brown*, having maturely consider'd the Purport of your *Charge*, drawn up against us in an *Epistolary Remonstrance*, dated from your own *House*, near the *May-pole*, 27th of *Sept.* being *Saturday*, do think it necessary, in behalf of our selves and the rest of your *Customers, Under-graduates* of the *University of Oxford*, to observe to you, that long *Trust* and good *Manners* are the most exemplary *Qualifications* of a *Taylor*, and the surest way for you to preserve your old *Customers*, gain new Ones, and recover your *Debts*. But, Sir, we must give you to understand, that if you continue to treat us in this *Contumelious, Enigmatical* and *Scandalous* Manner, we shall immediately proceed to such *Terms of Resentment*, that will not only oblige you to restrain your *Wife* from such unnecessary *Pursuits*; but likewise consult such other *Methods* as for the future shall engage both your self and Man to keep your selves more strictly within the limits of your own *Jurisdiction*. Look you, Mr. *Brickland*, this is our *Resolution*, that if you should, for the time to come, disturb us any more with your *dunning Epistles*, or attempt to put us under any other *Difficulties*, we shall not only put our selves upon our *Guard*, and endeavour to repel force with force; but withal, unanimously determine not to pay you one Shilling for these twelve Months next ensuing the date hereof; but if you keep your Temper, give good Words, and more Credit; if we, or any of us shall have any just Occasion, then you may depend upon it, when the next Returns come, you shall assuredly come in for a snack, according to the true Intent and Meaning of these *Presents*. Given under our Hands this 5th day of *October*, &c.

*A Letter to Mr. Musidorus
Burghope, late Curate of Cler-
kenwel, upon his being dis-
appointed of a Preferment pro-
mis'd to him by a Friend at
Court.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

I find, *Dorus*, thy dependance is as *Romantick* as thy *Name*; with what Justice or Probability could'st thou expect *Preferment* from the single Promise of a *Courtier*; didst thou know 'em as well as I, thou wou'dst not have hanker'd after one of 'em so long, and spent so much precious Time in making *Cringes* and *Grimaces* to a mercenary *Varlet*. Indeed I thought thou hadst had so many living and dead *Precedents* before thee, that thou hadst wanted no Caution, otherwise I would have been Impertinent, and sent thee one of my own. I beg you, Sir, to excuse me for being so free, and believe it nothing but the mortal *Aversion* I have to these *Court Parasites* could induce me to it. I confess 'tis a rude way of condoling with you upon so great a Disappointment, which I know you must take this to be, but I protest I can't help it. I all along dreaded the Consequence, I knew you was neither Knave nor Fool enough to come up to their Expectations, and without being
eminent

eminent in one of those Characters, there is very little Expectation. I could dwell spightfully upon this Subject for an hour or two, but I'm afraid I have press'd it too far already, so will only for a Conclusion add this short Stanza, which has swam at top of my Brains, ever since I heard of your Miscarriage.

Fly this ungrateful *Town*, all *Courts* despise,
And ne'er disturb thy *Soul* with thoughts to rise;
Ne'er think thy *Merits* can *Preferment* get,
But be a *Rogue*, and then you may be great.

Vertue has no *Prerogative* at *Court*,
It only serves 'em there for *Scorn* and *Sport*.
The *Knaves* and *Villains* rise, the good *Men* fall,
And the same *Fate* does still attend you all;
Then let us try to find some safe *Retreat*,
Where we may live secure, but never great,
Where we may laugh at *Fools* and *Knaves* of *State*,
And be above *Contempt*, below all *Hate*,
In a safe, honest, middle *Country State*. }

I am, Sir, your very humble Servant,
and fellow Sufferer,

June 29.
1698.

T H O. B R O W N.

*Mr. Brown upon the four Verses
writ by Mr. John T---ham in
the Parliament House of Office.*

AS a Member fat shiting, belching and spewing,
Near the Place that's appointed for the Nati-
(on's undoing,

A Motion unlucky his fancy did hit,
So he pull'd out his Pencil and Writ as he shit,

Our Fathers took Oaths as of old they took Wives,
To have and to hold for the term of their Lives:

But

But we take our Oaths as our Whores for our ease;
And a Whore and a Rogue may part when they
(please.

*Mr. Stacy's Letter to Mr.
Brown, with Six Queries in
Metre, with Mr. Brown's
Answer.*

Dear Tom,

THis impertinent young Coxcomb has sent his *Irish Valet* this Morning with the *Queries*, who says his Instructions are to stay 'till they are done. I believe the Fellow takes us for a brace of Cobblers, that can make forty or fifty Verses as soon as they can set on a pair of Heel-pieces. I don't know how the Spirit may move you, but I can tell you, for my own part, you kept me up so confounded late, and gave me so much of that nasty heavy Port, that I must be drawn through the Sheets four times at least, before I shall be fit for any thing. I think, *Tom*, as Cases stand, 'tis not adviseable to disoblige this Spark; prethee therefore get up, and think upon some sort of Answer, and send it to me by two a Clock; you know him better than I, and so are the best Judge what kind of Dogerel will best fit his *Constitution*; at five I'll be at *Sam's*. Interim

Hora septi-
ma mane.

Adieu.

The

The Queries.

Query 1.

Whether he be a *Member* of the *Old* or the *New*
(Church,
That would set up a *Whig* 'gainst a Son of the true
(Church?

Qu. 2.

Or whether he merits the Name of a *Priest*,
That makes his *Office* a *Tool*, and *Religion* a *Fest*?

Qu. 3.

Whether he, as things stand, be a fit *Legislator*,
That's by Nature a *Whig*, and a *Monarchy* bater?

Qu. 4.

Or whether the *Nation* may with safety depend,
On the Man that's untrue to his *Trust* and his *Friend*?

Qu. 5.

If a *National Church* ben't in dangerous Condition;
That purely pretended for *Place* or *Commission*?

Qu. 6.

Or whether it may not be fairly suspected,
But the *Church* is undone if the *Bill* be rejected?

SIR,

According to your Summons, I have sent Solutions to the 'Squires Important Queries; and I think, without Vanity, I may venture to affirm I have in all respects adapted 'em so well, that neither he nor you can find fault. I am confident I am as profoundly dull as he can pretend to, tho' that's no easie Matter, I can assure you; for, between you and I, 'tis as difficult upon some Occasions to be dull as to be witty, &c. At five I'll be with you at the Coffee-House, and hope you'll take care that the 'Squire shall be there too, that he may pay for his Curiosity. A Capon and Six Bottles is the
prime

prime Cost, and *Glover* has the best Wine in Town.

Yours,

T. BROWN.

Answer 1.

Without consulting the Stars, you may, Sir, conclude,
That he that a Whig on the House would intrude,
Can have no good Esteem for the Old and the True (Church,
But inclines to the Party would bring in a New (Church.

Ans. 2.

Those Prelates and Priests that their Office divide,
And Vote with the Faction against their own Tribe;
Take 'em which way you will, they're half Knaves
(and half Fools,
Or a mixture of both to make proper Tools.
Such Wretches as those are a scorn to the Name,
To the Church, to the Clergy, to Religion a shame.

Ans. 3.

The Foes to the Church and the Crown are unfit,
In Places of Trust, or Preferment to sit;
They cannot be faithful, pretend what they will,
The Cause is in Nature, and the Whig's a Whig
(still.

Ans. 4.

I cannot conceive how the Realm can depend
On a Man that's unjust to his Word, or his Friend;
For sooner or later he'll find out a way,
How to save his own Head, he his Prince may betray.
If with Pride, or Revenge, or with Int'rest he burns,
The Brute, like the Dog, to his vomit returns.

How unhappy's the Prince, how unhappy's the (Nation,
When from Rascals, like these, they hold Preserva-
(tion?
Such

Such Villains as these all honest Men hate,
They're a Snare to the Crown, and a Curse to the
(State.

Ans. 5.

The Church is most certain in dang'rous Condition
When made a pretence for a Place or Commission,
When Rebels and Fools are in Dignities plac'd,
And Learned Men slighted, and Loyal disgrac'd:
Let them grumble and snarl like the Dog in the
(Manger,
It can ne'er pass with me, but the Church is in
(Danger.

Ans. 6.

If this Bill be rejected, as indeed I suspect,
The Whigs will soon find their mistake by th'effect;
For the Friends to the Church will never give o'er,
'Till they've rescu'd her quite from Fanatical
(Power.

They will never stand by, and tamely survey,
Rebellion gain ground, and Religion decay,
Whilst the Qu---n is their Friend, and Duty com-
(mands,
'Tis nonsense to think that they'll hold their Hands.
No, no, they'll proceed to secure the Church still,
Tho' the B----ps and Whigs should throw out the
(Bill.

S

A

*A short Satyr upon an Occasional
Conformist, made at the Castle
Tavern in Fleetstreet, the
Night the House of Lords
threw out the Bill to prevent
Occasional Conformity.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

YOU cursed Nonconforming Conformist,
Your wicked Practice puts me in amaze!
The Church and all Religion is your Jest,
And you'd use neither, but to serve your Cause.
With false Pretences you do basely gild
That holy Principle call'd Conscience fake.
In you are Satan's Oracles fulfill'd,
If you do good 'tis purely out of hate.
You cry up Loyalty, the Qu---n and Church,
But what that means, 'tis easie to foresee,
You want the Power to leave them both i'th' lurch,
And so at once destroy the Monarchy.
And you can swear too, then again forswear,
And yet you say an Oaths a sacred Thing;
Such wicked Oaths once cost poor *England* dear,
Witness the barbarous Murder of the King.
You take your Oaths as Lawyers take their Bills,
First take it, then express your canting dread,
As they their Clients, you the Factionous Tribe
By wicked Arts, and in Paths destructive lead.

You

You Non-conforming Conformist beware,
'Tis insolent to play your Tricks with Heaven.
Such Villany as yours does Justice dare,
And rarely, very rarely is forgiven.

*A Whig Psalm, to the Tune of,
Hey Boys up go we: Sung
at Dr. Burges's Meeting-
House, the Sunday after the
Bill to prevent Occasional Con-
formity, and the Resumption
Bill was brought into the House
of Commons.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

Come all you Whigs of every sort, and let's to
(plotting fall,
For if these cursed Bills should pass we should be
(ruin'd all;
These Bills our Modern Friends destroy, those
(Friends so well respected,
Then let us Pray and Plot, and Plot and Pray these
(Bills may be rejected.

Mr. Brown's Character of the Jacobite Clergy, found among his private Papers, and suppos'd to be writ upon the Occasion of Mr Stacy's Answer to the Satyr against the French King.

THE Jacobite Clergy are such a Generation of Vipers, so envenom'd with the poysonous Pamphlets of the *Observator*, that you would swear they had made it their Business to swallow those weekly *Pasquils*, and that the Sayings of that bewitching Author being digested in their Stomachs, was turn'd to real Nourishment. They are a numerous Gang, and haunt *Sam's* Coffe-House in Shoals, where they sit croaking like Frogs in *March*, against the Government. If they are of the Tribe of *Levi*, the only reason to be given for it is this, that they are so butcherly inveterate against the *Sichemite* Whigs, upon pretence that they have ravish'd their Sister *Dinah*, the Church. They cannot study for hearkening after News, and in Parliament time the Court of *Request* is so crowded with 'em, as if the Pope's Consistory sate in the *Painted Chamber*. If they can but get to be a Lord's Chaplain, they immediately whip on a long Scarf, and then *Lucifer* was not prouder when he exalted himself upon the Mountain of the Congregation of *Israel*; and yet these Scarfs are easily come by, for a Man that shew'd the Poppet Play of the Creation of the World the other day, may lay as good a Title to one if he could but slubber over a few Prayers in a Lady's Family.

The

They are a sort of mere Divinity Meteors that run whisking up and down, to misguide the wandering People, and vent their undigested Conceits as the wind of their airy Fancies agitates them. You cannot perceive 'em to be Cripples, and yet there is not one of them but halts innormously between God and *Baal*. They pretend to be Protestants, but with an extraordinary Inclination to Popery. Strange that such hot-headed Sparks as these should pretend so much to Passive Obedience, but that's a Vertue which they only think fit for the Practice of others, not for themselves. They make use of it as House-breakers do of their little Engines called Betties, to force open Mens Consciences, that they may have the better Opportunity to rob them of their Understanding. Touch them in their Interest, and these presently cry out, 'Tis better to serve God than Man; and their King, *de Jure* instantly commences rank Tyrant. To have done with 'em; their vain Hopes perswade them to obey King *James*, and their groundless Fears to disobey King *William*; and thus they hope in a Popish Prince, and are afraid of a Protestant King; abandon the Happiness they may expect from the one, and feed themselves with empty Expectations from the other; like some Men, they are afraid of Heaven, and chuse rather to relie upon the Devil's Civility in the future State.

In short, they are the Dregs, and *Caput mortuum* of Humane Society, fit for nothing but to be thrown upon the Dung-hill; or, if they may be said to serve for any thing, 'tis only to provoke the Anger of Heaven, and to be the Combustible stuff to kindle the general Conflagration.

That they may have two Strings to their Bow, that upon the return of their Idol, they may be in a readiness to fall down and worship his Will and Pleasure. If the Church of *Rome* would but release her Penances, their Work were done; for tho' they have an unmerciful Inclination to the whipping of others, they have a mortal Aversion to it themselves. They are the *Pompeys* and *Cæsars* of Divinity, and can endure neither Equals nor Superiors; and rather than a Dissenter should be one among them, if it were in their Power they would Sacrifice them all to *Moloch*. They say that *Nebuchadnezzar* did very well to throw the three Dissenting Children into the fiery Furnace, because they would not conform to the Church by Law Establish'd. Had they liv'd in the Time of the Ten Persecutions, what glorious riddance would they have made among the Non-conforming Christians; or, if any thing would have sav'd a Remnant, it must have been their Doctrine of Passive Obedience. They Idolize King *James* as the Heathens did their false Gods, first make the Idol, and then Worship it themselves. Tyranny is the *Moloch* to which they would offer not only their own Posterity, but their Native Country, 'till they had made *England*, in a literal Sense, like the Valley of *Gehinnom*. They pretend to be the true Sons of the Church of *England*, and yet treat her in all respects like a Step-Mother, by offering the price of her Preservation to the Mercy of her profess'd Enemies; and in so doing they presume to avoid the Characters of Traytors by betraying themselves; as if the Church would ever be able to give them suck, after they assisted in cutting off her Nipples, from whence it is plain, that they are neither well read, either in Scripture or *Machiavil*, tho' it shows as truly that their Inclinations are better fitted

fitted for Politicks than Divinity. All this while how they should be so tenderly affected for the Misfortunes of King *James* is a wonder, when they are so generally Uncharitable and Censorious one towards another.

They would be the best Marks-men in the Universe if they could bring but a great Gun, as well as a little Text, to bear upon all they aim at. To prove Episcopacy, they flubber over all other Scripture, and take this, *Sirs, what shall I do to be sav'd?* because the Greek word *Sirs* signifies *Lords*, that therefore they were all Bishops that were spoke to.

Another, to preach up Kingly Government, chose for his Text, *seek first the Kingdom of God*, not the Commonwealth of God, nor the Aristocrasie of God, but the Kingdom of God, *ergo* Kingly Government is the best Government. Another, to prove Non-resistance, finds out that *Abraham* begat *Isaac*, and from thence infers, that if *Abraham* had not been *Sarab's* Master, and inhabited with her, he had never begat *Isaac*. Another, to shew the Unlawfulness of the Bill of Exclusion, quotes this Text, *It is not lawful to do evil that good may come of it.* Another, to prove the excellency of the Monarchy, picks up these Words, *When there was no King in Israel every one did that which was lawful in his own Eyes*; for had there been a King in *Israel Michab* had never made a graven Image, nor had the Concubine been Ravish'd. And thus their Sermons and publick Discourses are a sort of Lampoons upon Scripture, which they make use of to impose upon the People, and dress it up in ridiculous Interpretations, to the Diversion of the worst of Libertines. They pray to Heaven as if they believ'd there was no God, or sought at least to

make him the Author of their mischievous Contrivances.

They vent all their most fervent Ejaculations for King *James* over their Coffee, and in their Cups, as if they believ'd that God was a favourer of Popery, Slavery and Tyranny, and yet at the same time would have us think, that they believe him a God of Mercy, Truth and Justice. But whatever they would have us believe of 'em, 'tis but an ill sign of their Sincerity to hear them invoke the Divine Favour upon the known Enemies of the Religion, Laws and Liberties of their Country.

They set up King *James* like the brazen Serpent, thinking to be safe by looking upon him, when stung to Death by the fiery Serpents of the Church of *Rome*. Look into their Conversation and you'll find them Wine-bibbers to the highest Excess; they commonly move from the Coffee-House to the *Dog*, or the *George* and *Vulture* Tavern, where they consult upon Measures to choose proper Persons for Sheriffs and Parliament Men; nor are they less addicted to the Smock, in all probability, it being their Principle to love every thing best, especially Religion, with the Heels uppermost. When they get into their Pulpits they throw about their spiritual Granadoes with so much Heat and Violence, that you would think in good earnest they were storming a Conventicle; every Word carries a flash with it enough to singe the whole Congregation.

And this methinks should put some check to the extravagant Proceedings of some of your Dissenting Brethren, and let you see that the Constitution of *England* was too valuable a thing to be ventur'd
upon

upon a Compliment. Now you have so far enjoy'd the benefit of your much desir'd Liberty, 'tis fit you should look into the Danger and the Means, and upon this view the same Reasons that made you so solicitous to procure a Liberty should make you no less careful to preserve it ; and, in order to that, nothing can be propos'd more advantageous than not to engage your selves beyond the possibility of a Retreat.

There are certain Periods of Time and Opportunities, that being once lost, make all Cautions ineffectual, and all Remedies desperate ; our Understandings are often subject to be hurried by the first Heats of any thing, which, if not restrain'd in time, seldom give us leisure to look back 'till 'tis too late. Consider this in the Case of your Resentment against the Church of *England*, and take warning from their Mistakes of the same kind, when, after the Restoration, they retain'd so much of the bitter Taste of your rough Usage to them when you had got the Power, that it made many of them forget their Interest, and sacrifice it to their Revenge.

Either you will blame this Proceeding in them, and for that reason not follow it, or you must allow it, and then you destroy all the Causes of your present Resentment ; so that you must either dismiss your own, or forfeit your Excuse, except you argue more partially than ought to be suppos'd from Persons of your Judgment and Morality.

If you object, that you have been handled with a great deal of Rigour, the sense of that ill Treatment to your selves should make you abhor the Repetition of it to others ; besides, as the common Danger hath taken off the edge of all Severity,
and

and chang'd the Spirit of Persecution into Unity, Peace and Condescension, why should this happy Change only affect the Church of *England*. Are you so desperately in love with Separation as not to be mov'd by this Example, which, I am confident, ought to be follow'd, if it were for no other Cause than that it is a Noble and a Christian Vertue.

If it should be said, that the Church of *England* is never humble but when she's out of Power, the Censure would soon appear Unjust, Uncharitable, and ill Tim'd ; for at this very hour, even in the heat of your present Sun-shine, notwithstanding all that can be suggested to you to the contrary, the Church of *England* can, in a moment, bring Clouds again, and turn the Royal Thunder upon your Heads ; the least glimpse of her Compliance would blow you off the Stage, and throw you back into your former state of Suffering ; and yet the Church of *England*, with all her Faults, will not allow her self to be rescu'd by such Unjustifiable Means, but chuseth to bear the weight of Power, rather than lie under the burden of being Criminal.

It cannot be said that she's unprovok'd, Books and Letters come out every day, and call for Answers, and yet she will not be stirr'd. From the suppos'd Authors and the Style, one would think they should be Undertakers, and had made an Agreement to Quarrel. There are Lashes in every Address, and Challenges to draw the Pen in every Pamphlet, and still she continues Passive, and only looks upon these small Skirmishers as little Picqueeters which are only sent out to begin a Fray among the Protestants, which must end in the Entertainments

tertainments as well as Advantages of the Church of *Rome*.

I beseech you, Sir, think a little who they are that promoted your former Persecutions, and then consider how absurd it will look to be angry with the Instruments, and yet at the same time make a League with the Authors of your Sufferings.

Consider that the imply'd Conditions of your new Treaty are no less, than that you are to do every thing you are commanded without any Examination, and that for this pretended Liberty of Conscience, your real Freedom is to be sacrific'd. Your former Faults hang like Chains still about you ; you are let loose only upon Bail, the first Act of your Non-compliance sends you to Gaol again.

You have formerly blam'd the Church of *England* for going so far as they did in their Compliance, and yet as soon as they stop'd, you see they are not only deserted, but prosecuted. Conclude therefore from this Example, that you must either break off your Friendship, or resolve to have no Bounds in it. If they do not succeed in their Design they will leave you first, if they do, you must either leave them, or else, after the squeamishness of startling at a Surplice, be forc'd to swallow Transubstantiation.

Remember that the other Day those of the Church of *England* were Trimmers, for induring you, and now by a sudden turn you are become the Favourites. Do not deceive your selves, it is not the nature of lasting Plants thus to shoot up in a Night ; you may look gay and green for a little time, but you want a Root to give you a Continuance

Continuance. It was not so long since that the Maxim was, it is impossible for a Dissenter not to be a Rebel; and, take my Word for it, their Opinion of you is not very much alter'd, tho' in the present Conjunction they may look a little more pleasantly upon you.

Sir, to come to a Conclusion, the Protestants have but one sure Article of Human Strength, on which they may safely depend, and that is, not to lose the advantage of their Numbers, by being so unwary to suffer themselves to be divided.

We all agree in our Duty to our Prince, our Objection to his Belief must not hinder us from seeing his Vertues; and our not being of the King's Religion, should in no respect affect our Allegiance. We ought not to be laugh'd out of our Passive Obedience and Non-resistance, tho' even those who perhaps owe their whole Security to those Principles, secretly make a Jest of them.

Let us still be quiet and undivided, and firm at the same time to our Religion, Loyalty and the Laws, and then 'tis next to impossible that our great odds should lose the Bett; except the Church of *Rome*, that has been so barren of Miracles for so many Centuries, should now, in her declining Age, be brought to Bed of a new one that would out-do all the rest she can boast of in her Legends.

To trouble you no longer, the short Question will be, whether you will join with those that must inevitably run the same Fate with yourselves. If Protestants of all sorts have been to blame, they are upon equal Terms, and for the same Reasons ought to be reconcil'd. Our disunion in this Juncture is not only a Disadvantage,
but

but a Reproach to us. Those that believe in Modern Miracles have more Right, or at least more Excuse to neglect all Secular Cautions; but for us it is as justifiable to have no Religion, as 'tis warrantable for us to throw away all Human Means to preserve it.

I am, Sir,

Your most Affectionate Servant,

T. B.

The

*The State Auction, consisting of
many useful Books and Pictures,
with a Summary of what they
Treat of.*

I. Divinity Books.

The Infallible Director for a Benefic'd Clergy-man.

BEing one of the most useful and valuable Books of the Age, demonstrating, that a fat Pre-ferment is the surest Guide to a scrupulous Conscience, and ought to weigh more with the Incumbent than the stale Precepts of the Gospel, or the Canons and Constitutions of the Ancient Fathers of the Church; attested by most and best Dignitaries, Parsons, Vicars and Curates, that liv'd at the latter end of the last Century.

Sold by Richard Balwin, at the Sign of the Pilgrim, near Doctors-Commons.

II. *The Practice of the present Church of England.*

A choice Treatise, proving that the Majority of the benefic'd Church-men concur, not only with the Doctrines of *Luther, Calvin, Knox*, and all the late Fanaticks, but even with the Jesuits themselves in their Doctrines of Resisting, Deposing and Murdering Kings, as often as they oppose them, either in Interest or Principle.

Written by D. Burnet, and sold in the Palace-yard, Westminster.

III. *The new Obligation of Oaths.*

An Elaborate Piece to shew that Self-Preservation is the only True, Substantial and Immutable Law, and that all other Laws, both Divine and Humane, are subsequent to it; and consequently, that all Oaths opposite to it are *ipso facto*, null and void, in themselves. And that whatever Oaths shall be impos'd to Capacitate us to live in a freedom from Suffering, and enable us to indulge ourselves in Ease and Luxury, are lawful, and ought to be taken without the least Reluctancy or Consideration.

With an Appendix to prove, that by the same Rule by which we may disengage our selves from Oaths of State; we may likewise dissolve all private Contracts, when any Inconveniency or Hazard seems to require it.

Sold by Algernoon Bray, at the Sign of the White Dog with the blue Collar.

IV. *The right Use of Parliaments, after the Modern way, &c.*

Containing Arguments to demonstrate, that a Prince that has a well Offic'd and Pension'd Parliament, can never want any Supplies he shall think fit to demand; and that none ever had the true Art of Government, who attain'd not to that Perfection, shewing, that the Laws owning the King to have the sole Power of making Peace and War, would be defective, without a Ductile and Complying Parliament. And withal, that 'tis absurd and ridiculous to acknowledge the Prince to be Head of the Church and State, in the Politick Capacity, and wants the like Influence which the Head, in the

the Natural Body, hath over the Members. With a Corollary proving, that it is but a Feather in such a Princes Cap, and an empty Title to style him Sovereign, who is not in reality so, over the collective Representative of the People, in Parliaments, as well as over the diffusive Body of them in Cities and Villages.

Printed by C. B. and T. N. and inscrib'd to the Right Honourable his Majesty's Keeper of the Privy Purse.

V. The Bishops the surest Courtiers.

A Treatise writ by a Prolocutor lately deceas'd, to prove the necessity for all Princes to preserve the Hierarchy rather than Presbytery, according to the old Maxim, *No Bishop, no King*. With an Appendix, deducing by particular Instances, how steady and resolv'd the Bishops have been to pursue the Directions sent to them from Court, tho' never so opposite to their former Preachings, Principles and Practice.

To which is added, by way of Advice, that the Honourable Members of the House of Commons, who chanc'd to be over voted in the Bill for preventing Pensioners and Officers for the future; have the greatest reason to shew their utmost Gratitude to the Right Reverends, who, by their dead weight, turn'd the Scales, and reinstated the Commons in a future Capacity to serve themselves, and to join with others in the Destruction of the Kingdom.

Writ by a Reverend Count Palatine, and sold by the Faction-Broker, at the Sign of Doctor Oates's Head.

At which Place is likewise to be seen the Picture of an Occasional Conformist, drawn after the Modern manner, with Lawn Sleeves under a Cloak.

Cloak. 'Tis the first of the Kind that was ever heard of in *England*; and, as some say, the only one that was ever seen in the World.

VI. *Five to One are odds at Foot Ball.*

Being a very Learned and useful Tract, wherein is attempted to be prov'd, that Lords ought to yield to Knights, Knights to Esquires, Esquires to Gentlemen, Gentlemen to the Mob, because they are more numerous, and are sure to have the Advantage at Club-Law.

Together with necessary Admonitions that smaller Numbers never contest with the greater for Privileges, but rather tamely submit to such as by their special Grace and Favour, they will allow them.

With a *Memento* not to forget when the Supreme Authority voted the Lords House useless and dangerous.

To which is subjoin'd, an Encomium on those self-denying Lords, who chose rather to forego their own Privileges, than obstruct the Supplies, in which they themselves were to be sharers.

As also a Premonition to several of the Members of the Honourable House of Commons, to be preparing themselves against the next Sessions, to repeal the Act for the frequent meeting of Parliaments, particularly the present one, lest the Perquisites should be lost which the Members of former Parliaments us'd to enjoy.

Compos'd by Sir Humphry Lackland, for the use of his new Establish'd Chimerical Silver Society.

VII. *Good Wits Jump.*

Being a Dialogue between a Member of the Rump Parliament, and a Modern Member of that now in being; wherein the Rump-Member would insinuate, that the same Principles, Laws and Counsels are now avow'd and preach'd, as were in the Year of Grace 1641, and so on to the Death of *Oliver Cromwel.*

With a Transition, to shew the absurdity of observing the Anniversary of the thirtieth of *January*, or celebrating the fifth of *November*, for the Preservation of King *James* the First, the whole Royal Family, and the two Houses of Parliament, any further than as an Induction of our Joy and Gratitude, for a much greater Blessing which befel the Nation upon the same Day, by the Landing of the Prince of *Orange*; to preserve the Laws and the *English* Constitution, and to defend the Nation against Popery, Slavery and Arbitrary Power.

Together with many solid Arguments to prove, that the Solemnity of the Restoration of King *Charles* the Second, on the 29th of *May*, ought to be for ever abolish'd; and one on the 13th of *February* establish'd in the Place, that the whole Nation may be rightly inform'd, that in the Opinion of our present Governors, the last Blessing was far greater than the first, and tended more to the Preservation of the ancient Monarchy, and the Advantage of the Church of *England.*

Written by William Prin, the younger, and Publish'd by Mr. A. Smith, and are to be had at the New Exchange.

VIII. *The Sovereign Power of Mobbism.*

A most Learned and Compendious Work, shewing the Common People are the Original of Power, with Demonstrations to prove, that whoever can manage them right, has a just Title to the Supreme Government.

With a digressive Argument, setting forth, how easily the Magistracy in *Holland* have been chang'd, and sometimes *De Witted*, when the Mob was in the Interest of the Stadt-Holder.

Written by Captain Tom's Secretary, for the use of Spittle-fields, Clare-market and Westminster-hall.

IX. *An infallible Device never to want Soldiers.*

A Political Discourse, demonstrating, that the laying insupportable Taxes and Impositions upon the Subject, and not providing for the Security of Trade and Manufacture, is a certain Expedient to bring the Nation into such a State of Poverty, that the Majority of the People in a little time will be under a necessity of Lifting themselves for Soldiers, purely for the want of Bread.

N. B. This Work was begun some Years since, and the Author finding it to be experimentally true, has been prevail'd with to make it publick, and recommends it earnestly to the Commissioners appointed to raise the Soldiers and Seamen, for the Year ensuing.

Printed for the use of the Keepers of the Savoy, and propos'd as a Guide to all Beadles, hir'd Constables and Recruiting Officers. Price One Penny.

X. *The New Project of Kidnapping.*

A brief Discourse illustrated with Copper Cuts, wherein the true Methods of Impresssing Men for the Sea-Service, and then selling them, and turning them over to Land Officers, is fairly represented, and however contrary to *Magna Charta*, and all the Laws of *England*, is demonstrated to be absolutely necessary for the more effectual raising the necessary Recruits to fill up the Regiments that suffer'd in the terrible Sieges in *Flanders*, or that perish'd for want of Necessaries in *Spain* and *Portugal*.

Dedicated to all Pretenders to Liberty and Property.

XI. *Expectance better than Fruition.*

An ingenious Tract, shewing, that the best way to keep the People in Subjection, and to borrow Immense Sums, is to offer them treble Interest for their Money, upon Funds which can never answer the one half.

Translated by a Prime Minister of State, from a Dutch Original, and now publish'd for the Information of all whom it concerns. Sold at Mercers Chappel, the Royal Exchange, and Lombard-street, with Mr. L-----n's Annotations.

XII. *Look before you Leap.*

Or, a necessary *Caveat* to all that are inclin'd to lend Money upon the Publick Faith, setting forth the Advantage of Stock-jobbing, and humbly proposing, that since so many Insurers are march'd off a select Committee may be chosen out of
of

of *Exchange-Alley*, to advance Money at something under *Cent per Cent*.

Printed for the Brokers, Scriveners, and Stock-jobbers, and sold at Jonathan's, and most of the Coffee-Houses in and about the Royal Exchange.

XIII. *The Magick of Words.*

Being a Treatise of great Worth and Antiquity, wherein is prov'd, beyond Contradiction, that in the two Words, Liberty and Property, there are more powerful Spells than ever were invented by the Magicians of the Ancients. And shewing by a series of undeniable Instances within less than a Century, these Words have destroy'd more than a Million of Men, Women and Children. Great Monarchs have been Murder'd and Dethron'd, Kingdoms Dismembred and turn'd into Commonwealths by 'em ; and yet, like the Delusion the Devil is said to use to Witches, there is seldom any thing real in the Pretence. After all Arts us'd to apply these Words, to mad and terrifie the People, they have commonly left Religion more unsettled, Liberty more enslav'd, and Property more endamag'd, than when these State Magicians rais'd the Tempest by the Charms of them.

Writ by a Learned Historiographer, for the use of Associators, Agitators and Covenanters. Printed by Ezekiel Firebrand, at the Sign of the Crocodile; with Notes and Animadversions. By Julian the Apostate.

XIV. *An Infallible Cure for a decay'd Memory.*

Being an Account of a great and wonderful Cure, perform'd upon the 9th of *January* last, upon a Right Reverend old Prelate, who having

so intirely lost his Memory, that he could not remember a Message of the last Importance that was sent to him upon a Publick Concern, for twelve hours, wherein his own Interest was no ways concern'd, yet, by the help of this Recipe was brought to his Remembrance again, and oblig'd to own his Neglect, and to beg Pardon.

To which is annex'd Infallible Remedies against Ingratitude and Disobedience; being an Extract from Dr. P---ce's Collections, Author of the History of the Restoration, and dedicated to all true Lovers of their Prince and Country, particularly to the Earl of B—— and the old Bishop of W---ton.

XV. *The Picture of Great Britain in a Hand-barrow, carried by two Dutch-men, to the top of a Precipice.*

Being a Piece extreamly proper for the Galleries and Stair-cases of Noblemen and Gentlemen's Houses, and may serve well enough for a Chimney-piece for Clergy-men, Officers, &c. to put 'em in mind of their *Dutch Deliverers*.

XVI. *Proposals for establishing an Office for the Insurance of Principles.*

Where any Person that will bring his old Principles with him, and leave them in the Office, may have his new ones insur'd, *Gratis*, for any term not exceeding twenty Years, provided that no more Revolutions happen in the time limited.

Sold by the Auctioneer in the Picture Room adjoining to the Court of Request.

XVII.

XVII. *Doctor No-Church, the Latitudinarian Physician's new Survey of Religions.*

In which, among other useful things, the Doctor pretends to demonstrate, that according to the Modern Distinctions, a Socinian, Deist, Presbyterian, Anabaptist, Quaker, Independent, &c. may be virtually compromis'd in one and the same individual Church-man.

Printed for Adam Tennor and Samuel Carrant, and are to be sold at most of the Latitudinarian Booksellers in London and Westminster.

T 4

Some

*Some Paradoxes presented for a
New-Years Gift, by the Old
to the New Orthodox, and may
serve for an Index to the Re-
volution.*

1. **T**O make it the blackest of Crimes in Fana-
ticks to depose *Charles I.* because he was
the Sovereign Lord the King, and yet to make it
no fault in some Church of *England* Men, who
now openly avow the same Principles, and would,
if it were in their Power, do the very same thing
to their Sovereign Lady the Queen.
2. To keep a Fast still for Beheading the Father,
and yet observe a Day of Thanksgiving for turning
out his Son.
3. To pretend a Reformation from former A-
buses in Church and State, and yet neither to be
Reform'd from the Authors of them, either in Po-
liticks or Morals, nor the Principles or Measures
that lead to them.
4. To make the Preservation of the Lineal Suc-
cession a great Reason for the Revolution, and at
the same time to make the Revolution the main
handle for setting up a Commonwealth.
5. To assert that the Crown is elective, and the
supream Power in the People, and yet to plead the
Royal Prerogative as often as it serves a turn, either
in Interest or Politicks.

6. To make the Revolution pass for a Reformation, and yet in a short time to find it absolutely necessary to make strong Provision against Imprisonments, False Witnesses, Partial Tryals, Corrupt Judges, and Pensionary Parliaments.

7. To attempt the Violation of all Laws, in Opposition to the Prerogative, and yet alledge Prerogative for the Punishment of particular Persons, and to evade the security of the Liberty and Property of the Subject.

8. To think it Bribery in King *Charles II.* to take off Sir *Th---- O---* and Sir *Th--- L---* by Preferments, and yet think it none in another Prince to Bribe and Corrupt a third part of the House of Commons.

9. To be perpetually exclaiming against Popery with Popish Confederates, and setting up for Monarchy and Episcopacy, by the Assistance of the States General, *Scotch* Covenanters, and *English* Fanaticks.

10. To have a tender fence of the Protestants of *France*, and at the same time to Confederate with their greater Persecutors in other Nations.

11. To pretend to Conquer *France* in the compass of a Year, who are more at unity than ourselves, three times bigger, and as well skill'd in War, with a Wife, as well as an Absolute Prince at their Head.

12. To hope to save *England* by Ways and Methods that most sensibly decline and exhaust it, rather than by a timely Accomodation.

The

*The Fable of the Plague among
the Beasts, in Imitation of Mr.
La Fountain.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

ONE time a mighty *Plague* did pester
All Beasts *Domestick*, and *Silvester*.
The *Doctors* all in *Consult* join'd,
To see if they the *Cause* could find ;
And try'd a world of *Remedies*,
But none could conquer the *Disease*.

The *Lyon*, in this *Consternation*,
Sends out his *Royal Proclamation*,
To all his loving *Subjects*, *Greeting*,
Appointing them a solemn *Meeting*.
And when they're gather'd round his *Den*,
He spoke, *My Lords and Gentlemen*,
I hope you're met full of the *Sense*
Of this devouring *Pestilence* :
For sure such heavy *Punishment*
On *common Crimes* is rarely sent.
It must be some *Important Cause*,
Some great *Infracti'on* of the *Laws* ;
Then let us search our *Conscienc'es*,
And ev'ry one his *Faults* confess ;
Let's *Judge* from biggest to the least,
That he that is the foulest *Beast*
May for a *Sacrifice* be given,
To stop the *Wrath* of angry *Heaven*.
And since no one is free from *Sin*,
I with my self will first begin.

I have done many a thing that's ill,
 From a *propensity* to kill ;
 Slain many an Ox, and what is worse,
 Have *murder'd* many a gallant Horse ;
 Robb'd *Woods* and *Fens*, and like a *Glutton*,
 Devour'd whole *Flocks* of *Lamb* and *Mutton* ;
 Nay, sometimes, for I dare not *Lye*,
 The *Shepherd* went for *Company*.
 He had went on, but *Chancellor Fox*
 Stands up, What signifies an Ox ?
 What signifies a *Horse*, such *Things*
 Are honour'd when made Sport for *Kings* ?
 Then for the *Sheep*, those foolish *Cattle*,
 Not fit for *Carriage*, or for *Batle* ;
 And being tolerable Meat,
 They're good for nothing, but to eat.
 The *Shepherd* too, your *Enemy*,
 Deserves no better *Destiny*.
 Sir, Sir, your *Consciences* is too nice,
 Hunting's a *Princely Exercise* ;
 And these being all your *Vassals* born,
 Just when you please are to be torn.
 And, Sir, if this will not content you,
 We'll vote it *Nemine Contradicente*.

Thus after him they all confess,
 They had been *Rogues*, some more, some less ;
 And yet, by little flight *Excuses*,
 They all got clear of great *Abuses*.
 The *Bear*, the *Tiger*, *Beasts* of fight,
 And all that could but scratch and bite ;
 Nay, even the *Cat*, of wicked Nature,
 That kills in Sport her fellow *Creature*,
 Went Scot-free, but his *Gravity*
 An *Afs* of stupid *Memory*,
 Confess'd i'th' Road to *Tunbridge-Fair*,
 His Back half broke with wooden *Ware*,

Chancing

Chancing unluckily to pass
 By a *Church-yard* full of good *Grass*,
 Finding they'd open left the Gate,
 He ventur'd in, stoop'd down and ate.

Hold, says *Judge Wolf*, these are the *Crimes*
 Have brought upon us these sad *Times* ;
 By several *Acts of Parliament*
 'Tis *Sacrilege* ; and this vile *Ass*
 Deserves to dye for eating *holy Grass*.

The Fable shews us poor Mens Fate,
Whilst Laws can never reach the Great.

Mr. Brown's Letter to a Dis-
senting Preacher, occasion'd by
his joyning with the Papists in
their Attempts upon the Penal
Laws and Test.

S I R,

SINCE Addresses are so much in fashion, give me
 leave to make one to you, which being nei-
 ther the effect of Fear, Interest or Resentment,
 you may be sure is Sincere ; and for that Reason
 I cannot suspect but it will be kindly receiv'd :
 Whether it will have Power enough to convince
 you, must depend upon the Reasons it brings, of
 which you your self are to be the Judge ; and up-
 on Preparation of Mind to receive it, whenever
 Truth is laid before you : Neither ought it to be
 the less welcome because it comes from a friendly
 Hand,

Hand, and from a Person whose Esteem for you is in no respect lessen'd upon the Account of our difference in Opinion.

I am neither surpriz'd nor provok'd, considering your late Circumstances ; and that you stood charg'd with the Bill of Exclusion, and the Rebellion ; that you should use your utmost Efforts to make your selves less uneasie and obnoxious to Authority. Men who are in pain, often have recourse to the nearest Remedies, without considering the Consequences, and will hardly be prevail'd with to turn their Ears to the best Advice that can be given, 'till the smart is a little allayed.

I do not know whether the Warmth that naturally belongs to new Friendship, may make it a harder Task for me to perswade you. 'Tis like telling young Lovers, in the beginning of their Joys, that in a little time they'll have an End ; and such an unwelcome Style doth not easily find Credit. But I will suppose you are not so far gone in your new Passion, but you will yet hear me with Patience and Attention, whilst I offer to your Consideration these two things—The first is, the Cause you have to suspect your new Friends ; and the second, the Duty Incumbent upon you, not to hazard the Publick Safety upon any Motives drawn from the prospects of Interest, Ease or Revenge.

To the first——Consider, that notwithstanding the smooth Face that the Papists now put on to engage you, these new Friends do not make you their Choice, but their Refuge. They always made their first Court to the Church of *England*, and being rejected there, they must in
course

course come to you ; of which I could produce many Instances, if there was an occasion, particularly *Coleman's* Letter, and the Journals of Parliament, from whence you may be thoroughly convinc'd, that they only design you for their Properties, mere Instruments to introduce a Liberty of Conscience, which they intend to destroy, as soon as it has answer'd their Ends.

To establish an Alliance between Liberty and Infallibility is to bring together two of the most contrary things in the World——The Church of *Rome* does not only dislike the Allowance of all sorts of Liberty, but by its Principles is oblig'd to the contrary. Wine is not more expressly forbidden to the *Mahometans*, than giving Hereticks Liberty is to the Papists ; they are no more able to make good their Vows to you, than a Man married, and his Wife alive, is capable to perform his Contract with another Woman ; the continuance of their Kindness would be a habit of Sin, of which they are to repent, or to die unabsolv'd, and be damn'd. You are therefore to be hugg'd now, only to fit you the better for squeezing at another time.

There must be something certainly very extraordinary upon the Stocks, when the Church of *Rome* sets out Bills, and offers Plaisters for tender Consciences. By all that hath hitherto appear'd, her Skill in Chirurgery, lies chiefly in a quick Hand, to cut off Limbs, but she is the worst at healing of any that ever pretended to it.

To run so quick from one extream to another, is such an unnatural Motion, that it ought to put
you

you upon your Guard; the other day you were Sons of *Belial*, now you are Angels of Light; this is a violent Change, and, in my Opinion, you would do well to pause upon it a little before you believe it; for my part, I don't see any of your Features alter'd, how far soever these Gentlemen may have chang'd their Knowledge, and their Opinions of you.

Think a little how dangerous it is to build upon a Foundation of Paradoxes; Popery now is the only Friend to Liberty, and the known Enemy to Persecution. The good Men of *Taunton* and *Tiverton* are above all other eminent for Loyalty, and the Quakers from being declar'd no Christians, are taken into Protection, and made Favourites, and of a sudden are grown the most accomplish'd Men in the Kingdom. Not to say harsher Words, these are such extraordinary Things, that I think in point of Prudence we ought to wait a little to try whether they are Realities or Apparitions; for, by the way, if they are true, we have been a great while under very vile and shameful Mistakes.

But, Sir, give me leave to speak a word concerning the Instruments of your new Friendship, and whether they do not afford Matter of Suspicion. 'Tis a standing Maxim, no Corrosive is to be mix'd where healing only is intended, and therefore I shall say nothing with respect to particular Persons, how great soever the Temptation may be, a Word or two in the general shall suffice—Suppose then, for Argument sake, that the Mediators of this new Alliance should be such as have been formerly employ'd in the same Negotiations, and should be fully directed to act by secret Commissions, and to be empower'd to give
large

large Encouragements and Rewards. Would not this be a strong Argument to suspect their Fidelity? If they should be under any such Engagements, all their Arguments ought to be look'd upon as false Pretences to cover their real Designs.

If they are Persons who had formerly the Means to perswade by Secular Arguments, and have in truth scatter'd Bribes among the Dissenting Preachers, it must be plain to every considering Person, to be a full Demonstration, rather than a bare Presumption of their Deceit.

And if such there are, I appeal to your self, whether they are not strongly engag'd to continue their Frailty, for fear of being expos'd.

The Arguments of such Men must sure have the less force, considering they come from Men who have Mortgag'd themselves to severe Creditors, who expect a rigorous Observation of the Contract, let it be never so unwarrantable.

If these Men, spirited by Jesuits and Papists, should cry up Revenge against the Church of *England*, may it not from thence be concluded, that they are rather acted by Corruption than Mistake; and those who now clamour loudest for the Repeal of the Penal Laws and Test, only do it under the Apprehension that their Wages might be retarded. And therefore, whilst Noise and Violence is their Interest, those who have not the same Obligations, have no reason to follow their wild and destructive Examples.

If

If there should be Men, who by the Load of their Crimes against the Government, should be bowed down to comply with them against their Consciences, I hope you'll grant, such Men are rather to be pittied than believ'd. Nay, they themselves when they have perform'd their unwelcome Task, will secretly rejoyce that their forc'd Endeavours have not succeeded; and are best pleas'd, when they find their Insinuations rejected.

Let the Scene lie in *England*, or in any other Part of *Christendom*; the Consequence is true, and will afford sufficient grounds to suspect their Conduct. Apparent Contradictions must affect us; neither Nature nor Reason can digest them; self-Flattery, and the Desire to deceive our selves can never get the Mastery of such broad Convictions, as some things now carry along with them.

If then, for these and a Thousand other grounds of Suspicion, your New Friends are not to be Credited; why will you suffer them to dictate to you, and impose upon you. As to the multitude of Addresses that fly abroad Weekly, the first Draughts are made by those who are not very proper Secretaries for the *Protestant Religion*; and it is your part only, to write them out fair, and hand them to the Publick. Strange, that you who have always been so violent against set Forms, should now be content that Priests and *Jesuits* should Indict for you.

The Nature of Thanks, is an unavoidable Consequence of being pleas'd or oblig'd; they grow in the Heart, and from thence shew themselves, either in Looks, Speech, Writing, or Action. No Man was ever thank'd in earnest, because he was bid to be so: Thanks must be Voluntary; not only unconstrain'd, but unsolici-

cited ; else they are either Trifles or Snares ; they either signifie Nothing, or a great deal more than is intended by those that give them ; and if it be so, where's the necessity of tiring half the Post-Horses in the Nation, to Solicit that which should be done without either Trouble or Constraint.

If an Inference should be made, that whosoever thanketh the King for his Declaration, is by that, engag'd to justify it in point of Law ; that is a larger Stride than I presume, all those intend to make, who are perswaded to Address ; or if it should be suppos'd that all the Thankers were for Repealing the *Test*, such an Expectation is better prevented before, than disappointed afterwards ; and the surest way to avoid the falling under such a Scandal, is not to do any thing that may give the least Colour to the mistake.

I know Sir, the desire of Enjoying a Liberty, from which Men have been so long restrain'd, may be a Temptation, that even Reason it self may not at all times be able to resist ; and in such a Case, indifferent Men will be more inclin'd to lament the Occasion, than to fall too hard upon it, whilst it is cover'd with the Popular Apology of a good Intention ; but then, when to *rescue* your selves from the Severity of one Law, you give a Stab to all the rest ; you become Voluntary Aggressors, and look like Counsel retain'd by the Prerogative against your old Friend, *Magna Charta* ; who hath done nothing to deserve her falling under your Displeasure.

If the Case then should be, that the Price expected, from you for this Liberty ; should be the intire Yeilding up your Right to the Laws of your Native Country ; sure you would think twice, before you proceed further in such a losing Bar-

Bargain. If you will set up a Power at one time to help you, which at another will undoubtedly be made use of to destroy you ; you must expect neither to be pitied or reliev'd in such a Case ; your Complaints will come too late to be heard, and your Sufferings will rather incite the Scorn and Contempt of the Nation, than their Compassion.

*A Prologue at a new Farce Entitled,
The Whiggs Festival.*

By Mr. Brown.

Yonder your *Author* stands extreamly Ill,
And yet of perfect *Mind*, thus makes his *Will*.

First I bequeath my *Soul*, when I forsake it :
To him that has the truest *Right* to take it ;
My *Body* next, let me consider well,
To those that will Convey it out of Smell :
My *Worldly Goods* altho' they are but Few,
My *Brother Poets*, those I leave to you ;
And were I sure that they'd accept of it,
The *Rhyming Quality* should share my *Wit* :
To *Daniel*, and his *Friend* the *Observer*,
I leave my *Manuscripts*, and *Scottish Psalter*,
With all my *Volumes* that have Scap'd my *Bum* ;
From the *Wise Masters*, to the Fam'd *Tom Thum*.

Next I *Bequeath*, but let me recollect,
I fain would something leave to ev'ry *Sect* ;
To all our *Grave Divines* where e'er they be,
I leave them, what they want, my *Charity*,
And to those *Prelates* that oppose the *Bill*,
Were I secure, they would not take it Ill ;

To them, and to their Heirs, I'd Give and Grant,
My *Model* of the *Godly Covenant*.

The *Presbiterians* too, I'd something give,
Tho' they're so Rich, I know not what to leave,
Besides, they're Grown so very Proud withal,
They won't accept of any thing that's small;
And yet methinks, 'tis fit that they should have,
Some Marks of my *Remembrance* in my Grave;
Among my *Lumber* they will Papers find,
Writ to inform the *Realm*, what they Design'd;
That they have them, it is my sole *Intention*,
They'll be of use against a *Comprehension* :
The *Quakers* too expect their *Legacy*,
To those *Good men* I leave my *Modesty*;
And let the other *Sects*, that I may'nt wrong 'em,
Take my *Religion* and divide among 'em;
And to *Conclude*, it is my *Will* and *Mind*,
Some Honest wealthy *Cit* would be so kind;
To see all this perform'd, and for his Pains,
To take for him, and for his *Heirs* my *Brains*.

A
Criticism on the STAGE,
OR AN,
ESSAY
UPON
TRAGEDY.

Translated by Mr. Tho. Brown.

IT is my Opinion, that the *French* excel in *Works* of the *Theatre* ; and I believe, I shou'd not flatter *Corneille*, if to many of his *Tragedies* I gave a *Preeminence* to those of *Antiquity*. I know, the *Ancient Tragic Poets* have had *Admirers* in all *Ages* ; but I question whether this *Loftiness*, both of *Place* and *Wit* , ascrib'd 'em by their *Admirers*, has any *solid Foundation*.

To make us believe that *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, are as *Admirable*, as they tell us, we must fancy many *more Things* in their own *Works*, than what we can *learn* from their *Translators* ; and in

my Mind, the Words and *Language* must claim a *considerable* Portion in their *Beauty*.

Through the *Praises* of their most *Renowned* and most *Partial* Adorers, (methinks) I see, and perceive, that *Grandeur*, *Magnificence*, and chiefly *Dignity*, were things very little known by 'em: They were a parcel of *Good Wits*, coop'd up in a *narrow Family* of a small *Common-wealth*, to whom a *Necessitous Liberty* serv'd instead of all manner of *Things*.

Put 'em upon representing the *Majesty* of a great *Monarch*, they scarcely *knew* how to enter on such an *unknown Grandeur*: Their *Senses* were so us'd and *subject* to base and *mean Objects*, that they could hardly *avoid* them.

'Tis true, these *Wits*, distasting such *Objects*, sometimes *heav'd* themselves up to something *wonderful* and *sublime*: But then, they wou'd be ever bringing so many *Gods* and *Goddeses* into their *Tragedies*, that a Man could meet with nothing *Mortal* or *Humane* in 'em: What was *Great*, was *Fabulous*; what was *Natural*, was *Poor* and *Crawling*.

In *Corneille*, *Height* and *Grandeur* is known by it self: The *Figures*, he uses, are *handsom*, when he has a Mind to adorn with some *Ornament* his *Discourses*; but generally, he neglects those *extravagant Sallies*, and does not go a *hunting* into the *Heavens* for something to *set off* that, which is already *considerable* enough on *Earth*: He thinks it sufficient to make a *right Entrance* into *Things*; and the *full* and *just Image*, he gives us, of them, makes that *true Impression*, which Men of *good Sense* love to receive.

In effect, most *Admirable* every where is *Nature*: And when Men have recourse to that *strange* and *borrowed Splendor*, where-with they think to *embellish Objects*, 'tis frequently a *tacit*

Con-

Confession, that they do not know their *Propriety* and true Nature. Hence proceed the greatest part of *Our Figures* and *Comparisons*, which I cannot approve of, unless they come very *seldom*, be altogether *noble*, and altogether *just* : Otherwise, by this *subtile Dexterity*, they seek a *diversion*, to turn a Man's Thoughts away from the *things*, which *themselves* do not understand. Yet what-ever Beauty *Simile's* may have, they agree much better with an *Epic Poem* than a *Tragedy*. In an *Epic Poem* the *Mind* seeks its *Divertisement* out of the *main Subject* ; but, in a *Tragedy*, the Soul being full of Thought, and crowded with *Passion*, does not easily move at the meer *Glittering* of a *Similitude*.

To return to those *Antients*, from whom our Discourse has insensibly Wandred, and that we may do 'em Justice, we must confess, that they have *succeeded* much better in *expressing* the *Qualities* of their *Heroes*, than in describing the *Magnificence* of great *Kings*. A *confus'd Idea*, of the *Glories* of *Babylon*, did rather *spoil* than *exalt* their *Imagination* : But their *Wit* could not commit any *mistake* as to *Strength*, *Constancy*, *Justice* and *Wisdom*, whereof they had evermore *Examples* before their Eyes. Their Sense being disengag'd from *Pride*, in a little *Common-wealth*, left their *Reason* more free to consider *Men* by *themselves*.

Thus nothing *diverted* them from studying *Human Nature*, from applying their Minds to the *Knowledge* of *Vices* and *Vertues*, of *Tempers* and *Inclinations*. By this means, they learnt to form their *Characters* so well, that a Man cannot wish 'em to be more *just* according to the *Age*, wherein they liv'd. Tho' we may be satisfied with *knowing* Persons by their *Actions*, yet *Corneille* did believe, it was *not enough* to make them *Act* ; he

went to the very *bottom* of their *Souls*, to find out the *Principle* of those *Actions*; he descended into their *Hearts*, to see how the *Passions* were form'd, and to *discover* what was most *hidden* in their *Motions*.

As for the *Ancient Tragique Poets*, either they *neglect* the *Passions*, to keep *closer* to the exact *Representation* of *Incidents*, or else they bring *grave Talkers*, even in the midst of *Distress* and *Perturbations*, and give you *starch'd Sentences*, when you expect *Trouble* and *Despair*.

Corneille robs us of nothing of what *passes*, but brings every *Action* into view as far as *Decency* permits: Yet still, to his *Thought*, he gives all the *Extent* it requires, conducting *Nature* without *perplexing* or *abandoning* it too much to it *self*.

What-ever was *barbarous*, he has prun'd off from the *Ancient Theatre*: He has mollifi'd the *Horror* of its *Scene*, by certain *Tendernesses* of *Love*, judiciously distributed: But he has taken no less *Care*, to keep up our *Fear* and our *Pity* in his *Tragical Subjects*, not diverting the *Soul* from those *true Passions*, which it shou'd feel, to those *little* troublesome *Sights* which, tho' varied a hundred times, never cease appearing always the *same*.

What *Praises* soever I give this *Excellent Author*, I do not say, that his *Pieces* are the *only*, that deserve *Applause* upon the *French Theatre*. The *French* have been taken with *Alcyone*, *Sophonisba*, *Mariamne*, *Stilico*, *Andromache*, *Britannicus*, and many others, whose *Excellence* I do not pretend to call in *Question*, by not urging as *Proofs* of my *Affertion*.

I avoid, as much as possible, being *distastful*; and I shall think it sufficient to say, that never any *Nation* could dispute with (ours) the *advantage* of *excelling* in *Tragedies*. As

As to those of the *Italians*, they are hardly worth mentioning ; to *name* 'em only is enough to make a Man Sick : Their *Feast of Peter* would kill the *patientest* Soul upon Earth , 'tis so tire-som ; and never did I see it , but I wisht the *Author* of that Piece *Thunder-struck* with his *A-theist*.

There are four or five *English* Tragedies, in which many things ought to be retrench'd ; and with this Curtailing they wou'd be render'd altogether Exact and Compleat.

In all the rest you can see nothing but Matter without Form and Disgestion, an Heap of confus'd Events : And without consideration of Places or Times , without any Regard to Decency ; their cruel Eyes delight to see Blood and Wounds, and most direful Murthers.

To take away the *Horror* of these Things, by *Narrations* and *Recitals* , as is us'd in *France* , would be to rob the *People* of the Sight of what affects 'em most.

Men of Sense do disallow of this *Custom*, established perchance on no very *Humane* Sense in the Minds of Men : But it is an Ancient Habit and Way , wherein the *Nations* Taste in *General* prevails over the *Delicacy* of particular Persons.

To die, is so trivial a thing among the *English*, that to move them there is need of Ideas and Images more dreadful than *Death* it self. Upon this account the *French* reproach 'em with allowing too much to their *Senses* in the Theatre. On the other Hand, the *French* must take that *Recrimination* very kindly from them , of passing into the other Extremity, when they admire such Tragedies only, that have little Softnesses, which make but slight Impression on the Mind. Sometimes their Hearts, being very ill satisfied with a *Tenderness*, which has been ill-drawn , they seek

seek for a *further* Emotion in the *Acting* of the *Players*. Sometimes they will have the *Actor* be more *transported* than the *Poet*, and lend some *Fury*, and *Despair* to a mean Agitation and too common a Grief.

In a Word, that which ought to be *tender*, is only *sweet*; what is to create *Pity*, only causes *Tenderness*: A meer *Emotion* serves instead of the *Astonishment of Horror*.

Something, that is profound and *searching*, is wanting to our *Sentiments*: And the *Passion*, being toucht but by *halves*, excites only imperfect *Motions* in our *Souls*, which do neither leave them in their proper *Seat*, nor yet raise 'em up above themselves.

Upon COMEDY.

AS to *Comedy*, which ought to represent ordinary *Life* and *Common Conversation*, the *French* have altogether turn'd it upon *Galantry*, in *Imitation* of the *Spaniards*; not considering, that the *Ancients* made it their whole *Bus'ness* to represent *Humane Life* according to the *Diversity* of *Humors*; and that the *Spaniards*, to follow their own proper *Bent* and *Genius*, have only describ'd and painted out the *Life of Madrid* in their *Intrigues* and *Adventures*.

I confess, this sort of *Work* among the *Antients*, might have had a much more *Noble Air*, and more *Gallant*: But this was rather the fault of those *Ages*, than the fault of those *Authors*. Now-adays the greater part of our *Poets*, are as little acquainted with the *Manners*, as the former with *Galantry*. You wou'd swear, there are no more Covetous Rogues now living; no more

more Spend-thrifts ; no more Good Natur'd Men, of an Humour fit for Society ; no more People naturally Peevish, Gloomy, and Austere ; as if *Nature* were chang'd, and *Men* had worn out these *several Humors*. Now all are represented under the *same Character* ; the Reason of which I can't imagine, unless it be this, that the *Women* in our *Daies* have found it very *seasonable*, that there ought to be *no Creatures* in the World but *Galants*.

I must acknowledge, that the *Madrid-Wits* are much more *Fruitful* in *Invention* than the *French* : For this Reason, the *Latter* have taken thence the greatest part of their *Subjects*, which they have crowded with *Amorous* or tender *Discourses*, and in which they have put more *Regularity* and *Probability*. The cause of these *Adventures* in *Spain* is, that the *Women* there, are *seldom* or *never* seen ; The Poet's *Imagination* is spent in *Ingenuous* Wayes, to bring the *Lovers* together ; whereas in *France*, where a free liberty of *Commerce* is settled, the Author's greatest *Delicacy* is employ'd in the *tender* and lovely *Expressions* of *Thoughts*.

'Tis not long since a *Lady* of *Quality*, in *Spain*, read the Romance of *Cleopatra* : And happening, after a long Narration of *Adventures*, to fall upon a very Curious and Nice *Conversation*, betwixt a *Lover* and his *Mistress* ; that had an *equal* Passion one for the other : *God bless me*, says she ! *What a World of Wit* is here ill employ'd ? *What signify all these fine Discourses*, when they are got both together ? This Reflection was as pleasant as natural, and *Calprenet* ought to have remember'd, that, to *Lovers* Born under a *Sun* much hotter than that of *Spain*, *Words* were very *useless* on such occasions. But this *Ladies good Sense* would never be receiv'd in the *Ordinary Galantries* among the *French*, where
a Man

a Man may speak a *thousand* times of a *Passion*, before he can be once *believ'd*, and be whole Years making Complaints, before he can meet with the happy Minute of putting a Period to his Torment.

The *Coy thing* of *Moliere*, is ridiculous in the Matter, as well as the Terms, in not reading the Romance backward, when the Serious Affair of *Marriage* is to be Treated with the Parents; but it had been no false Nicety in a Lover, to expect his Declaration, and all that comes by Degrees in the Progress of a Galantry.

As for *Regularity* and *Verisimilitude*, 'tis no wonder, we meet with 'em *less* among the *Spaniards*, than among the *French*: As all the *Spanish* Galantry came from the *Moors*, there *still* remains in't some *relish* of *Africa*, unknown to other Nations, and too *extraordinary* to be *accommodated* to the Exactness of *Rules*.

To this add, that an *old* impression of *Knight-errantry*, which has the ascendant over all *Spain*, does *bias* the Minds of the *Cavaliers* to mighty *silly Adventures*. The *Young Ladies*, on their parts, in their very *Child-hood*, draw in this *Air* from the *Books of Chivalry*, and the fabulous Tales of the *old Women* about them. So that both Sexes fill their Minds with the same Ideas; and equally esteem the *Scruple* of an Amorous Extravagance, as a poore Coldness unworthy of their Passion.

Though *Love*, in no Country what-ever, *takes* very good and *accurate Measures*, yet still this I will say, that it hath nothing very *extravagant* in *France*, either in the *Manner* of it's making, or in its ordinary *Events*. That, which is call'd a *true Passion*, has much adoe to *preserve* it self from being *Laught at*: For the *People of Quality*,
being

being engaged in several *Cares* and *Employs*, never devote their *Thoughts* to it, as the *Spaniards* do amidst the * *Inglorious Ease* of *Madrid*, where there is no *Motion*, but what proceeds from *Love*.

* In the French *Inutilité*, which I render in Virgil's Language, *Ignobile Otium*. Georg. lib. 4.

At *Paris*, the continual *Hurry* of the *Court* ties Men up to the *Function* of a *Charge*, or else the *Design* of an *Employment* keeps them awake; *Fortune* prevailing over the *Mistress* in a *Place*, where the *Custom* is for a *Man* to prefer what is his *Interest*, before what he *Loves*: And the *Ladies*, who are to regulate themselves accordingly, have more *Galantry* than *Passion*, and besides do make use of their *Galantry* to dive into *Intrigues*.

There are very few, who are not sway'd by *Vanity* and *Interest*, which makes Things go the easier on both sides; for the *Galant* makes use of his *Mistress*, and She of her *Galant* reciprocally, to attain their particular *Aims* and *Designs*.

Love will always intrude and mingle with this *Interest*; but seldom or never gets the *Mastery* of it. For the *Conduct*, which Men are oblig'd to keep in their *Affairs*, does adapt and fashion 'em to some *Regularity* in their *Pleasures*, or at least distances them from any *Extravagant Actions*.

In *Spain* to *Live*, is to *Love*: What they call *Love* in *France*, is only to talk of *Love* [in Propriety of speaking] and to mix vain *Galantries* with the sentiments of *Ambition*.

These differences being considered, no *Man* can think it strange, that the *Spanish Comedy*, which is nothing else but the representation of their

their Adventures, shou'd have as *little* Regularity as the Adventures themselves; nor any more can he admire, that the Comedy among the *French*, which follows the Customs of their Country, shou'd keep up those *Respects* in the representation of their *Amours*, as *they* commonly keep in the *Amours themselves*. I confess, *good Sense*, which ought to be a *Native* of *all Countries* in the World, does *establisth certain Things*, which in *no* part can be withal *dispensed*. Yet it's a hard matter, o' my Word, not to allow *much* to Custom; since *Aristotle* himself, in this *Art of Poetry*, sometimes places *Perfection* in what was believ'd and thought *better* at *Athens*, and not in what was *really the most perfect*.

Comedy hath no more Priviledge than the *Laws*, which ought not *all* to be founded upon *Justice*; yet nevertheless have *particular* discriminations according to the different *Genius* of the People, that make them. And if a Man be obliged to preserve the Air of *Antiquity*, if he is to keep up the *Character* of *Hero's*, that are dead two thousand Years since, when he represents 'em upon the Stage, how can he *not* follow the *Humors*, and fit himself to the *Manners* of those *now alive*, when he represents to their Eyes that which they do every day themselves?

Yet what Authority soever *Custom* is pleas'd to assume, yet undoubtedly *Reason* holds the *Primary Rights*; but its *Exactness* ought not to be *harsh* and *rigid*. For, in *Things* designed purely for *Pleasure*, as *Comedy* is, it is unkind and *troublesom* to *enslave* a Man to an *Austere Order*, and to begin with the *Rack* in *Subjects*, where we only seek for *Diversion*.

Upon Italian COMEDY.

YOU have heard what I had to say of the *French* and the *Spanish* Comedy : I shall now tell you my *Thoughts* of the *Italian*. I shall not speak of *Amyntas*, *Pastor*, *Fido*, *Phillis*, *Cyrus*, and other Comedies of the *like* Nature. A Man must understand the *Graces* of the *Italian* Tongue a great deal *better* than I do : For, tho' I am charm'd with *Amyntas* perhaps *more*, than any *Italian*, 'tis because I make a *thorough* Passage into the Poets *Mind*, and apprehend the *Things* more *sharply* than the *Verses*. On the *other* hand, in this Discourse I design to speak of *Comedy*, as it is *ordinarily* seen upon the Stage. That which is *skewn* up and down in *France*, of the *Italian* Theatre, is not properly Comedy, since it has no true *Platform* ; the Subject has no *Ligament* to tie the *Parts* together ; nothing of *Character* is well kept, nor of *Composition*, whereby a happy *Wit* is well guided, at least according to some *Rules of Art* : But it is only a kind of *ill-manag'd* Consort among many Actors, where every body supplies and provides of himself, what he judges *fit* for his proper *Person* : 'Tis (in short, and to speak my Mind) a *Medly* and Heap of impertinent *Tuneable* Words in the Mouths of *Inamorato's*, and cursedly foolish *Buffooneries* in those of *Zanis*.

You can see nothing of *true Judgment* any where, but *false Wit*, which reigns either in very *heavenly-minded* Thoughts, as *Suns*, *Stars* and *Elements*, or in an Affectation of *Nawite* and plain-dealing, that has nothing of *true Nature*.

I confess the *Buffoons* are *inimitable*: And among the hundreds of Imitators or *Posture-Masters* that I have seen, there has not one come near resembling them in their *Grimaces*, their *Motions*, their *Agility*, their *Feats of Activity*, their *Disposition to change* their *Faces*, as they please. I know not whether the *Mimi* and *Pantomimi* among the *Ancients*, had any great *Advantage* over them, tho' we read very *wondrous* things of 'em. 'Tis certain a Man must *love* such *Railery* and *unhappy Merriment*, to be *really* affected with what he hears. He must also be of a very *Grave* and *Composed* Humor, not to *laugh* at what he sees: And 'twould be a too-too-much *affected Moroseness*, not to be pleased at their *Acting*, tho' a Man of a *delicate Ear* would not take any *Pleasure* in their *Discourse*.

All *Representations*, in which *Wit* bears no share, are *troublesome* at the long-run; but yet they fail not to *surprize*, and be agreeable sometime before they grow *troublesom*, as *Buffoons* divert a *Man of Sense* only by *whiles* and *Interims*. The *Art* is to put a *stop* to it in due time, and not allow the *Mind* space to *return* to the *Justness* of thinking and *Discourse*, and to the Idea of *undisguis'd Nature*. This *Oeconomy*, as it is wanted, so it is to be desired and *wisht* for in the *Italian Comedy*. For the *first Distast* is follow'd by a *new Trouble* much more wearisom; and the *Variety* instead of *refreshing* you, brings only a new sort of *Drooping*.

In few Words, when you have been most *unmercifully* tired with the *Buffoons*, that have staid too long on the Stage, to *compleat* your ruin the *Amorous Hot-spurs* appear. This, in my Opinion, is the last and *utmost Punishment*, that can be inflicted on a *judging* Person; and a Man wou'd have greater Reason to prefer *ready* and immediate

ate *Death* to the *Patience* of hearing them out, than *Boccalini's Lacedemonian* had, when he prefer'd the *Gibbet* before that long and tedious *Reading the War of Pisa*, in *Guicciardin's History*. If some one, that is overfond of Life, can weather-out so Mortal a *Lassitude*; instead of recovering himself by some pleasurable Diversion, he finds no *Change*, but presently meets with another dreadful *Bus'ness*, which makes him despair, and think of nothing but a *State of Separation*, and that is the *Doctor*. To describe well the folly of a *Doctor*, I know, it must be done in such sort, that he turn all his *Discourse* and *Conversation* upon the *Science*, wherewith he is possess'd, (even in the worst Sense of the Word;) and that he never answer to what is said to him, but quote a Thousand *Authors*, and alledge a Thousand Passages with such a *Nimbleness* of *Tongue*, as shall put him out of *Breath*: This is to introduce a *Fool* on the Stage; that ought to be chain'd up in *Bethlehem*, and not rightly to manage the *Impertinence* of a *Doctor*.

Petronius has taken quite another way in his ridiculing *Eumolphus*. The *Pedantry* of *Sidias* is otherwise handled by *Theophilus*, to whom the Praise is due, of knowing how to form the most accomplish'd Character, that is bestow'd upon this sort of *Pedants*. That of *Charitides* in *Moliere's Facheux*, is altogether just: Nothing can be taken from it, without disfiguring the Picture. And these are the *Learnedly-ridiculous* Creatures, whose representation would please the *Pit*.

But 'tis a bad Divertisement to a Man of Sense, to bring him a *Wretched Doctor*, whom *Books* have made a *Fool*, and who ought very carefully to be lockt up (as I said) lest the World should see the weak and mean Estate of *Mans Condition*, and the Misery of *Humane Nature*.

Now, that I may not *stretch* too far my *Observations* on the *Italian Comedy*, and to *sum up* all, I have display'd in a few Words; I say that, instead of *agreeable Lovers*, you have only *affected Talkers* of Love; instead of *natural Comedians*, *incomparable Buffoons*, but still *Buffoons*; and instead of *ridiculous Doctors*, poor *mad Scholars*. There is hardly any part but what is forc'd, unless that of *Pantalon*, which is the *least* taken notice of in the Play; and yet the *only thing*, that does not exceed the Bounds of Probability.

Tragedy was the chief Delight of the *Ancient Commonwealth*; and the old *Romans*, endow'd only with a rough Virtue, sought no other Examples in their Theatres, but such as might fortify their Natural Disposition; and entertain their Fierce Habits. When the Sweetness of Wit for Conversation, was join'd to the Force of Soul for great Matters, then they began to be pleas'd likewise with Comedy; and thus, sometimes delighted with great and noble Ideas, and sometimes diverted with those that are agreeable.

As soon as *Rome* came to be *corrupted*, the *Romans* quitted *Tragedy*, and could not endure to behold any Image of the *Ancient Vertue*, on the Stage.

From those days to the *last* of the *Commonwealth*, *Comedy* was the Recreation of *Great Men*, the Divertisement of *Polite Persons*, and the Amusement of a *People* either *Remiss* or *Soft'ned* into Effeminacy.

A little before the *Civil War*, the *Spirit* of *Tragedy* began again to animate the *Romans*, by a secret Disposition of a *Genius*, that prepar'd 'em for the dreadful *Revolutions*, which happen'd afterwards. *Cesar* wrote one, and many Persons of Quality wrote *some* likewise; But the Disorders

ders being calmed under *Augustus*, and *Peace* and *Tranquillity* re-established, *Pleasure* was sought after.

Then came *Comedies* into Play again; the *Pantomimes* were Men in *Vogue* and Credit; and *Tragedy* made a shift to keep up her *Reputation*. Under *Nero's* Reign, *Seneca* entertain'd fatal *Ideas*, which made him compose the *Tragedies* that he had left us: And when *Corruption* was at the Height, and *Vice* general and *A-la-mode*, the *Pantomimes* destroy'd both *Tragedy* and *Comedy*. No longer now had *Wit* any part in the *Stage-Representations*, and only the *Sight* did seek in *Postures* and *Motions*, that might imprint *Voluptuous* Images on the Soul of the *Spectators*.

The *Modern Italians* are satisfy'd to enjoy the same Sun, and breath the same Air, and inhabit the same Land with the *Ancient Romans*. But they have left to *History* that severe *Virtue*, which the *Romans* practic'd, and therefore think, they have no need of *Tragedy* to animate them to hard and difficult Things, which they have no Mind to undertake. As they love the softness of an ordinary, and the delights of a *Voluptuous* Life, so they love to act Plays, that may relate to both; and hence came the mixture of *Comedy* with *Mimickry*, which we see in the *Italian* Stage.

All the *Actors*, that play now, are generally very excellent, except those that play *Lovers*: And not to do them an *Injury*, any more than shew them any *Favour*, I will say, they are very good *Actors*, but have very bad *Comedies*; and perhaps they can't make good ones, and perhaps they have reason not to make such. For one day telling *Cintio*, that there was not *Veri-similitude* enough in their Pieces, he answer'd me, that, *If there were more*, good *Comedians* with good *Comedies*, might go starve. X 2 Upon

Upon English C O M E D Y.

There is no *Comedy* more conformable to that of the *Ancients*, than the *English*, in what respects the *Manners*. It is not pure and *sincere Galantry*, full of *Adventures* and *Amorous Discourses*, as in *Spain* and *France*; but the Representation of humane *Life in common*, according to the Diversity of *Humors*, and *several Characters* of Men. 'Tis an *Alchymist* who, by the Illusions of his Art, entertains the deceitful hopes of a vain *Curioso*: 'Tis a *silly* and *Credulous Person*, whose foolish *Easiness* is eternally abus'd: 'Tis sometimes a ridiculous *Politician*, *Grave*, *starcht*, and compos'd; who shruggs up his *Shoulders*, and pinks with his *Eyes* at every thing, being most mysteriously suspicious; and who fancies he can find *Designs* hidden in the most common *Intentions*, and thinks to discover *Artifice* in the most innocent *Actions* of *Life*: 'Tis a *Whimsical Lover*, *huffing Bully*, a *Pedantick Scholar*, one with natural *Extravagance*, and the other with his ridiculous *Affectations*. Indeed these *Cheats*, these *Fools*, this *Polititian*, with the other *Characters*, being ingeniously form'd, are carried on too far, according to *Frenchmen's Opinions*; as those of the *French Theatre* ly somewhat heavy on the *Stomach* of an *Englishman*. And the reason hereof is, perhaps, that the *English* think too much, and most commonly the *French* think not enough.

In effect, the *French* content themselves with the first *Images* receiv'd from *Objects*: And by stopping them at the meer *Out-sides* of *Things*, an *Appearance* almost always serves instead of *Truth*; and what is *easy*, for that which is *natural*. And here

here I shall say, by the by, that these two *last Qualities* are sometimes very improperly *confounded* together: What is *easy*, and what is *natural*, agree sufficiently in their *Opposition* to what is *hard* or *forc'd*: But when the *French* go about to dive into the Nature of *Things*, or the natural disposition of *Persons*, every Man will confess is not always *easily* attain'd: There is some *Internal* thing, something *hidden*, which they would discover, if they wou'd sound Matters a little deeper. It is as difficult for us to enter in, as for the *English* to get out: They never leave off thinking, till they become *Masters* of the Thing, on which they think; and when they *comprehend* their Subject, they *dig* on still, where *nothing* is to be found, and *surpass* the just and *natural Idea*, which they ought to have, by an *over-profound Enquiry*.

To speak the Truth, I never met with *People* of *better Understanding* than the *French*, who apply themselves to *consider*; and the *English*, that can *break off*, from their *too great Meditations*. But to return to the Freedom of *Discourse*, and a certain *Liberty* of *Mind*, which we ought always, if possible, to *enjoy*; *Men of the best Sense in the World* are the *French* that think, and the *English* that speak. I am insensibly casting myself into *too general Considerations*, and therefore shall resume my Subject concerning *Comedy* again, and pass to a considerable Difference betwixt the *English* and *French Comedy*: And that is, that the *French*, being tyed up to the *Regularity* of the *Ancients*, refer *all* to one *principal Action*, without any other Diversity, than that of the *Means*, whereby they think to bring it about.

We are all to agree in this Point, that one principal Adventure ought to be the only *Scope*

and End of the Representation in a *Tragedy*, wherein the *Mind* wou'd suffer some *violence* in such Diversions, as would turn its thoughts aside.

The *Misfortunes* of a miserable *King*, the fatal and *Tragical* Death of a great *Heroe*, hold the Soul strongly chain'd up to these *important* Objects; and instead of all the *Variety* in the World, it is satisfi'd with knowing the different *Means* that lead to this principal *Action*. But *Comedy*, being made to divert us, and not wholly to busy us, provided that *likelihood* be kept, and *Extravagance* avoided, in the opinion of the *English*, the *Varieties* are pleasing *Surprizes*, and agreeable Alterations; whereas the continual expectation of the *same* Thing, wherein nothing of *Importance* can be conceiv'd, must necessarily create a *Faintness* in our *Attention*.

So that, instead of representing an eminent and signal *Imposture* carried on by Means that refer all to the same End, they represent a notable Rogue with diverse cheats, every one of which produces its *particular* effect according to its proper *Constitution*. As they almost always renounce *Unity of Action* to represent a *principal* Person, who diverts 'em with *different* Actions; so they likewise forsake this Principal Person, to let you take a Prospect *diverse* ways of what happens in *publick* Places to *many* Persons: *Ben. Johnson* has taken this course in his *Bartholomew Fair*: The same thing we see in *Epsom-Wells*: And in *both* Comedies, are comically represented the ridiculous passages in both those places.

There are other Pieces, where (as it were) a *Couple* of Subjects do so ingeniously mingle one with the other, as that the *Mind* of the *Audience* (which might be wounded by an over-sensible change) finds nothing but *Pleasure* in that divert-
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ing *Variety*, which they produce. We must confess, that this is not according to *Law* and *Rule* : But the *English* are persuaded, that the *Liberties*, which are allowed for the greater *Pleasure*, ought to be *prefer'd* before such *exact* *Rules*, as every *barren* and *sleepy Author* can make an *Art* of *plaguing* others withal.

To avoid *confusion*, we ought to observe *Rules* and *Directions*, and to follow true *Judgment* and *good Sense*, which may allay the *Heat* of an *inflamed Imagination* : Yet we are to *undress* those *Rules* of all *tormenting Constraint*, and to banish a too *scrupulous Reason*, which through too *close* embracing of *Justness*, leaves nothing *free* and *natural*.

Those whom *Nature* has sent into the *World* without a *Genius*, being never able to give it to themselves, allow *all* to *Art* which they can *acquire* : And that their *servile observation* of *Regularity* may not go without its due *Merit*, they never forget to decry a *Work*, which is not perfect. As for those that love the *Ridiculous* ; that are pleased with the *Humours* of *Fops* ; that are affected with true *Characters* ; they will find the *English Comedies* excellent, and right for their *Taste* and *Purpose*, as far, and (it may be) more than any they have ever seen.

The *French Moliere*, into whom the *Ancients* inspir'd the *true Spirit* of *Comedy*, equalls their *Ben. Johnson*, in admirably representing the several *Humors* and *Different Manners* of *Men*, both of them in their *respective Paintings*, keeping a *just Regard* to the *Genius* of their *Nation*. I believe, they have carry'd that point as far as the *Ancients* ever did. But it is not to be denied, but that they have had greater *Regard* to *Characters*, than to the *Main* of their *Subject*, the

deduction of which might have been more methodically link'd together, and the unfolding the Intrigues more Natural.

Upon O P E R A'S,

Written to his Grace

The Late Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

IT is a long Time, MY LORD, since I have had a Desire to tell you my *Opinion* concerning *Opera's*, and to write to you about the *Difference*, which I find betwixt the Manner of *singing* among the *Italians*, and that among the *French*.

The *Occasion*, that I had to speak of it, in Company with *Madam* the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*, has rather *increas'd* than *satisfi'd* that *Desire*: Which I now do at length ſatisfy, in this *Discourſe*, which I here ſend you, *My Lord*.

I will begin with great *Freedom*, and tell you, that I do *not* much admire *Comedies* in *Muſick*, ſuch as we ſee 'em at *preſent*. I confeſs, their *Magnificence* abundantly *pleaſes* me, and the *Machines* carry a great deal of *Surprize*; the *Muſick* at certain *Times* is very moving, and the *whole* taken together appears almoſt *Miraculous*: But we muſt likewiſe confeſs, that theſe *Miracles* and *Wonders* are very *troubleſom*; becauſe where the *Mind* has little to do, there is an unavoidable *Necceſſity*, that the *Senſes* languish after the *firſt* pleaſure of *Surprize*, the *Eyes* are taken up and grow weary of being continually fix'd upon
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the Objects. At the *Beginning* of the *Consorts*, the *Justness* of *Concords* is *observ'd*, and there escapes nothing of all the varieties, that can omit to *make* up the Sweetness of *Harmony*. But soon after, the *Instruments* deafen us, and the *Musick* is nothing to our Ears, but a *confused* Noise, where nought can be distinguish'd. Now, who can support the Tedioufness of a *Recitative* Modulation, which has neither the charm of a *Singing*, nor the Pleasant Force of *Speech*? The *Soul*, being *wearied* out with long *Attention*, where it can find nothing to *think* on, looks after some *secret* Motion in it self, that may affect it: The *Mind*, that is vainly *urg'd* upon by Impressions from *without*, lets it self fly at *Rovers*, or else is *dissatisfi'd* with its own *Impertinence*: In brief, the *Tiresomeness* is so great, that a Man dreams of nothing but going out, and the only Pleasure, remaining to the drooping Spectators, is the hopes to see the *Shew* done very soon. The *ordinary* Drowsiness, whereinto I fall at an *Opera*, proceeds hence, That I never saw one, but it appear'd very *contemptible* to me, both in the *Disposal* of the *Subject*, and in the *Verses*. Now 'tis in vain, to *flatter* the *Ear*, or charm the *Eyes*, unless the *Mind* be satisfi'd. My *Soul* being of Intelligence with my *Mind*, rather than my *Senses*, shapes in it self an Opposition to the Impressions, which it may receive; Or at least, it fails to lend a *willing* and agreeable *Consort*, without which even the most voluptuous object cannot afford any great Pleasure. A *Foppery* beset with *Musick*, *Dances*, *Machines*, and *Scenes*, is a *magnificent* *Foppery*, yet still its a *Foppery*: Its a pitiful *mean* Thing under a *Glorious* Out-side, which I look into with much *unwillingness*. There is *another* thing in *Operas* so much *against* *Nature*, that my Imagination is *offended* with it, and that is
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to make the whole Stage do nothing but *sing* from the beginning to the end ; as if the *Persons* represented , were *bound* most ridiculously in *Musick*, to treat of both the most *common* and most *important* Affairs of their Lives. Can any Man fancy, that a *Master* should *call* his *Servant*, or give him Orders for such or such things, while he is *singing* ? that one Friend should declare a *Secret* to another in a Song ? that Men should *deliberate* in a Privy Council *singing* ? or that they should *melodiously* kill one another in a *Duel* ? This destroys the *Wit* of the *Representation* ; which, questionless, is preferable to that of the *Harmony* ; since Harmony ought only to be a meer *Attendant*, and the greater *Masters* of the *Theatre* have added it as a *pleasant*, but not as a *necessary* Thing, after all has been *rightly* ordered, which regards the *Subject* and *Discourse*. However in Opera's the Idea of the *Musician* goes far beyond that of the *Heroe* : 'Tis *Lovigi, Cavallo,* and *Cesti*, that *present* themselves to our *Imagination*. The *Mind*, being unable to conceive an *Heroe* in a *Songster*, is wholly fixt on him that *sings* ; and no body can deny, but that at the representation of the *Palace-Royal*, (we) an hundred times think on *Baptist*, to once on *Thesens* or *Cadmus*. Yet nevertheless, I do not pretend to *exclude* all sort of *Singing* on the Stage. There are such things as *ought* to be sung, and may be, without any Offence to *Decency* or *reason* : *Vows*, *Prayers*, and *Praises*, and generally *every* thing, relating to the service of the *Gods*, have been sung in *all* Nations, and at all times. *Tender* and *dolorous* Passions are *naturally* expressed in a sort of *singing* : The *Utterance* of an *Amour* just in its *birth*, the *Irresolution* of a *Soul* tost and tumbled with several *Motions*, are fit Matter for *Stanza's*, and *Stanza's* for *Song*. Every one knows, that the

Chorus

Chorus was brought upon the *Athenian* Stage; and we must confess, that it may, with as much *Reason*, be introduced upon *ours*: So that this is the *Distinction*, which I make, *whatever* belongs to *Conversation* and *Conference*, *whatever* concerns *Intrigues* and *Affairs*, *whatever* appertains to *Counsel* or *Action*, is proper to be recited by *Comedians*, and *ridiculous* in the mouth of a *Musician*. The *Greeks* made excellent *Tragedies*, wherein *some part* was sung: But the *Italians* and *French* make *wretched* ones, where they sing *all*. If you would know what an *Opera* is, it is nothing else but a *fantastical* Medley, made up of *Poetry* and *Musique*; where the *Poet* and *Musician* being equally *rackt* one by the other, do make a *dull Piece of Work*. Not but that you may find very *pleasant Words*, and very good *Airs*: But most assuredly you will *at last* be *disgusted* at the *Verses*, in which the *Poets Genius* has been mightily *strain'd* and *confin'd*, and the *Musicians* and *Singers* quite *exhausted* and *spent* by so tedious a *Labour*. If I were fit to give advice to our *Men of Sense*, that take much *Delight* in the *Stage*, I should direct them, to *resume* our best *Comedies* into their hands, where *Dances* and *Musick* might be introduced, that would *not* *spoil* the *Play*. The *Prologue* might be sung with very *pleasant Attendances*: In the *Chorus's*, a *Song* would *animate* such *Words* as might seem to be the very *Soul* of what is *Acted*. And then, the *Epilogue* might be sung, or some *Reflection* on the greatest *Beauties* in the *Play*: The *Idea* and *Shaddow* might be *enhanced* and *strengthened*, and the *Impression* more *cleverly* and *lastingly* made on the *Spectators Minds*. 'Tis thus we may find *Satisfaction* for the *Mind* and *Senses*, while we cannot any more desire the *Charm* of *Singing* in a pure *Representation*, nor the *Vigour* of a *Representati-*
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on in the *Drowsiness* of continual *Musick*. It remains still behind, that I should give some *Directions* for all those *Comedies*, wherein *Singing* is put: Which is to leave the *main* Authority to the *Poet* for the management of the *Piece*: The *Musick* should be made *rather* for the *Verse*, than the *Verse* for the *Musick*; it belongs to the *Musician* to follow the *Poets* Order; from which course only *Baptist*, in my Opinion, ought to be *exempt*, for his understanding the *Passions* better, and sinking farther into Mens Hearts than the *Authors* themselves. *Lambert*, undoubtedly, has an *excellent* Genius, fit for an hundred *several* Sorts of *Musick*; and all are well managed with a *Righteous* Oeconomy of *Voices*, and *Instruments*; there is no *Recitative* better *extended* nor better *varied* than his: But as to the *nature* of the *Passions*, and the *quality* of *Sentiments* to be *expressed*, he ought to receive that *Light* from the *Authors*, which *Baptist* is able to give *them* himself, and not to refuse *Direction*, tho' *Baptist* through the *vast* comprehensiveness of his knowledge may very *fitly* be the *Director*. To my discourse I will not put an End, without entertaining you with that *small Esteem*, the *Italians* have for our *Operas*, and the *great Dislike* we bear to those of *Italy*. The *Italians* being altogether imployed about the Representation, and particular Care of *expressing Things*, cannot endure the *French* should call an *Opera*, a *Concatenation* of *Dances* and *Musique*, which have no just *Affinity*, nor *natural Correspondence* with the *Subject*. The *French* being accustom'd to the *Beauty* of their *Entries*, the *Pleasantness* of their *Airs*, and the *Charm* of their *Symphonies*, cannot bear the *Ignorant* use of the *Instruments* in the *Venetian Operas*, and refuse Attention to a long *Recitative*, that becomes *troublesome* by the little *Variety* we meet with in it. I can not tell you properly, what

what their *Recitative* is: It is something *unknown* to the *Ancients*, which we may *define a bad use of Song and Speech*. I confess, I have found *inimitable* things in *Lovigi's Opera's*, both in the expression of *Thoughts*, and the charm of *Musique*: But the *ordinary Recitative* was extream *tiresom*, inso-much as the *Italians* did even *impatiently* expect those *quaint Passages*, that came very *rarely*, in their Opinion. The greatest defects in the *French Operas*, I will comprise in few Words: They think to *come* to a Representation, where they will find nothing represented; they go to see a *Comedy*, where no *Spirit* or *Shade* of a *Comedy* is to be seen. This is what I had to say concerning the *different constitution* of *Opera's*. As to the manner of *Singing*, call'd in *France*, *Execution*, I believe without partiality, that no Nation can reasonably dispute with it. The *Spaniard* is admirably well *dispos'd* in his Throat, but with his *Quaverings* and *Rowlings*, he seems to aim at nothing more, than to contend with the *Nightingal* for the Facility of *Wind-pipe*. The *Italian*, he has a *false Expression* (or at least tis *overdone*) not knowing exactly the nature or *degree* of the Passions: He breaks out into *Laughter* rather, than *Sings*, when he wou'd express some sentiment of *Joy*: If he wou'd *sigh*, you hear such *Sobs* as are violently form'd in the Throat, and not such *Sighs* as secretly escape from the Passion of an *amorous Heart*: At a *dolorous Reflection*, he makes the *Lowdest Exclamations*; Tears of absence become *Funeral wailings*; and the *Melancholly Man* becomes so *sorrowful* in their Mouths, that they send forth *Cries* instead of *Complaints* in Grief; and sometimes they express a *Languishment of Passion* by a *Swoon*. Perhaps the *Italians* have now made *some Alteration* in their way of *Singing*, and better'd themselves by a *Commerce* with
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the *French* as to the *Neatness* of a *Polite Execution*, as the *latter* have drawn *advantage* from them, in the *Beauties* of a greater and more *bold Composition*. I have seen *Comedies* in *England*, where there has been much *Musique*: But to speak of 'em with *Discretion*, in singing I cou'd not *fashion* my self to the *English Singing*. Too late I came to take a *Relish* so *different* from all others. There is *no Nation*, where appears more *Courage* in the *Men*, or more *Beauty* in the *Women*, or more *Wit* in either *Sex*. We cannot have *every thing*, where so *many good Qualities* are so *common*, 'tis not so *great* an evil, that the *true Taste* should be so *rare*; and certain it is, we meet with it very *feldom* there. But *those Persons*, in whom we find it, have it as *nice* and *delicate* as any *People* in the *World*, escaping the common *Misfortune* of their own *Nation* by an exquisite *Air*, and most happy natural parts. *Solus Gallus cantat*, only the *Frenchman Sings*: I would not be *injurious* to all other *Nations* by maintaining what an *Author* has been pleas'd to *promote*: *Hispanus flet, dolet Italus, Germanus boät, Flander ululat, & Solus Gallus cantat*: To him I leave all these *cunning Distinctions*, and think it enough to *found* my *Opinion* on the *Authority* of *Lovigi*, who could never endure the *Italians* should sing *Airs*, after he had heard *M. Nyert, Hilaire*, and *la Petite Varenne*. At his return into *Italy*, he made all the *Musicians*, of that *Nation*, his *Enemies*, by saying openly at *Rome*, as he had done at *Paris*, that, to make the *Musick pleasant*, the *Italian Airs* should be put into *French-mens Mouths*. He made very little *Account* of *French Songs*, excepting *Beausset's*, which he lov'd particularly. He admir'd the *Concert* of [our] *Violins*; he admired our *Lutes*, our *Clavicords*, and *Organs*: He was raviht to hear, the first time, the great *Bells* of *St. Germain des Prez*:

Prez : And what *Charm* might not he have found in our *Flutes*, if they had been in use at *that time* ? This is certain, he was mightily *disheartned* and *dissatisfi'd* with the *Rudeness* and *Harshness* of the *greatest Masters* of *Italy*, when he had tasted the *tender way* of *moving*, and the *Neatness* and *Manner* of the *French*. I should be too partial, if I spoke only of [our] *Excellencies* : There is no People, that have a more *slow apprehension*, both as to the *sound* of the *Words*, and the *Mind* of the *Compositor* as the *French* : Very few there are, that understand the *Quantity less*, and and with more trouble find out the *Pronunciation* : But after, *long studying* has made 'em overcome all those *Difficulties*, and they come once to *comprehend* what they sing, nothing comes near them. The same thing befalls 'em in *Instruments*, and particularly in *Consorts*, where nothing is very *sure* or *just* but after *infinite Repetitions* ; yet nothing so neat and *handsome*, when the *Repetitions* are done. The *Italians* go deep into *Musique*, and bring their *Science* to our *Ears* without any *Sweetness*. The *French* are not satisfi'd with taking away from the *Science* the *first Roughness*, which smells of *Labour* in *Composition* : But also in the *secret* of *Execution* they find a *charm* for our *Souls*, and something in it self so *moving*, that makes it's way to our *Hearts*. I had forgot to talk with you concerning *Machines* ; so easy is it, to forget such things, as we would have retrench'd. *Machines* may satisfy the *Curiosity* of *Ingenious Men* in *Mathematical Inventions*, but upon the *Stage* they can never please Persons of *true Judgment*. The more *surprizing* they are, the more do they *divert* the *Mind* from its *Attention* to *Discourse* : And the more *admirable* they appear, the *Impression* of this *Admiration* doth leave the *Soul* the *less* exquisite *Sense* and *Tenderness*,
which

which it has *need* of to be *affected* or *charm'd* by the *Musick*. The *Ancients* us'd *Machines* only upon *necessity*, to fetch in some *Deity* or other; tho' the *Poets* were almost always *laught at* for letting themselves be *reduc'd* to such a *Straight*. If a Man hath a Mind to be at any *expence* and charge, let him open his *Purse-Strings* upon hand-som *Scenes*, the use of which is more *natural* and *pleasant* than that of *Machines*. *Antiquity*, that expos'd its *Godheads* to *Poets*, and even on *Hearths*; this same *Antiquity* (I say) as *vain* and *credulous* as it was, yet did very *seldom* expose them on the Stage. After the *Destruction* of their *Creed*, and Mortals trusting in 'em, the *Italians*, in their *Opera's*, *reviv'd* and settled the *Heathen Gods* again in the World, and fear'd not to possess Men with those *ridiculous Vanities*, provided they gave a great *Splendor* to their pieces by the introducing that *false* and *dazling* kind of *Wonderment*. These *Theatre-Divinities* abus'd *Italy* a long time: But at length being happily *undeceiv'd* it renounc'd these *Gods*, whom it had restor'd; and it return'd to such things, as tho' really they were not *exactly true*, yet were less *troublesom*, and such as *good Sense* with a little *Indulgence* would not *reject*. In the case of *Gods* and *Machines* it has happen'd to the *French*, what almost ever happens to the *Germans* in the *French Fashions*; the *French* take up what the *Italians* leave: And, as if [we] wou'd *repair* the *fault* of having been *prevented* in the *Invention*, we carry on the humor of a *Custom* or *Mode* even to *excess*, which they had brought for *no good* into the World, but manag'd it with *Reserve* and *Moderation*. In effect, we cover the Earth all o'r with *God-ships*; and make 'em *dance* and descend in *Troops*, whereas they made 'em come down with some sort of *Management* to the most im-
portant

portant occasions. As *Ariosto* outflow the most wonderful Sublimities of Poetry, by his incredible Fables; we out-do all Fable, by a confus'd Assembly of Gods, Shepherds, Heroes, Enchanters, Phantomes, Furies, and Devils. I admire *Baptist*, as well for his ordering Dances, as for that which concerns Voices and Instruments: But the constitution of our Opera's ought to appear very Extravagant to those, that have a true Taste of Verisimilitude, and things marvellous, yet a Man runs the hazard of being cry'd down for his true Taste, if he dares make it publick: And I advise others, when they hear any discourse about Opera's, to keep their own thoughts secret to themselves. As for my self, who have now past the Age and Time of signalizing my self in the World, by the Humour of Modes, and Merit of Fancies, I am resolv'd to take the side of good Sense (as much abandon'd and forlorn as it is) and to follow Reason in all her Disgraces, with as much Loyalty, as if she had now her first consideration. That which vexes me the most for the Giddiness of Pate, wherewith Men run after Operas, is, that they will ruin the best Thing we have, the most proper to elevate the Soul, and most capable to form a true Wit. So that we will conclude, after so long a Discourse, that the Constitution of Operas can hardly be more defective than they are.

Y

An

An Essay, Concerning Humour in Comedy : in a Letter to Mr. Dennis.

Written by William Congreve Esq ;

Dear Sir,

YOU write to me, that you have entertained your self two or three days with reading several Comedies of several Authors ; and your Observation is , That there is more of Humour in our English Writers , than in any other Comick Poets , Ancient or Modern. You desire to know my Opinion ; and at the same time my Thought of that which is generally call'd Humour in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial Preference of our English Writers, in that particular. But if I tell you my Thoughts of Humour, I must at the same time confess, that what I take for true Humour, has not been so often written even by them, as is generally believed : And some who have valued themselves, and have been esteem'd by others, for that kind of Writing, have seldom touch'd upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labour'd Discourse, and such as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But such little Remarks, as may be contain'd within the compass of a Letter, and such unpremeditated Thoughts, as may be communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Censure of the World, or setting up for a Dictator, you shall have from me, since you have enjoyn'd it.

To define Humour, perhaps, were as difficult, as to define Wit ; for like that, it is of infinite Variety. To enumerate the several Humours of
Men,

Men, were a Work as endles, as to sum up their several Opinions. And in my Mind, the *Quot homines tot Sententia*, might have been more properly interpreted of Humour; since there are many Men of the same Opinion in many things, who are yet quite different in Humours. But tho' we cannot certainly tell what Wit is, or what Humour is; yet we may go near to shew something, which is not Wit, or not Humour; and yet often mistaken for both. And since I have mentioned Wit and Humour together, let me make the first Distinction between them, and observe to you, that *Wit is often mistaken for Humour*.

I have observed, that when a few things have been wittily and pleasantly spoken by any Character in a Comedy, it has been very usual for those, who make their Remarks on a Play, while it is acting, to say, *Such a thing is very humorously spoken; There is a great deal of Humour in that Part*. Thus the Character of the Person speaking, may be, surprisngly and pleasantly, is mistaken for a Character of Humour; which indeed is a Character of Wit: But there is a great difference between a Comedy, wherein there are many things humorously, as they call it, which is, pleasantly spoken; and one, where there are several Characters of Humour, distinguish'd by the particular and different Humours, appropriated to the several Persons represented, and which naturally arise from the different Constitutions, Complexions, and Dispositions of Men. The saying of Humorous Things, does not distinguish Characters; for every Person in a Comedy, may be allow'd to speak them. From a witty Man they are expected; and even a Fool may be permitted to stumble on 'em by chance. Tho' I make a difference betwixt Wit and Humour; yet I do not think, that Humo-

rous Characters exclude Wit: No, but the manner of Wit should be adapted to the Humour. As for Instance, A Character of a Splenetick and Peevish Humour, should have a Satyrical Wit; a Jolly and Sanguine Humour, should have a Facetious Wit: The former should speak positively; the latter carelessly: For the former observes, and shews things, as they are; the latter rather over-looks Nature, and speaks things, as he would have them; and his Wit and Humour have both of them a less Alloy of Judgment than others.

As Wit, so, its opposite, *Folly*, is sometimes mistaken for Humour.

When a Poet brings a Character on the Stage, committing a thousand Absurdities, and talking Impertinencies, Roaring aloud, and Laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no occasion; this is a Character of Humour.

Is any thing more common, than to have a pretended Comedy, stuff'd with such Grotesque Figures, and Farce-Fools? Things, that either are not in Nature, or if they are, are Monsters, and Births of Mischance; and consequently, as such, should be stifled, and huddled out of the way, like *Sooterkins*, that Mankind may not be shock'd with an appearing Possibility of the Degeneration of a God-like Species. For my part, I am as willing to Laugh as any Body, and as easily diverted with an Object truly ridiculous: But at the same time, I can never care for seeing things, that force me to entertain low Thoughts of my Nature. I don't know how it is with others, but I confess freely to you, I could never look long upon a Monkey, without very Mortifying Reflections; Tho' I never heard any thing to the contrary, why that Creature is not Originally of a distinct Species. As

I don't think Humour exclusive of Wit, neither do I think it inconsistent with Folly ; but I think the Follies should be only such, as Mens Humours may incline 'em to ; and not Follies intirely abstracted from both Humour and Nature.

Sometimes personal Defects are misrepresented for Humours.

I mean, sometimes Characters are barbarously exposed on the Stage, ridiculing natural Deformities, casual Defects in the Senses, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet must be very Ill-natur'd himself, and think his Audience so, when he proposes, by shewing a Man deform'd, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable Entertainment ; and hopes to raise their Mirth, by what is truly an Object of Compassion. But much need not be said upon this Head to any body, especially to you, who in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. *Johnson's* Fox, have justly excepted against this Immoral Part of Ridicule in *Corbaccio's* Character ; and there I must agree with you to blame him, whom otherwise I cannot enough admire, for his great Mastery of true Humour in Comedy.

External Habit of Body, is often mistaken for Humour.

By External Habit, I do not mean the ridiculous dress or Cloathing of a Character, tho' that goes a good way in some received Characters ; (tho' undoubtedly a Man's Humour may incline him to dress differently from other People) but I mean a Singularity of Manners, Speech, and Behaviour, peculiar to all, or most of the same Country, Trade, Profession, or Education. I cannot think *That* a Humour, which is only a Habit, or Disposition contracted by Use or Custom ; for by a Disuse, or Compli-

ance with other Customs, it may be worn off, or diversifi'd.

Affectation is generally mistaken for Humour.

These are indeed so much alike, that, at a distance, they may be mistaken one for the other: For what is Humour in one, may be Affectation in another; and nothing is more common, than for some to affect particular ways of saying and doing things, peculiar to others, whom they admire, and would imitate. Humour is the Life, Affectation the Picture. He that draws a Character of Affectation, shews Humour at the Second-hand; he at best but publishes a Translation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as these two last Distinctions are the nicest, so it may be most proper to explain them, by particular Instances from some Author of Reputation. Humour I take either to be born with us, and so of a natural Growth; or else to be grafted into us, by some accidental Change in the Constitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of Body; by which it becomes, if I may so call it, Naturaliz'd.

Humour is from Nature, Habit from Custom, and Affectation from Industry.

Humour shews us as we are.

Habit shews us, as we appear, under a forcible Impression.

Affectation shews what we would be, under a voluntary Disguise.

Tho' here I would observe by the way, that a continued Affectation, may in time become a Habit.

The Character of *Morose* in the Silent Woman, I take to be a Character of Humour. And I choose to Instance this Character to you, from many others of the same Author, because I know it has been condemn'd by many, as Unnatural

tural and Farce : And you have your self hinted some Dislike of it, for the same reason, in a Letter to me, concerning some of *Johnson's* Plays.

Let us suppose *Morose* to be a Man naturally Splenetick and Melancholy ; is there any thing more offensive to one of such a Disposition, than Noise and Clamour : Let any Man that has the Spleen (and there are enough in *England*) be Judge. We see common Examples of this Humour in Little every Day. 'Tis ten to one, but three parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are discompos'd and startled at the Cutting of a Cork, or Scratching a Plate with a Knife : It is a Proportion of the same Humour, that makes such or any other Noise offensive to the Person that hears it ; for there are others, who will not be disturb'd at all by it. Well ; but *Morose*, you will say, is so extravagant, he cannot bear any Discourse or Conversation, above a Whisper. Why, it is his Excess of this Humour, that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate proportion of that Humour, 'tis odds but half the Audience would have sided with the Character, and have condemn'd the Author, for exposing a Humour which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Besides, the Distance of the Stage requires the Figure represented, to be something larger than the Life ; and sure a Picture may have Features larger in proportion, and yet be very like the Original. If this Exactness of Quantity, were to be observed in Wit, as some would have it in Humour ; what would become of those Characters that are design'd for Men of Wit ? I believe, if a Poet should steal a Dialogue of any length, from the extempore-Discourse of the two Wittiest Men upon Earth, he would find the

Scene but coldly receiv'd by the Town. But to the purpose :

The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the same Play, is a Character of Affectation : He every where discovers an Affectation of Learning; when he is not only conscious to himself, but the Audience also plainly perceives that he is Ignorant. Of this kind are the Characters of *Thraso*, in the Eunuch of *Terence*; and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *Miles Gloriosus* of *Plautus* : They affect to be thought Valiant, when both themselves and the Audience know they are not. Now, such a boasting of Valour in Men who were really Valiant, would undoubtedly be a Humour; for a fiery Disposition might naturally throw a Man into the same Extravagance, which is only affected in the Characters I have mentioned.

The Character of *Cob*, in *Every Man in his Humour*, and most of the under-Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair*, discover'd only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the several Educations and Professions of the Persons represented. They are not Humours, but Habits contracted by Custom. Under this Head may be ranged all Country Clowns, Sailors, Tradesmen, Jockeys, Gamesters, and such-like, who make use of Cants or peculiar Dialects in their several Arts and Vocations. One may almost give a Receipt for the Composition of such a Character: For the Poet has nothing to do, but to collect a few proper Phrases and Terms of Art, and to make the Person apply them by ridiculous Metaphors in his Conversation, with Characters of different Natures. Some late Characters of this kind, have been very successful; But in my Mind, they may be Painted without much Art or Labour; since they require little more, than a good Memory and superficial Observation. But
true

true Humour cannot be shown without a Dissection of Nature, and a narrow Search to discover the first Seeds, from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World, I should be obliged to dwell longer upon each of these Distinctions and Examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers: But a bare Hint is sufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject: And I hope by this time you are of my Opinion, that Humour is neither Wit, nor Folly, nor personal Defect, nor Affectation, nor Habit; and yet, that each, and all of these, have been both written and received for Humour.

I should be unwilling to venture even on a bare Description of Humour, much more to make a Definition of it; but now my hand is in, I'll tell you what serves me instead of either: I take it to be, *A singular and unavoidable manner of doing, or saying any thing, and natural to one Man only; by which his Speech and Actions are distinguish'd from those of other Men.*

Our Humour has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as Accidents have to a Substance; it is a Colour, Taste, and Smell, diffused thro' all; tho' our Actions are never so many, and different in Form, they are all Splinters of the same Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which tho' it may be disguised by Art, yet cannot be wholly changed: We may paint it with other Colours, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Instrument will be distinguish'd, tho' the Notes expressed by it, are never so various, and the Diversions never so many. Dissimulation may by degrees, become more easie to our Practice; but it can never absolutely transubstantiate us
into

into what we would seem : It will always be in some proportion, a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a Difficulty to part with his Humour : And there is nothing more provoking, than the being made sensible of that Difficulty. Sometimes, one shall meet with those, who perhaps, innocently enough, but at the same time impertinently, will ask the Question, *Why are you not merry ? Why are you not gay, pleasant, and cheerful ?* Then instead of answering, could I ask such an one, *Why are you not Handsome ? why have you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion ?* Nature abhors to be forc'd.

The two Famous Philosophers of *Ephesus* and *Abdera*, have their different Sects at this Day : Some weep, and others laugh at one and the same thing.

I don't doubt, but you have observed several Men laugh, when they are angry ; others who are silent ; some that are loud : Yet I cannot suppose, that it is the Passion of Anger which is in it self different, or more or less in one than t'other ; but that it is the Humour of the Man, that is predominant, and urges him to express it in that manner. Demonstrations of Pleasure are as various ; one Man has a Humour of retiring from all Company, when any thing has happen'd to please him beyond Expectation ; he hugs himself alone, and thinks it an addition to the Pleasure, to keep it secret. Another is upon Thorns, till he has made Proclamation of it ; and must make other People sensible of his Happiness, before he can be so himself. So it is in Grief, and other Passions. Demonstrations of Love, and the Effects of that Passion upon several Humours, are infinitely different : But here the Ladies, who abound in Servants, are the best

best Judges. Talking of the Ladies, methinks something should be observed of the Humour of the Fair Sex, since they are sometimes so kind as to furnish out a Character for Comedy. But I must confess, I have never made any Observation of what I apprehend to be true Humour in Women. Perhaps Passions are too powerful in that Sex, to let Humour have its course; or may be, by reason of their natural Coldness, Humour cannot exert it self to that extravagant degree, which it often does in the Male-sex: For if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquir'd Folly, or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex, but I think the true reason is, because our Follies are stronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the diversity of Humour, which must be allowed to be diffused throughout Mankind, might afford endless Matter, for the support of Comedies. But when we come closely to consider that Point, and nicely to distinguish the difference of Humours, I believe we shall find the contrary. For tho' we allow every Man something of his own, and a peculiar Humour; yet every Man has it not in quantity, to become remarkable by it: or, if many do become remarkable by their Humours; yet all those Humours may not be diverting. Nor is it only requisite to distinguish, what Humour will be diverting, but also how much of it, what part of it to shew in Light, and what to cast in Shades; how to set it off by preparatory Scenes, and by opposing other Humours to it in the same Scene. Through a wrong Judgment, sometimes, Mens Humours may be opposed, when there is really no specific Difference between them; only a greater proportion of the same,
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in one than t'other ; occasion'd by having more Flegm, or Choler, or whatever the Constitution is, from whence their Humours derive their Source.

There is infinitely more to be said on this Subject ; tho' perhaps I have already said too much ; but I have said it to a Friend, who, I am sure, will not expose it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is intirely new, and was never touch'd upon before ; and if I would have any one to see this private Essay, it should be some one, who might be provoked by my Errors in it, to publish a more judicious Treatise on the Subject. Indeed I wish it were done, that the World being a little acquainted with the Scarcity of true Humour, and the difficulty of finding and shewing it, might look a little more favourably on the Labours of them, who endeavour to search into Nature for it, and lay it open to the Publick View.

I don't say, but that very entertaining and useful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from Affectations, and those other Qualities which I have endeavoured to distinguish from Humour : But I would not have such imposed on the World for Humour, nor esteem'd of an equal value with it. It were perhaps, the Work of long Life to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and distinct Humour. Therefore every Poet must be beholding to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think such a One deserves to be broke, who makes all false Musters ; who does not shew one true Humour in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the End of the Play, with every thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Observation to you more, and have done ; and that is grounded upon an Observation of your own, and which I mention'd at the beginning of my Letter, *viz.* That there is more of Humour in our English Comick Writers, than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon Humour to be almost of English Growth ; at least it does not seem to have found such Encrease on any other Soil : And what appears to me to be the reason of it, is the great Freedom, Privilege, and Liberty, which the common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a Humour, is under no Restraint, or fear of giving it Vent ; they have a Proverb among them, which, may be, will shew the Bent and Genius of the People, as well as a longer Discourse : *He that will have a May-pole, shall have a May-pole.* This is a Maxim with them, and their Practice is agreeable to it. I believe something considerable too may be ascribed to their feeding so much on Flesh, and the Grossness of their Diet in general. But I have done, let the Physicians agree that. Thus you have my Thoughts of Humour, to my Power of Expressing them in so little Time and Compass. You will be kind to shew me wherein I have err'd ; and as you are very capable of giving me Instruction, so I think I have a very just Title to demand it from you ; being, without Reserve,

Your real Friend

and humble Servant,

W. CONGREVE.

To

A
CRITICISM

On several

Modern Plays,

I N A

LETTER

To Mr. *DENNIS*.

Sir,
THo' I do by *New Books*, as some now a days
 by *New Plays*; that is, never read *These*,
 as they never go to see *those*, till they have
 gain'd a *Character*; yet finding *your Name*, with
 those of several *Eminent Men* in the *Title-Page*,
 I ventur'd on an *immediate* Perusal, without the
 fear of the *usual* Disappointment of *Modern Com-*
positions. I found my *Faith* justly plac'd, and
 rewarded with a great deal of Pleasure; but in
 none other more than in that about Humour,
 in Mr. *Congreves* to you. The Discoveries are as
useful, as *New* and *Just*; and it were to be wish'd,
 that our *Dramatic Scriblers* wou'd study it
 throughly, that their *Despair* might make them
 forbear Writing; or their *Industry* and *Genius*
 give us better *Comedy*. The Rules of the *little World*
 of the *Theatre* starv'd still all, that's offer'd
 them,

them, by this *Test*; the Town wou'd be better diverted, and many a *Scoundrel* pass without being known. We shou'd not have so many Products of the *Cibbers*, the *M...gs*, the *Burnaby's*, the *Durfey's*, &c. the *Pix's*, the *Carroll's*, and the rest of the Lady-Tribe of *Playwrights*. Then we should never have seen the *Modish-Husband*: Nor the heavy Lumber of, *She Wou'd*, and *She Wou'd Not*, written by *Moral Colley*. This is one of those *Impudent Poetasters*, who writ without *Art* or *Nature*: Tho' in this Work he pretends to be extremely regular, tho' he understands not one single *Rule* of the *Art*. But whatever this Author is deficient in, he wants neither *Impudence* nor *Industry*; for he spent above *Fifty Shillings* in Coach-hire to engage the *Quality* to taste his *Olio*, which he avow'd to be his own *Natural Issue*; till *George Powel* discover'd it to be a Brat of *Antiquity*, call'd the *Counterfeits*, and very dextrously gets the Original up and play'd before it, which prov'd the better *Entertainment*.

Next to this came on the *Twin Rivals*, which tho' civilly dismiss'd by the Audience, the two Authors had great Contention for the *Infamy* of writing it: And the *Gallic*, and *Hibernian* Wits are grown irreconcilable Enemies about the Matter.

There can't now a *Murder* or a *Robbery* pass, without a *Play* in it; and the Authors of the *Half-penny Narrations* on those lamentable *Catastrophes*, fear the Loss of their Business to the *Scriblers* of *Plays*. For no sooner was *Swansen* hang'd for stealing an *Heiress*, but out sends Mrs. *Pix* a Play call'd the *Stolen Heiress*, tho' stolen from an old Play, call'd, *The Heiress*. If this Lady lays about her on one Hand, the *Irish* Author does no less on the other. *The Inconstant*, or, *The Way to win him*, star'd the Town in the Face for Two
or

or *three* Nights, and expir'd. For the *Irish* so maul'd the *English Author*, that *Fletcher* and the *Wild-Goose Chace* cou'd not be seen through it. But what is *duller yet, and more to spight us*, Mr. *M.....g* after two Years teizing the Players, forces on the Town a Thing he calls, *All for the Better*. It lay *gasping* for about two Hours and Half, and *expir'd* in the midst of *Cat-calls*, and *Hissing*, but not at all to the *Mortification* of the Author, who tho' twice damn'd, assumes new *Assurance*; as the *Gyants* by their Fall to the Ground, recover'd *new Force*. The War was *equally Pious*, *his* against *Sense* and *Poetry*, and *theirs* against the *Gods*.

But here *make way* for the charming ——— ! 'Tis a strange Thing, Sir, that People will always go out of their *Profession* ! I have known a very *Thriving, Plodding* honest *Tradesman*, who has in his *own* Vocation got Money, turn his Head to *Stockjobing* or *Merchandize*, and die a *Beggar*. So some Ladies, when they have past all the *Stages* of *Lewdness*, finding their Faces grow stale in all the Brothels in Town, or else out of Hopes to do better, have transplanted themselves to the *Theatre*, either as *Poetesses*, or *Actresses*, but starv'd in their *New Vocation*, tho' they might still have got *New Furbeloe-Scarves* in their ——— Tho' I confess they do not go so much out of the Way, in removing to the *Stage*, because 'tis a *MART*, where their *Commodity* bears a *better Price*. This I suppose gave us the *Beaux Duel*; But tho' I am sensible ——— languishing Looks have been of *Force* in her time, yet I fear her *Wit* will never do mighty Matters.

I can't yet get rid of the *Doxies* of *Parnassus*: Here comes the *Czar of Muscovy*, an occasional *Drama*; for Mrs. *Pix* slips no occasion of *Political Plays*; and her good Friend Mrs. *B----* who has an unusual Esteem for *Damn'd Plays*; never fails to bring them on: The Jolly Poetess scribbles neither for Fame nor Mony, but for the Charms of *Bacchus* and *Ceres*; if the third day produce a *Bottle* and *Cacklers*, she has her End; and treats Madam *B----* as her great *Benefactress*.

I shall now pass on to the *Yeoman of Kent*, written by that facetious Gentleman, Mr. *Baker*; who having before wrote a Play call'd, the *Humours of the Age*, Success encourag'd him to attempt this *Noble Piece*, which took mightily: And to do the Author Justice, He seems to be one of the honestest of our present Writers; for he aims not at writing Characters above his *Conversation*: For as a *Spunging Sharping Lady* is the *Heroine*; so a *Sharper* is the fine Gentleman of his Play, and gets the *Fortune*, the *Farmers Daughter*.

'Tis a strange thing, Sir, that our present Authors will not be satisfy'd to plague us with their own Impertinence; but must conjure up the *Dead*, who have been long a sleep with their Fathers, to persecute us with the indigested *Stuff* of our Predecessors, in a more degenerate *Dulness*, than in the Originals themselves. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have left us a large *Legacy* of things, they call *Plays*; but very few, which e'en our Stage cou'd support; by these Gentlemen is the *Pilgrim* reviv'd. The *Modern Author* has made his *Lunatics* run Mad after *Pudding*, and *Beef*, and *toasted Cheese*. Well, some Men are extremely biting in their *Satyr*.

I have observ'd, that if ever a Man of Parts, or a good Poet, starts a *Humour* and does it
Z Justice,

Justice, all the little *Scriblers* will be nimming the same in a most *abominable Imitation*; and this in Characters of *Habit*, and *Affectation*, as well as *Humour*, without *Justice* or *Propriety*. Nay, some of our *Writers* have been such *errant Block-heads*, to mistake the *Folly* of *Affectation*, for a *Perfection*, and transported that into their best Characters. Thus when Mr. *Dryden*, in the part of *Melantha*, had expos'd the ridiculous *Affectation* of *Gallicising* in Discourse, and tho' the Picture was well drawn, and the *English* (I shou'd say, the *Sicilian*) Frenchify'd Lady justly expos'd, *Signior C - - -* throws the *Folly* into all his Parts; for his Men of *Wit*, (such as they are) we find perpetually patching up their lame Discourse, with such a *Motly, Particolour'd Diction*, betwixt *Fictitious Cant*, or *French Words* and *English*, as a tolerable *Coxcomb* wou'd be asham'd of.

But I can forgive him the *Improbability* of his *Plots* and the *Indecency*, and *Confusion* of his *Catastrophes*; I can forgive him his *Crambo*; his *Character* of the disagreeing *Wife* and *Husband*; the *Goodness* of the *Wife*, always reclaiming her *wandering Mate*; tho' that was handed to him from *Erasmus's Colloquies*; (which he might have seen in the Translation,) the tedious *Scenes* of *Matrimonial Quarrels*, always the same, and a long, *Et cetera*: In short, I can forgive him his *entire* and *absolute Poverty* in the *Vis Comica*, insomuch that he's scarce able to make us smile, through some of his *Things*. I call them *Things*, because they fall under no Denomination of *Plays*, that I know of; yet I say, I can forgive him all this, which is as much as a most ignorant *Scribler* can well be guilty of; because in one, he seems to aim at a *Satire* on that prevailing and scandalous *Uce* of *Gaming*, tho' in the disorders of *Basset*, we find the same *Things* expressed in the same manner,

manner ; and Mrs. Behn, and the *canorous* Mr. D----- have long since brought something of it on the Stage : Yet it being still so *reigning*, and so *sordid* a Vice, I can and will forgive *all* his Faults as a *Writer* ; and wish that you, Sir, or Mr. Congreve, or (if any such can be found) *any other* Critick Poet wou'd give us *better* Lessons against it.

But, dear Mr. Dennis, if we find so little *Mirth* at their *Comedy*, we may supply their defect, by going to their *Tragedies*. I remember, a Poet carry'd me behind the Scenes, one Night, when the best of Mr. R---Plays were perform'd ; and the Poet standing near me, heard the Audience to his Mortification very Merry ; he with Indignation cry'd out, *Sots ! to laugh at a Tragedy* : Never reflecting, that *Laughter* never cries out without a *just Cause* : The Poet must give occasion, by throwing in something that is really *Ridiculous*, or the *Audience* wou'd never burst into *Laughter* ; and I assure you, Sir, 'tis happy for them, that the Poets *Ignorance* affords them that Belief against his *Dulness*, or they wou'd never have born some of *that* Gentlemans Compositions ; as the *Fair Penitent*. 'Tis indeed a *Species* by it self, for it has nothing that a *Tragedy* shou'd have : The *Conduct*, *Manners*, *Characters*, nay, even the darling of the *Mob*, the *Language*, are every way faulty ; not to say *Ridiculous*. I that am my self no Poet, nor cou'd ever prevail with my self, to be so *Bold*, as to venture on a *Farce*, notwithstanding Mr. D----- and Mr. C----- and even the *Ladies* have been so successful that way ; know yet so much what is *necessary* to qualify a Man to write *Tragedy* ; that I wou'd advise *those* Gentlemen, who are Ambitious of the *Buskins*, to study *Aristotle* well ; to read him with his best Commentator *Dacier* ;

to examine thoroughly into the *true Graces* of *Elocution*, and the *just Variety* of the *Poetical Diction*; and consider, how different that of the *Drama*, is from the *Narrative*; to learn, where to *swell* his *Verses*, and where to remit their *lofty Words*; *Horace* wou'd instruct him. He shou'd inform himself of the *secret Springs* and *Motions* of the *Passions*; and make himself acquainted with the *natural* way of expressing themselves; he shou'd know, what *Characters* are fit for *Tragedy*, and what for *Comedy*. If the Author of the *Fair Penitent*, had done this; we shou'd never have seen a *Whore* the *Heroine*, and a *Wittal* the *Hero*. We shou'd not have found an *Italian Husband* like a *Cheapside-Cuckold*, putting up *Indignities*, that his Country always resents in another manner. Nor wou'd he have brought People in, who have *nothing* to do with the *Design*, or *Plot* (I mean that little Design that is discover'd in this Play,) nor have given his Play a notorious *Misnommer*; since from the *Characters*, it ought to have been call'd the *Termagant*, or the *incorrigible Cuckold*, or what you please, *except* what it is. For she is so far from *repenting*, that to expiate *Fornication*, she commits *self-Murder* even in a *Christian Country*. As she is *expiring* indeed, she cries *Mercy, Mercy*. But whether that be a *sufficient* Ground to allow her a *Penitent*, we submit to the *Casuists*, particularly to a worthy *Dame*, who is *indulgent* enough to *dying Quality*.

This leads me naturally to *Ulysses*; for in his *Prologue* the Author tells us, that he presents us with a *Virtuous Wife*, in Honour of a *Married-Life*; for then we may suppose, that he gave us a *Whore* in the foregoing, by way of *Complement* to *obstinate Batchelors*.

In the Epilogue Mrs. Bracegirdle, (in the Person of *Semantha*) tells us, that

Poetic Rules and Justice do maintain.
I to the Woods am order'd back again,
To Madam Cynthia, and her Virgin-Train. }

But I'm afraid it would puzzle the Author to assign, what *Rules of Poetry* or *Justice* either require this severe Dealing with a Lady, who had no Fault of her own; unless her being the Daughter of *Eurymachus*, the most worthy of the *Suiters*, was so Criminal a Curse. Nor shou'd honest *Athen* have objected to *Ephialtes*, King of *Seriphos*,

This Island-Lord, this Monarch of a Rock.

Because 'tis agreed, that his *Ithalon* it self, was not much better than a Rock. The Scene of the *Suiters*, especially their awkward Love is dull and ridiculous; and what-ever is ridiculous, can have no place in *Tragedy*; and it gives an odd fantastic View of *Monarchs*, to discover such a Scoundrel Company of them together, as in this Play; but will make any one Laugh, whose Indignation is not strong enough to prevent his Mirth. *Ulysses* tries *Penelope* too far, and is disgusted, without any Shadow of Reason, at her yielding to marry *Eurymachus*, a Powerful Prince, of no ill Character after the Twenty Years absence of her Husband: Not having had the least News of him in Ten Years, She does no ill thing, in the Common Opinion of Mankind, or ev'n according to the Nicest Morals; so that his Indignation at her yielding to save her Son by that means, is very Childish. *Telemachus* tells *Eurymachus* a Lie, which is not agreeable to the Character of a Man of Honour, when he says he had the Order from his Mother herself.

But indeed this Author (whom I allow to be an *Ingenious Gentleman*) mistakes the *Marcelleux*, for Accidents that can scarce ever happen; but which at least can never bare any *Probability*, as in the *Royal Convert*; where a *King* is surpriz'd, when his Army was about him, and encamp'd near the Enemy. These Turns of Government in a Play, are extreamly *Ridiculous*, and can never be brought on the Stage, with any Shew of *Probability*: They will always look like the *Revolutions of Brentford*. But Mr. Bays is indeed reviv'd in this Play, where the Persons not only make *Similes* after a *Surprize*, but in the midst of *Passion*. He seems to kill *Hengist*, because he knows not what to do with him, for he is not much more Criminal, than *Rhodagune*; both are equally in Love against Right; and both going to murder the *Innocent*, to enjoy the *Belov'd*. *Rhodagune* is not the Character of a *Heroine*, but of a *Queen*; which is extreamly against the *Manners*, both of a *Woman* and a *Queen*. In this, as well as his other Plays, this Author seems like *Cleophion*, who, as *Aristotle* says, was so fond of *Epithets*, that he said *venerable Eyes*.

I had some Thoughts of adding a Word, or two of *Perolla* and *Izidoro*, were it not that *Signior C----* might thence conclude himself a very *considerable* Person, when plac'd in a *Criticism* with Mr. R--. But this Play and *Xerxes* are of a Piece, and below all *Criticism*; as having not one Excellence to merit any *Correction*: *Ben. Johnson's* Sponge is best for all, this Author ever wrote himself.

I am not only merry at these *Tragedies*, but at the *Reasons* given by their *Authors*, for the decay of that Poem, viz. the ill *Tast* of the Town; when it is the greatest Proof that can be given of their excellent *Gust*, since no Name nor Interest

terest cou'd bribe them, to like such Stuff miscall'd *Tragedy*.

I believe I have tir'd you, Sir; and I am sure the Subject has made me, as *Dull*, as it self. Besides my ill state of Health renders my Taste of those things something languid; and my Thoughts less vigorous than they us'd to be: For, my Friend, assure your self, the Reflection of making a speedy *Exit* from the *Farce* of this World, is too *melancholly*, to leave any room for *Tragedy*, or the *brighter* Pleasures. However 'tis one Comfort, that I quit a *Part* but *scurvily* written; not that I regret the *Obscurity* of my Fortune; for that many a *Worthier Man* has sunk under, as well as my self; while *Knaves* and *Fools* have made their way to the *Ear* and *Favours* of the *Great*, and the Beds of the *Fair*. But Nature struggles still against a Dissolution, which yet it must submit to. This I hope will excuse the dulness of,

S I R,

Your Servant,

Tho. Brown.

Z 4

T H E

THE
ODES
OF
HORACE.

Translated by Mr. THO. BROWN.

Part of the 2d Ode in *Horace* l. 4.
Translated. Beginning at, *Dignum
laude Virum.*

I.

FROM dark Oblivion, and the silent Grave,
Th' indulgent Muse does the brave Hero
'Tis she forbids his Name to die, [save;
And brings it to the Stars, and sticks it in the Sky.

2.

Thus mighty *Hercules* did move
To the Eternal Palaces above : [Sphere,
Not all his twelve Exploits advanc'd him to the
But 'twas the Poet's Pain and Labour brought
[him there.

3. Thus

3.

4.

A Translation of Ode iii. l. i. in *Horace*
Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic Fratres Helenæ lucida Sydera, &c.
 Address'd to his Honour'd Friend
 Mr. B.--- going into *Turky*.

I.

2.

3. His

3.

His fearless Heart immur'd with triple Brass
 The daring Mortal surely wore,
 Who first the faithless Main durst pass,
 And in a treacherous Bark new Worlds explore.

4.

What Scenes of Death cou'd shake his Soul
 That unconcern'd saw the wild Billows rise,
 And scaly Monsters on the Surface rowl,
 And whizzing Meteors paint the gloomy Skies.

5.

In vain wise Heav'ns indulgent Care
 Lands from the spacious Ocean did divide;
 If with expanded Sails bold Ships prepare
 To plow the Deep, and brave the swelling Tide.

6.

But Man, that busie reasoning Tool,
 Cheap Happiness disdains to chuse:
 Sick of his Ease, the restless Fool,
 At his own Cost forbidden Paths pursues.

7.

From the refulgent Orb of Day
 A glitt'ring Spark the rash *Prometheus* stole,
 And fondly stamp't into a Soul,
 T'inform his new-made Progeny of Clay.

Strait

Strait to reward his Sacrilegious Theft,
 Fevers and Ills, unknown before,
 Their old infernal Mansions left,
 And thro' the sickning Air their baleful Poysons
 [bore.

9.

Then Death, that lately travell'd flow,
 Content with single Victims, where he came,
 Made Haste, and eager of his Game,
 Whole Nations lopp'd at one compendious Blow.

10.

To what fantastic Heights does Man aspire,
 Doom'd to dull Earth; the Sot wou'd clamber
 [higher;
 Heav'n he invades with impudent Pretence,
 And makes *Jove* thunder in his own Defence.

An Imitation of the 6th Ode in *Horace*, l. 1. *Scriberis vario fortis, & hostium*-----In the Year 1685. after the defeat of the Rebels in the West.

W *Aller*, in never-dying Verse,
 Your glorious Triumphs may rehearse;
 His lofty Muse for Panegyric fam'd,
 May sing the Rebel-herd your Valour tam'd.
 And all the mighty Blessings show,
 Great *James*, and We to your wise Conduct owe.

2. My.

2.

My unambitious Lyre tunes all her Strings
 To lower Numbers, lower Things ;
 And Gods, and God-like Heroes does refuse
 The Labour of a more exalted Muse.

Had she endeavour'd to relate
 Great *Alexander's* Deeds, or *Troy's* unhappy Fate,
 Or all the Wonders that by *Drake* were done,
 Who travell'd with the Stars, and journey'd with
 [the Sun ;

As long a Space had the vain Labour held,
 As that fam'd Town the *Grecian* Force re-
 [pell'd.

As long had she the tiresom Work renew'd,
 As mighty *Drake* thro' unknown Seas his wondrous
 [Course pursu'd.

3.

The humble Muse too well her Weakness knows,
 Nor on her feeble self, dares the high Task im-
 [pose.

Tho' had not Heav'n the Power deny'd,
 No other Theme had all her Thoughts em-
 [ploy'd.

'Tis hence she modestly declines to sing,
 The immortal Triumphs of our war like-King ;
 Lest her unequal slender Vein
 Shou'd lessen the great Actions of his glorious
 [Reign.

4.

Who can with all his boasted Fancy raise
 To its just Height, Heroic *Arthur's* Praise,

Or

Or worthily recount the Trophies won
 By our great *Edward*, and his greater Son?
 But oh what Muse of all the Tribe below
 Can mighty *Mars* in equal Numbers show,
 Horrid in Steel, and moving from afar,
 With all the solemn Pageantry of War,
 Tho' the rough God shou'd his own Bard inspire,
 And join the Martial Heat to the Poetic Fire.

5.

Harmless Combats, harmless Wars,
 Slender Scratches, petty Jars,
 Which youthful Blood, and wanton Love,
 Amongst our amorous Couples move,
 Employ my time, employ my Muse,
 All other Subjects I refuse.

A Translation of *Teucer Salamina*,
Patremq; Cum fugeret, &c. Hor.
 Ode vii. lib. i.

1.

BRave *Teucer*, (as the Poets tell us)
 When from his native Clime he fled,
 With Poplar Wreaths crown'd his triumphant
 [Head,
 And thus he cheer'd his drooping Fellows.

2.

Where e're the Fates shall shew us Land,
 (Remote and distant tho' it be)
 We'll shape our Course at their Command,
 And boldly fix, as they decree.

3. Let

3.

Let no wild Fears your Hopes betray,
 Let not Dispair your Courage pall ;
 When Heav'n so loudly does to Honour call,
 And fearless *Teucer* leads the way.

4.

Phæbus foretold (and he of all the Powers
 Commands the mystic Books of Fate)
 That fresh Success shou'd on our Actions wait,
 And new *Salamis* be ours.

5.

Then drink away this puling Sorrow,
 Let Wine each dastard Thought subdue,
 Let Wine your fainting Hopes renew,
 We'll leave the drowsie Land, and plough the
 [Main to morrow.

Hor.

Hor. Ode 8. l. 1.

*Per omnes**Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
Perdere ? &c.*

1.

TELL me, O *Lydia*, for by Heavens I swear,
You shan't deny so just a Prayer.

Tell me, why thus young *Damon* you de-
[stroy,
And nip the blooming Virtues of the lovely
[Boy.

2.

Why does he never throw the manly
[Bar ;
And practice the first Feats of War ;
Or gayly shining in his Martial Pride,
With a strong artful Hand the foaming Cour-
[ser guide.

3.

Why does he never grasp the pond'rous
[Shield,

And meet his Equals in the Field :
Or when the Streams swell with the flowing
[Tide,
With his soft pliant Arms the Silver *Thames*
[divide.

4. Why

Why does he lurk, for I bewail his Doom,
 Like an *Alsatian* Bully still at Home,
 That fears to walk abroad all day,
 Lest eager hungry Cits shou'd hurry him away.

Ode ix. Lib. i. in *Horace* imitated.
Vides ut alta stet nive candidum &c.
 Written in the year, 1685.

To Sir John Bowyer.

Since the Hills all around us do Pennance in
 [Snow,
 And Winters cold Blasts have benumm'd us be-
 [low ;
 Since the Rivers chain'd up, flow with the same
 (Speed
 As Prisoners advance towards the Psalm that
 [can't read,
 Throw whole Oaks at a Time, nay, Groves, on
 [the Fire,
 They shall be our Sobriety's Funeral-Pyre.

Never wast the dull Time in impertinent
 [thinking,
 But urge and pursue the great business of
 [drinking ;
 Come

Come pierce your old Hogheads, ne'er stint us
 [in Sherry,
 This this is the Season to drink and be merry :
 Then reviv'd by our Liquor, and Billets together,
 We'll out-roar the loud Storms, and defy the
 [cold Weather.
 Damn your *Gadbury*, *Partridge* & *Salmon* together
 What a puling Discourse have we here of the
 (Weather ;
 Nay, no more of that Business, but, Friend, as
 [you love us,
 Leave it all to the Care of the good Folks above
 [us.
 Your Orchards and Groves will be shatter'd no
 [more,
 If, to hush the rough Winds, they forbid them
 [to roar.

4.

Send a Bumper about, and cease this Debate
 Of the Tricks of the Court, and Designs of the
 [State.
 Whether *Brandon*, or *Offly*, or *Booth* go to pot,
 Ne'er trouble your Brains ; let 'em take their
 [own Lot.
 Thank the Gods, you can safely sit under your
 [Vine,
 And enjoy your old Friends, and drink off your
 [own Wine.

5.

While your Appetite's strong, and good Hu-
 [mour remains,
 And active fresh Blood does enliven your Veins;
 Improve the fleet Minutes in Scenes of Delight,
 Let your Friend have the Day, and your Mistress
 [the Night.
 In the Dark you may try, whether *Phyllis* is kind,
 The Night for Intreaguings was ever design'd.

A a

Tho

6.

Tho' she runs from your Arms, and retires in
[the Shade,
Some friendly kind Sign will betray the coy
[Maid ;
All trembling you'll find the modest poor Sin-
[ner,
'Tis a venial Trespafs in a Beginner :
But remember this Counfel , when once you do
[meet her,
Get a Ring from the Nymph , or something
[that's better.

The x. Ode in *Horace* L. 3. Paraphraf-
ed.

Extremum Tanaim si biberes, Lyce,
Sævo nupta Viro: me tamen asperas
Porrectum ante Fores objicere In-
colis
Plorares Aquilonibus.

T Ho you, my *Lyce*, in some Northen Flood
Had chill'd the Current of your Blood ;
Or lost your sweet engaging Charms
In some *Tartarian* Husband's icy arms;
Were yet one Spark of Pity left behind
To form the least Impression on your Mind,
Sure you must grieve, sure you must sigh,
Sure drop some Pity from your Eye,
To see your Lover prostrate on the Ground,
With gloomy Night, and black Despair encom-
[pass'd all around.
2. Hark !

2.

Hark ! how the threatning Tempests rise,
And with loud Clamours fill the Skies ;
Hark ! how the tott'ring Buildings shake,
Hark ! how the Trees a doleful Confort make.
And see ! oh see ! how all below,
The Earth lyes cover'd deep in Snow.

The *Romans* clad in white, did thus the *Fasces*
[woe;
And thus your freezing Candidate, my *Lyce*,
[sues for you.

3.

Come, lay these foolish Niceties aside,
And to soft Passion sacrifice your Pride :
Let not the precious Hours with fruitless questi-
[ons dye,
But let new Scenes of pleasure crown them, as
[they fly.
Slight not the Flames which your own Charms
[infuse,

And no kind friendly Minute lose,
While Youth and Beauty give you leave to chuse.
As men by Acts of Charity below
Or purchase the next World, or think they
[do :

So you in Youth a Lover shou'd engage,
To make a sure Retreat for your declining Age.

4.

Let meaner Souls by Virtue be cajol'd,
As the good *Grecian* Spinstrefs was of old ;
She, while her Sot his youthful Prime bestow'd
To fight a Cuckolds Wars abroad,

Held out a longer Siege, than *Troy*,
 Against the warm Attacks of proffer'd Joy,
 And foolishly preserv'd a worthless Chastity,
 At the expence of ten Years Lyes and Per-
 [jury.

Like that old fashion'd Dame ne're bilk your own
 [Delight,
 But what you've lost ith' Day, get, get it in the
 (Night.

5.

Oh ! then if Prayers can no Acceptance find,
 Nor Vows, nor Offerings bend your Mind ;
 If all these pow'rful Motives fail,
 Yet let your Husbands Injuries prevail
 He, by some Play-house Jilt misled,
 Elsewhere bestows the Tribute of your Bed ;
 Let me his forfeited Embraces share,
 Let me your mighty Wrongs repair.
 Thus Kings by their own Rebel Powers betray'd,
 To quell the home-bred Foe call in a foreign
 [Aid.

6.

Love, let Platonics promise what they will,
 Must, like Devotion, be encourag'd still ;
 Must meet with equal Wishes and Desires,
 Or else the dying Lamp in its own Urn expires.
 And I, for all that boasted Flame
 We Poets and fond Lovers idly claim,
 Am of too frail a Make, I fear,
 Shou'd you continue still severe,
 To brave the double Hardships of your Fate,
 And bear the Coldness of the Nights, and Ri-
 [gor of your Hate.

১৫৫

thes,

Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Adria,

Divisus objecto, remittas

Quærere, &c.

What the Bully of *France*, and our Friends
[on the *Rhine*,

With their stout Grenadiers this Summer design,

Cease over your Coffee, and Wine, to debate :

Why the Devil shou'd you, that live this side the

[Water,

Pore over Gazettes, and be vext at the Matter?

Come, come, let alone these Arcana's of State

2.

Alas ! while fuch idle Discourfe you maintain,

And with Politic Nonsense thus trouble you

[Brain]

Your Youth flies away on the Back of swift

[Hours]

Which no praying, no painting, no fighting re

[store]

Then you'll find, when old Age has discolour'd

[your Head

Tho a Mistrefs be wanting, no Rest in you

[Beo

3. Prithee,

3.

Prithee do but observe, how the Queen of the
 (Night
 Still varies her Station, and changes her Light:
 Now with a full Orb she the Darkness does chase,
 Now like Whores in the Pit, shews but half of
 (her Face.

These Chaplets of Flowers that our Temples
 (adorn,
 Now tarnish and fade, that were fresh in the
 (Morn.

4.

But to leave off Similes for Curates in Camblet
 To lard a dry Sermon, for grave Folks in Ham-
 let,
 While our Vigour remains, we'll our Talents
 (improve,
 Dash the Pleasures of Wine with the Blessings
 (of Love.
 Here, carelessly here, we'll lye down in the Shade
 Which the friendly kind Poplars and Lime-
 (trees have made.

5.

Your Claret's too hot---Sirrah, Drawer go
 (bring
 A Cup of cold *Adam* from the next purling
 [Spring.
 And now your Hand's in, prithee step o're the
 [Way,
 And fetch Madam *Trick/sy*, the brisk and the gay.
 Bid her come in her Alamode Manto of Sattin,
 Two Coolers, I'm sure, with our Wine can be no
 [false Latin.
 The

The 13th Ode in *Horace* l. 4. Para-
Phrased.

*Audivere Lyce Dii mea Vota: Dii
Audivere Lyce; sis Anus & tamen
Vis formosa videri, &c.*

1.

Long have my Prayers flow Heaven assail'd ;
But Thanks to all the Powers above,
That still revenge the Cause of injur'd Love,
Lyce at last they have prevail'd.
My Vows are all with Usury repaid,
For who can Providence upbraid,
That fees thy former Crimes with hasten'd Age
[repaid.

2.

Thou'rt old , and yet by awkward Ways dost
[strive
Th' unwilling Passion to revive ;
Dost drink, and dance, and touch thy Lyre,
And all to set some puny Heart on Fire.
Alas ! in *Chloe's* Cheeks Love basking lyes ;
Chloe great Beauty's fairest prize,
Chloe, that charms our Ears, and ravishes our
[Eyes.

3.

The vigorous Boy flies o'er the barren Plains,
Where sapless Oaks their wither'd Trunks ex-
[tend;

For Love, like other Gods, disdains
To grace the Shrine that Age has once profan'd.
He too laughs at thee now,
Scorns thy grey Hairs, and wrinkled Brow,
How should his youthful Fires agree with hoary
[Ages snow?

4.

In vain, with wondrous Art, and mighty Care,
You strive your ruin'd Beauty to repair;
No far-fetcht Silks one Minute can restore,
That Time has added to the endless Score.
And precious Stones, tho' ne'er so bright,
That shine with their own native Light,
Will but disgrace thee now, and but enhance
[thy Night.

5.

Ah me! where's now that Mien! that Face!
That Shape! that Air! that every Grace!
That Colour! whose enchanting Red
Me to Love's Tents a Captive led.
Strange Turn of Fate! that she
Who from my self so oft has stoln poor me,
Now by the just revenge of Time, stoln from
(herself should be.

6. Time

6.

Time was when *Lyce*'s powerful Face
 To *Phyllis* only gave the place ;
 Perfect in all the little Tricks of Love,
 That charm the Sense, and the quick Fancy
 (move.
 But Fate to *Phyllis* a long Reign deny'd,
 She fell in all her blooming Beauty's Pride,
 She conquer'd whilst she liv'd, and triumph'd as
 (she dy'd.

7.

Thou, like some old Commander in Disgrace,
 Surviving the past Conquests of thy Face,
 Now the greater Business of thy Life is done,
 Review'st with Grief the Trophies thou hast
 (won.
 Damn'd to be parch'd with Lust, tho' chill'd
 (with Age,
 And tho' past Action, damn'd to tread the Stage,
 That all might laugh to see that glaring Light,
 Which lately shone so fierce and bright,
 End with a Stink at last, and vanish into Night.

The

The xv Ode in *Horace* Lib. 3. Imitated

*Uxor pauperis Ibici,
Tandem Nequitiae fige Modum tuæ,
Famosisq; Laboribus, &c.*

1.

AT length, thou antiquated Whore,
Leave trading off, and sin no more ;
For Shame in your old Age turn Nun,
As Whores of everlasting Memory have done.

2.

Why shouldst thou still frequent the Sport,
The Balls, and Revels of the Court ?
Or why at glittering Masks appear,
Only to fill the Triumphs of the Fair ?

3.

To *Ghent* or *Brussels* strait adjourn,
The Lewdness of your former Life to mourn,
There brawny Priests in Plenty you may hire,
If Whip, and wholesom Sackcloth cannot quench
(the fire.

4.

Your Daughter's for the Business made,
To her in Conscience quit your Trade.

Thus,

Thus, when his conquering Days were done,
Victorious *Charles* resign'd his Kingdom to his Son.

5.

Alas! ne're thrum your long disus'd Guittar,
Nor with Pulvilio's scent your Hair,
But in some lonely Cell abide,
With Rosary and Psalter dangling at your Side.

A Translation of Ode xxiii. lib. i.

*Vitas Hinnuleo me similis, Chloe,
Quærenti pavidam Montibus aviis
Matrem, &c.*

I.

WHy flies *Belinda* from my Arms?
Or shuns my kind Embrace?
Why does she hide her blooming Charms?
And where I come forsake the Place.

2.

Like some poor Fawn, whom every Breath
Of Air does so surprize;
In the least Wind he fancies Death,
And pants at each approaching Noise.

3. Alas!

3.

Alas ! I never meant thee ill,
 Nor seek I to devour thee,
 Why shouldst thou then with Coldness kill
 The dying Slave that does adore thee.

4.

Leave, leave thy Mothers Arms for shame,
 Nor fondly hang about her,
 Thou'rt now of age to play the Game,
 And ease a Lover's Pain without her.

The xxxiv. Ode in *Hor.* l. 3. Para-
 phras'd'd.

*Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
 Et militavi non sine Gloria: &c.*

TIs true, while active Blood my Veins did
 [fire,
 And vigorous Youth gay Thoughts inspire,
 (By your leave, Courteous Reader, be it said)
 I cou'd have don't as well as most Men did ;
 But now I am (the more's the Pity)
 The veriest Fumbler in the City.

2.

There, honest Harp, that hast of late
 So often bore thy sinful Masters Fate,

Thou

Thou a crack'd Side, and he a broken Pate ;
 Hang up, and peaceful Rest enjoy ;
 Hang up, while poor dejected I,
 Unmusical, unstrung like thee, sit mourning by.

3.

And likewise all ye trusty Bars,
 With whose Assistance heretofore,
 When Love engag'd me in his Wars,
 I've batter'd, heaven forgive me, many a Door ;
 Lye there, till some more able Hand
 Shall you to your old pious Use command.

But, oh kind *Phæbus*, lend a pitying Ear
 To thy old Servant's humble Prayer,
 Let scornful *Chloe* thy Resentments fell,
 Lash her all o're with Rods of Steel ;
 And when the Jilt shall of her Smart complain ;
 This 'tis, then tell her, to disdain
 Thy sacred Power, and scorn a Lover's pain.

Hor. Ode 27. l. 1.

*Natis in Usum lætitiæ Scyphis
 Pugnare, Thracum est.*

1.

TO fight in your Cups, and abuse the good
 [Creature,
 Believe it, my Friends, is a Sin of that Nature,
 That

That were you all damn'd for a tedious long
 To nasty Mundungus, and heath'nish Small
 Such as after debauches your Sparks of the
 For a pennance next Morning devoutly pour
 It would not attone for so vile a Transgression,
 You're a Scandal to all of the drinking Profession.

2.

What a pox do ye bellow, and make such a
 And throw Candlesticks, Bottles, and Pipes at
 Come keep the Kings Peace, leave your dam-
 And gravely return to good Christian drinking.
 He that flinches his Glafs, and to drink is
 Let him quarrel no more, but knock under the

3.

Well, Faith, since you've rais'd my ill Nature
 I'll drink on no other Condition, not I,
 Unless my old Friend in the Corner declares
 What Mistrefs he Courts, and whose Colours
 You may safely acquaint me, for I'm none of
 That use to divulge what's spoke under the
 Come,

Come, part with't---What she! forbid it ye
 (Powers,
 What unfortunate Planet rul'd o'er thy Amours.
 Why Man she has lain (Oh thy Fate how I pity!)
 With half the blue Breeches and Wigs in the
 (City.
 Go thank Mr. Parson, give him thanks with a
 (Curse,
 Oh those damnable Words, *For better for worse.*
 To regain your old Freedom you vainly endea-
 (vour,
 Your Doxy and You no Priest can dissever,
 You must dance in the Circle, you must dance
 (in't for ever.

An Imitation of the 14th Epod in
Hor.

*Mollis Inertia cur tantam diffuderit
 Oblivionem sensibus, (imis
 Pocula Lethæos ut si ducentia Somnos
 Arente Fauce traxerim,
 Candide Mæcenâs, occidis sæpe rogan-
 (do. &c.*

A Sk me no longer, dear Sir John,
 Why your Lampoon lies still undone,
 'Fore George my Brain's grown addle ;
 Nor bid me *Pegasus* bestride,
 Why should you ask a Sot to ride,
 That cannot keep his Saddle.

2.

This was the poor *Anacreon's* Case,
 When doting on a smooth-chinn'd Face,
 He pin'd away his Carcass.
 To tune his Strings the Bard essay'd,
 The Devil a String the Bard obey'd,
 And was not this a hard Case?

3.

If you a constant Mifs have got,
 Thank heaven devoutly for your Lot,
 Such Blessings are not common.
 While I, condemn'd to endless Pain,
 Must tamely drag *Belinda's* Chain,
 Yet know she's worse than----Woman.

Mart.

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

Translated By Mr. Tho. B R O W N.

Mart. Epig. 5. l. 2.

*Ne valeam, si non totis, Deciane, diebus,
Et tecum totis Noctibus esse velim.*

IN some vile Hamlet let me live forgot,
Small Beer my Portion, and no Wine my
To some worse Fiend in Church-Indentures (lot :
Than ancient *Job*, or modern *Sherlock* found. (bound,
And with more Aches plagu'd, and Pains, and
Than fill or *Salmon's* Works, or *Tilburgh's* Bills ; (Ills,
If 'tis not still the burden of my Prayer
The Night with you, with you the Day to share.
But Sir, (and the Complaint you know is true)
Two damn'd long Miles there lie 'twixt me and
B b (you ;

You] And these two Miles, by help of Calculation,
 Make four, by that I've reach'd my Habitation.
 You near Sage *Will's*, the Land of Mirth and
 (Claret;

I live stow'd up in a *White-chappel* Garret :
 Oft when I've walk'd so far, your Hands to kiss,
 Flatter'd with Thoughts of the succeeding Bliss,
 I'm told you're gone to the vexatious *Hall*,
 Where with eternal Lungs the Lawyers bawl?
 Or else stole out, some Eemale Friend to see ;
 Or, what's as bad, you're not at Home for me.
 Two Miles I've at your service, and that's civil,
 But to trudge four, and miss you, is the Devil.

Advice to a Vintner.

Mart. Epig. 19. l. 1.

The Hint taken from *Quid te Tucca
 juvat.*

WHAT Planet distracts thee, what damna-
 (able Star,
 To dash honest *Bourdeaux* with vile *Bar a Bar*?
 Why shou'd innocent Claret be murder'd by
 (Port,
 Thou'lt surely be sentenc'd in *Bacchus's* Court.
 As for us Drunken Rakes, if we hang, or we
 (drown ;
 Or are decently poyson'd, what loss has the
 Town ;
 But to kill harmless Claret, that does so much
 (Good,
 Is downright Effusion of true Christian Blood :
 Ne'er

Ne'er think what I tell you is matter of Laughter,
Thou'lt be curst for't in this World, and damn'd
(for't hereafter.

Mart. Epig. 20. l. 1.

*Si memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia,
dentes.*

1.

WHEN Gammar *Gurton* first I knew,
Four Teeth in all she reckon'd :
Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out too,
And t'other two a second.

2.

Courage, old Dame, and never fear
The third, when e'er it comes ;
Give me but t'other Jugg of Beer,
And I'll ensure your Gums.

An Imitation of an Epigram 44. in
Mart. lib. iii.

Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter, &c.

THAT Cousins, Friends, and Strangers fly
(thee,
Nay, thy own Sister can't sit nigh thee ;
That

That all Men thy Acquaintance shun,
And into Holes and Corners run,
Like *Irish* Beau from *English* Dun,
The Reason's plain, and if thou'd'st know it,
Thou'rt a most damn'd repeating Poet.
Not Bayliff fowr, with horrid Beard,
Is more in poor *Alsatia* fear'd,
Since the stern Parliament of late
Has stript of ancient Rights their State:
Not Tygers, when their Whelps are missing;
Nor Serpents in the Sun-shine hissing;
Nor Snake in Tail that carries rattle;
Nor Fire, nor Plague, nor Blood, nor Battle,
Is half so dreaded by the Throng,
As thy vile persecuting Tongue.
If e'er the restless Clack that's in it
Gives thy Head leave to think a Minute,
Think what a Pennance we must bear
Thy damn'd Impertinence to hear.
Whether I stand, or run, or sit,
Thou still art i'th' repeating Fit:
Weary'd I seek a Nap to take,
But thy curst Muse keeps me awake.
At Church too, when the Organ's blowing,
Thy louder pipe is still a going.
Nor Park, nor Bagnio's from thee free,
All Places are alike to thee.
Learn Wisdom once, at a Friend's instance,
From the two Fellows at St. *Dunstan's*;
Make not each Man thou meet'st a Martyr;
But strike like them but once a Quarter.

The 63d Epigram in *Martial*, Lib.
3.

Cotile, Bellus homo es, &c.

O H *Femmy* you're a Beau : not I alone
Say this, but 'tis the talk of all the
(Town.

Prithee be free, and to thy Friend impart
What is a Beau-----Ay Sir, with all my heart.
He's one, who nicely curls and combs his Hair,
And visits *Sedgwick* monthly all the Year :
Sings bawdy Songs, and humms them, as along
Flanting he walks thro' the admiring Throng ;
All the Day long sits with the charming Fair,
And whispers pretty Stories in their Ear.
Writes *Billets doux* ; shuns all Men as he goes,
Lest their unhallow'd Touch shou'd dawb his
(Cloaths.

He knows your Mistress: Nay, at every Feast
He'll tell the Pedigree of every Guest.
Is this a Beau ? Faith *Femmy*, I'll be plain,
A Beau's a Bawble, destitute of Brain.

The Contented Whore.

An Imitation of Epig. 66. in *Mar.*

l. 12.

Formosa Phyllis nocte cum mihi tota,

1.

TO Charming *Celia*'s Arms I flew,
And there all night I feasted ;
No God such Transports ever knew,
Nor Mortal ever tasted.

2.

Lost in the sweet tumultuous Joy,
And pleas'd beyond expressing ;
How can your Slave, my Fair, said I,
Reward so great a Blessing ?

3.

The whole Creation's Wealth survey ;
Thro both the *Indies* wander :
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
And fighting Monarchs squander.

4.

The richest Spoils of Earth and Air ;
The rifled Ocean's Treasure ;
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far
To purchase so much Pleasure.

5. She

5.

She blushing cry'd---My Life, my Dear,
 Since *Celia*, thus you fancy,
 Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
 A Rundlet of right *Nancy*.

An Imitation of *Uxor vade foras*.

In *Mart.* l. ii. *Ep.* 105.

Sweet Spouse, you must presently troop and
 (be gone,
 (Or fairly submit to your betters ;)
 Unless for the Faults that are past, you atone,
 I must knock off my Conjugal Fetters.

2.

When at Night I am paying the Tribute of
 (Love,
 (You know well enough what's my Meaning,)
 You scorn to assist my Devotion, or move,
 As if all the while you were dreaming.

3.

At Cribbage and Put, and All Fours I have seen
 A Porter more Passion expressing,
 Than thou, wicked *Kate*, in the rapturous
 (Scene,
 And the Height of the amorous Blessing.

B b 4

4. Then

4.

Then say I to my self, is my Wife made of
 (Stone,
 Or does the old Serpent possess her ;
 Better Motion and Vigor by far might be
 (shown
 By dull Spouse of a *German* Professor ?

5.

So *Kate* take Advice, and reform in good
 (Time,
 And while I'm performing my Duty,
 Come in for your Club, and repent of the Crime
 Of paying all Scores with your Beauty.

6.

All day thou mayst cant, and look grave as a
 (Nun,
 And run after *Burgefs* the surly ;
 Or see that the Family business be done,
 mnd chide all thy Servants demurely.

7.

But when you're in Bed with your Master and
 (King,
 That Tales out of School ne'er does trumpet,
 Move, riggle, heave, pant, clip me round like
 (a Ring,
 In short, be as lewd as a Strumpet.

The

The Fable of the Bat and the Birds.

In Imitation of that of the *Buzzard*
in the *Hind Panther*. In the Year 1689.

IN ancient Times, as learned *Æsop* shows,
'Twixt Birds and Beasts a fatal War arose.
But whether this from State-Intrigues did flow,
Or to some Church-Pretence its birth did owe,
Or depredations made, concerns us not to know.
Weighty, you may be sure, the Cause was thought
Which such an universal Tumult wrought.
Picqueering Parties first began the Fray,
A sad Prefage of the ensuing Day.
At last the War was solemnly proclaim'd,
The hour of fighting set, and both the Leaders
(nam'd.

The foolish Bat, a Bird obscene and base,
The scorn and jest of all the feather'd Race;
Or by fantastic Fears, and Scruples led,
Or by Ambition mov'd, his Party fled,
Joyn'd with the Beasts, and eager to engage,
With popular Harangues urg'd on a feeble Rage:

As Fortune wou'd, on an ill-fated Day,
The Beasts drew out their Forces in Array:
The different Kinds their Grudges laid aside,
And for the common Safety now provide.

Ev'n their old Piques, and warm Disputes for-
(got,
The *Hind* and *Panther* joyn'd upon the Spot;
And by one mutual League of Friendship held,
Prepare for the rough Business of the Field.

When lo! the Birds in numerous Bands ap-
(pear,
And

And with repeated Crys attack the Rear ;
 Give a fierce Charge, and back like *Parthians*,
 (fly,

To repossess the patrimonial Sky :
 Then strait descending, with redoubled Might,
 They spend their Fury, and renew the Fight.
 Pale Victory, all trembling and dismay'd,
 With doubtful Wings the purple Scene survey'd.
 At last, propitious to her feather'd Kind,
 Declar'd her Favour, and the Scale inclin'd.
 Whole Hecatombs the cover'd Field possess,
 And gave their Foes at once a Triumph and a
 (Feast.

Their slaughter'd Young the *Rachel*-Dams de-
 (plor'd,
 And many a Widdow'd Cow mourn'd o'er her
 (Horned Lord,

The generous Eagle (so his Stars ordain)
 Chases th' affrighted Lyon from the Plain :
 Their General gone, the Rest like Lightning
 (fly,
 A cheap unfighting Herd, nor worth the Victo-
 (ry.

And now the Birds with eager Haste pursue,
 Thro' Lanes, and devious Tracks, the scatter'd
 (Crew.

Among the Rest, beset with Dangers round,
 The trembling Bat was in a Cellar found :
 'Tis pity Fame ne'er Chronicled his Taker,
 But all Records agree, they found him near
 (Long-acre.

Percht on a Pole, they brought him to the Bar,
 Where the full House sat talking of the War.
 Strait at the sight, a various Noise began,
 Which thro' the spacious Hall, and neighb'ring
 (Lobby ran.

Each Member in the publick Mirth concurr'd,
 And droll'd upon the poor Apostatizing Bird.

First

First, Parrot *Settle* open'd wide his Throat,
 Next Cuckow *Rimer* always in a Note ;
 And Peacock *Chetwood*, of the Clergy kind ;
 But his Poetic Feet disgrac'd the Train behind.
 And *Creech*, and *Norris*, Blackbirds of Renown ;
 And Corm'rant *Higden*, for devouring known.
 Nay, to augment the Hardship of his woes,
 Owl *Durfey* clapt his Wings, and hooted in the
 (Close.

When now their Raillery began to spare,
 (And faith 'twas too much for one Bird to
 (bear)

The Eagle order'd silence in the Room,
 And thus aloud pronounc'd the shiv'ring Lub-
 (ber's Doom.

Beast of a Bird, thus to desert thy Friends,
 And joyn the common Foe, for base ungene-
 rous Ends ;

What Punishment can suit so black a crime ?
 Hear then, and stand accurst to all succeeding
 (Time.

From all our Diets be thou first expell'd,
 Or those in flowry Groves, or those on Steeples
 (held,

When our gay Tribes in youthful Pomp appear,
 To joyn in Nuptial Bands, and meet the smiling
 (Year.

Nay more, to make thee mortifie and grieve,
 To Buzzard *Shadwell* we thy Places give.
 Him we appoint Historian of our State,
 And Poet Laureat of the Woods create.

Outlaw'd our Realms, and banish'd from the
 (Light,
 Be thou for ever damn'd to steal abroad by
 (Night.

The

The Fable of the Horfe and the Stag.

1.

THe Horn-arm'd Stag deny'd the Horfe
The priviledge of the Common,
Till starv'd, for Want of equal force,
He begg'd Assistance from a Man.

2.

For why ? resolv'd at any Rate
To get his Share of Pasture ;
He rather chose to champ the Bit,
Than leave the Stag sole Master.

3.

With Man astride he march'd to fight
A Foe that durst not face him ;
For he with Strangeness of the Sight
Was frighted from his grazing.

4.

Nor had Sir *Palfry* much to brag
He got by his Adventure ;
Since Man, from routing of the Stag,
Commenc'd perpetual Centaur.

The

The Fable of the Wolf and Porcupine.

In answer to

The Argument against a Standing Army.

I.

I *Sgrim* with Hunger prest, one day
As through the Woods he posted,
A Porcupine found on the Way,
And in these Terms accosted.

2.

Our Wars are ended, Heav'n be prais'd,
Then let's sit down and prattle
Of Towns invested, Sieges rais'd,
And what we did in Battle.

3.

The Plains a pleasing Prospect yield,
No Fire, nor Desolation ;
While Plenty reigns in every Field,
And Trade restores the Nation.

4.

Yet you your Quills erected wear,
And tho' none seeks to harm ye,
In time of Peace about you bear
Methinks a Standing Army.

5. Friend,

5.

Friend, quoth the Porcupine, 'tis true,
 The War's at length decided,
 But 'gainst such tricking Blades as you,
 'Tis good to be provided.

6.

Censorious Fame shall never say
 That too much Faith betray'd me;
 Who thinks of me to make a Prey,
 Must at his Cost invade me.

i

7.

Let him, that thinks it worth the while,
 Tempt Knaves to make a Martyr,
 The Sharpers, that wou'd me beguile,
 Shall find they've caught a Tartar,

The Fable of *Apollo* and *Daphne*,

1.

Apollo once finding fair *Dauphne* alone,
 Discover'd his Flame in a passionate
 (Tone;
 He told her, and bound it with many a Curse,
 He was ready to take her for Better for Worse.
 Then he talk'd of his Smart,
 And the Hole in his Heart,
 So large, one might drive thro' the Passage a
 (Cart.
 But

But the filly coy Maid, to the Gods great A-
 (mazement,
 Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt through
 (the Casement.

2.

He following cry'd out, my Life and my
 (Dear,
 Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear.
 You think me perhaps some Scoundrel, or
 (Whoreson,
 Alas ! I've no wicked Designs on your Person.
 I'm a God by my Trade,
 Young, plump, and well-made,
 Then let me carefs thee, and be not afraid.
 But still she kept running, and flew like the
 (Wind,
 While the poor purfy God came panting be-
 [hind

3.

I'm the Chief of Physicians ; and none of the
 (College
 Must be mention with me for Experience and
 (Knowledge :
 Each Herb, Flower, and Plant by its Name I
 (can call,
 And do more, than the best Seventh Son of 'em
 (all.

With my Powders and Pills,
 I cure all the Ills,
 That sweep off such Numbers each Week in
 (the Bills.
 But still she kept running, and flew like the
 Wind,
 While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

4. Besides

Besides I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,
 And top all the Writers of fam'd *Covent-garden*.
 I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of
 (Wit,

I set my own Sonnets, and sing to my Kit.

I'm at *Will's* all the Day,

And each Night at the Play ;

And Verses I make fast as Hops, as they say.

When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled
 (her Speed,

And flew like a Whore from a Constable freed.

7.

Now had our wise Lover (but Lovers are blind)
 In the Language of *Lumbard-street* told her his
 (Mind,

Look Lady what here is, 'tis plenty of Money,
 Odsbobs I must swinge thee, my Joy and my
 (Honey.

I sit next the Chair,

And shall shortly be Mayor,

Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can com-
 [pare.

Tho', as wrinkled, as *Priam*, deform'd as the
 (Devil,

The God had succeeded, the Nymph had been
 (civil.

A Consolatory Letter to Mr. H--,

On his being a CUCKOLD.

S I R,

I Am none of the best Comforters in the World ; however, yours is so common and easie a case, that any one may set up for a Doctor, and pretend to prescribe Remedies for it. You send me word, you are a Cuckold, and desire my Advice upon the Matter : Why, is this a time to complain of Cuckoldom ? You ought to have reconciled your self to that point long ago, before you ventur'd into the Holy State, and not to mortify with the thought on't now, when you can't help your self. A Soldier should consider before he lifts himself, how he can bear the Loss of an Arm or Leg ; if he meets with an unlucky Shot, 'tis but the Chance of War, and if he comes off in a whole skin, 'tis more than he cou'd expect, and Providence used him better than he deserv'd. The Oracle in *Rablais*, to which you are no Stranger, long ago declar'd, *That every Married Man either has been, or is, or will be a Cuckold* ; and cou'd you ever hope to elude an Oracle ? For my part, 'tis no more than what I expected to hear of you every Post : You have been long Jealous of your Wife, and now it comes home to you, for Jealousy does as naturally ripen into Cuckoldom, as a Caterpillar into a Horned Insect, call'd a Butterfly. However, you have got this by the Bargain, that it has cured you, God be thanked, of your Jealousy, which is one of the worst Tormenters a

C c

Man

a Man can have; and who would not bear with a sawcy Companion to get rid of the Devil. But after all, what you complain of is no Disgrace, you share it in common with the *Cæsars* and *Pompeys*, and most of the Hero's of former Ages, and with the *N*——— and *M*——— of this, besides an infinite number of Dukes, Marquisses, Earls, Bishops, Knights, Aldermen, Deans, Arch-Deacons, Heads and Governors of Colleges and Halls; and who wou'd regret to be joyn'd in so good a Company?

But *your Family's dishonour'd*, and so, perhaps, it has been Twenty times since the Conquest. I told you before, I had no extraordinary Hand at Comforting. A thousand other Families have been subject to the same Calamity, and why you should expect to fare better than your Neighbours, I don't understand. *But if I had deserved it from my Wife.* Why, so much the better still: Other People use to comfort themselves in their misfortunes, by reflecting upon their Innocence, and why should not you? If your Wife has a fancy to go to the Devil, let her ne'er lose her Longing: rather than that shou'd happen, do by her as *Charles* the fifth is said to do by a flying Enemy, build her a Bridge to go thither.

Well, but *what would you have me do?* you say, *Job*, and *Plutarch*, and *Seneca*, have been so often prescrib'd to People in your Condition, that I won't offer them to you. My Advice is then, that you'd come to Town, as soon as you can, and take a Lodging in *Cheapside*, or near *Whitehall*, and there, I'll pass my Word for't, you'll be thought no Monster; tho' you unmannerly Folks in the Country stare are at a Cuckold, as much as here we do at a King's Evidence just after a new Plot, yet *London's* a civil place, and we think him no Prodigy here. But if your Affairs won't give you leave to come to Town, my next Advice is, to retaliate upon your Neigh-

Neighbours, plant Cuckoldom as thick as you can in your Hundred ; and for that End, get in with the Aunts, the Nurses, and Midwives ; but above all, secure the Church, and get the Clergy on your side. When your Numbers are grown pretty considerable, make a Descent into the next Hundred, and so on, till you have made the whole County of a Piece. When you have effected this, you'll be above the reach of Scandal, your Multitudes will protect you, and then you'll live as comfortably as we do here in *London*. But *what shall I do with my Wife ?* I have already told you ; Build her a Bridge, and lose no time.

I am,

Your Loving Cousin,

T. B.

To W. Knight, Esquire.

Written in the time of the Frost, Jan. 22.

Dear Sir,

TIS a sign I am never weary of keeping a Correspondence with you, since I can afford to do it at this terrible Juncture, when the Ink freezes as I write: But you must expect nothing else from me but what you would hear in every Coffee-house, were you in Town, and that is, to be entertain'd about the Frost. The common People here are of Opinion, that the Northern Monarch, who has done us the Honour of a Visit, has brought his own Country Weather along with him, and they confirm it with a very good Instance ; for they remem-

C c 2

ber,

ber, that when the *Morocco* Ambassador was here, we had the hottest Summer that ever was known. Thus, according to these merry Philosophers, every Foreigner, that comes to see us, takes care, like *Nicholas* in the *Virtuoso*, to bottle up some of the Air of his own Climate, and retails it among us here.

It has been a general Complaint, that all the Seasons but Winter have been of late inverted. Mr. *Flamsted*, you know, has pretended, that the Sun has been out of Order this good while; and a Friend of yours, who loves dearly to sit up a-Nights, being asked what was the Reason, that he never saw him, replied, that he cou'd not endure to see sick Folks. 'Tis no Wonder that he can do no more in *January*, since for eight Years last past, he has not been scarce able to maintain his Summer Quarters, and Winter has had the Impudence to bully him even in his own Dog-days. Indeed, if he decays in Proportion to what he has done of late, the Lord have Mercy, say I, on Dr. *Burnet's* Hypothesis of the *Charterhouse*, for he'll be no more able to cause a general Conflagration, than *Parr* was to get a Bastard in the Hundred and Fifty Second Year of his Age.

But to leave off these Metaphysical Contemplations.— If this severe Season lasts many Days longer, it will as effectually by the Orthodoxy of Peoples Constitution, as the new A——— concerning K. J——— will shew who is *Stanch* to the Government, and who not. We used to say in the late Reign, that if Popery proved to be long-lived, 'twould soon be found, who were in the Interests of the Whore of *Babylon*. But this Frost, I conceive, will make truer and juster Discoveries; for a Man, if he's wickedly inclin'd, may play a thousand Tricks with his Faith, and no body be the wiser; but the Devil is in him if such searching
Weather

Weather (which penetrates deeper than the Inquisition) does not extort very unlucky Confessions from his Carcase, especially if in his younger Days he studied Natural Philosophy in *Covent-Garden*. I can't tell how it fares with you in the Country, but here in Town Water is scarcer than its opposite Element, Fire.

A Friend of mine happen'd, yesterday, to be in a Tavern Kitchen near the Custom-house, and complaining of the cold; Lord, says a Sea-Captain to him, this is nothing, Sir, to what I have felt, no more, as God shall judge me, than a Tooth-picker is to the Mainmast of the *Britannia*. I made the North-East Voyage with Captain *Wood*, and have been in a Country, Sir, where they don't bury between *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*. What, said my Friend, don't the People die all that Time? Yes, a Pox on them, they die fast enough, but the Ground is as hard as a Flint, and they are forc'd, in their own Defence, to pile up their Dead Folks in the Belfry, as we do Faggots in a Wood-yard, and tye pieces of Paper about their Necks, for all the World, Sir, (as your good Housewives in the Country do about their Cordial Bottles) to know them again, and so they bury them at Spring of the Year. Sir, says my Friend to him, you seem to be an honest Gentleman, and I don't doubt but what you tell me is true; for I, in my Time, have been a piece of a Traveller, and have pass'd a Month or two among the *Samocids*, where it is so excessive cold, that, as in *Italy* and other hot Countries, they forbid the Priests to Preach out of the *Canticles* during *July* and *August*, for fear of putting some odd Whimsies into the Heads of the People: So here, the Patriarch of *Mosco* forbids all the Clergy, under pain of Suspension, not to make the least mention of the Roasting that is us'd in the other World, lest they shou'd set all their Congregations a long-

ing to be there. In short, noble Captain, the Parsons take as much care to conceal the Doctrine of Hell Fire, for the Reason above-mention'd, from the poor Inhabitants of this Country, as they do the Bible from the Laity in *Spain*. The Captain graciously thank'd my Friend for his News, and so they parted.——

One wou'd be apt to imagin 'twas in such Weather as this, that *David* pen'd the Psalms, where he advises People to look to their Ways. The Streets are so excessive Slippery, that a Man runs through half the Dangers of an *East-India* Voyage, in passing only from *Temple-bar* to the *Change* in a Coach, and if he ventures it on Foot, he's oblig'd to walk with the same Precaution upon the King's Highway, as your Fellows in *Bartholomew-Fair* manage themselves upon the high Rope. For want of observing this Direction, a Country Gentlewoman t'other day met with a sad Mischance at the corner of *Fetter-lane*, for up flew her Heels, and off came her Commode, and she unluckily discovered a hideous breach in her Fabrick, at which two Foot-Soldiers ran away in a Fright, and a grave Citizen that pass'd by was exceedingly scandalized. The Physicians and Chirurgeons however are no Losers by this Season, for what between Phthisick and Fever, (which really make a handsome Figure in the Weekly Bill) and those providential Blessings call'd broken Arms and Legs, both Professions find as much Imployment, as *Dr. Oates* will tell you the Pimps had at *Whitehall* in the Reign of King *Charles II.* Our Divines need not be over-nice as to what they Preach; for there is such everlasting barking in the Churches, that tho' the Parson had the Lungs of twenty Trumpeters, yet 'twere impossible to understand a Syllable he says. Some Phthisicky old Gentleman leads up a Cough, his next Neighbour immediately takes the hint from

from him, a third pursues it, and so the Snow-ball rowls merrily on, till at last the whole Congregation joyns in the Chorus, and one side of the Church answers the other as regularly and harmoniously, as two contending Nightingales in a Hedge, or the Vicars in the new Quire at *St. Pauls*. The *Thames* is in great Danger of being made a Captive, and of wearing Fetters, which he generously endeavours to throw off every Tide; and never was so true an Emblem as now, of that noble spirited Island, of which he is the Defence as well as Ornament, which can never have Chains put upon it of any Continuance.

I am sorry to find by your last, that your Neighbour Mr. *H——* grows Fat upon Marriage, for I don't see how he can answer it to his Conscience. Marriage is a Lean, Hungry, Craving Soil, on which he that can fatten, may raise an Estate in *Scotland*, or recover from an Ague by removing into the *Hundreds*. Ecclesiastical History tells us of a Bishop, that suspended one of his Priests for no Crime, but because he had a double Chin. That Prelate cou'd not be perswaded, that his Curate Preached and Pray'd, and minded the Business of his Parish, so long as he carried such an unapostolical Badge about him. Pray acquaint your Friend Mr. *H——* with this Adventure of the double Chin, and tell him from me, that neither Canon, nor Civil, nor Common Law, will justify him in making a *Sine Cure* of his Wife.

I am,

Your most humble Servant,

Tho. Brown.

S O M E
R E M A R K S
U P O N
Marriage.

By Mr. BROWN.

M*Arriage* being the Port, or Haven, at which most of the Sons and Daughters of *Eve* design to touch, sooner or later; 'tis no Wonder, that People are universally curious, to know how this ticklish Ceremony is perform'd in other Countries. We find here at Home, that the first Place in the Common-Prayer-Book, that young Maidens generally dip in, is the Service of *Matrimony*. I once knew a raw Girl, that cou'd readily make all the Responses in that Office, before she could Answer to one Question in her Catechism. Which occasion'd her Father, who was a grave old Gentleman, to wish, that those of her Sex would take as much care to prepare themselves for their latter, as for this their first End; for so it proves to most of them.

It has been frequently said, that *Marriage* and *Hanging* go by Destiny, but for my part, I am no Predestinarian; neither do I believe, with the rest of the World, that *Matches* are made in Heaven, any more than I believe that all Oxen are bought and sold there, before they come to *Smithfield* Market. But tho' I am no Admirer of Destiny, as I said before, yet I would not have any one infer from thence, that I believe there's no manner of Resemblance between *Hanging* and *Marrying*: For *Hanging*, with Reverence be it spoken, as well as *Marrying*, is perform'd by tying a Knot, which Death only dissolves; and they agree too in this particular, (which is more suitable to the Occasion of the Book) that all civiliz'd Countries in the World observe different Fashions in one no less than the other.

The Roman Catholicks make a Sacrament of *Matrimony*, and in Consequence of that Notion, pretend it confers Grace. The Protestant Divines don't carry Matters so high; but say, this ought to be understood in a qualified Sense, and that Marriage so far confers Grace, as, generally speaking, it confers Repentance, which every body knows is a step to Grace.

It must be confess'd on all hands, that *Marriage* is the most serious Action that a Man can engage in, and therefore we ought to think of it, as we do of our Later End, with Fear and Trembling. For this reason, I cannot endure to hear People pass their ill-natur'd Jests upon so holy an Ordinance. If it is a Man's good Fortune to meet with a good Wife, he ought to date his Happiness is this World from that very Moment; and if she proves not as he desires, he ought to look over the Catalogue of his Sins, and interpret it as a Visitation, or at least to take it patiently. For my part, commend me to that Gentleman, who having married a Lady of an extraordinary Capacity, never complain'd of his Fate,

Fate, nor made his Spouse uneasy, but honestly thank'd G O D, that now he had a Hole to put his Head in.

The Ladies that read a Book call'd *Marriage Ceremonies*, will find sufficient reason to thank Providence, that they were born in so good-natur'd an Island as ours is, where the Preliminaries to Marriage are nothing near so morose and severe as they are in some places in the World. To give an Instance of this, our Author of the *Marriage Ceremonies* tells us, p. 51. *among the Sabrians* (a sort of Mungril Christians, that live on the Confines of Persia next Turkey) *the Parties meeting together at Church, the Minister makes the Bride swear before the Women, that she is a Virgin.* As ill an Opinion as the World unjustly entertains of our Females, I am very well satisfied, that there are above Forty Thousand Conscientious Wives, within the Bills of Mortality, that would have lost all, before they would have taken so rash and insnaring an Oath. How is it possible that a Woman should positively swear to an imaginary Thing, which may be lost (the Lord knows how) between sleeping and waking? This I am sure of, that no Husband was ever a jot the securer, for prescribing Arbitrary and Unlawful Oaths.

Yet as great a Hardship as this may seem to be, it is nothing in comparison of Hardships practis'd in some Countries, even after the Nuptial Ceremonies are perform'd. Thus we find in the said Book, p. 42. *that among the Greeks, if the Women find in the Bed the next day any Sign of a lost Virginity, they make a great Feast; but when that is wanting, they say nothing, the Bride-groom sending back the Bride to her Relations and Friends.* The same inhuman Custom is likewise observ'd by the *Persians*, as the Reader may see, p. 64. *by the Moors of Morocco*, p. 73. *the Inhabitants of the Kingdom of Fez*, p. 75. *by those of Algiers and Tunis*

Tunis p. 79, by the Spaniards, who retain this Custom from the Moors, p. 22. and lately by the Jews in Barbary. As for the later, I don't wonder at it, to find such Usage among them, because they were a stiff-necked People, that was always demanding Signs, and Tokens; nor among Infidels and *Mahometans*; but that any Christians, that are happily freed from the Levitical Bondage, should still hanker after the old superstitious Leaven, is a matter of the greatest Astonishment to me. I cannot but reflect with Horrour, how many Ladies in *England*, that now live comfortably with their Husbands, and are blessed with a numerous Issue, had been Shamefully discarded and sent home, if ever such an unrighteous Fashion as this had got footing among us. It seems to argue a great deal of Cruelty in the Men, that they shou'd relish no Pleasure, but what comes at the Expence of their dearest Consorts. But it is my daily Prayer, that Providence will protect the Free-born Women of *England* from such bloody-minded Husbands.

But tho' the greatest part of the World, are so extravagantly fond of Virginity, yet we find there are some People that have other Notions of things. Our said Author, p. 88, acquaints, *That when one of Conchin Marries, whosoever he is, he may not lie with his Bride the first Night, but is obliged to give her to a Bramine, who lies with her, and that they believe this to be a Favour and a good Omen.* I hope their Parishes in this Country are not of a large extent, otherwise the Priest has more Work upon his Hands than he will go through with, unless he keeps a Curate or two to relieve him, when Marriages come in thick. The Holders-forth of our Conventicles affect to be thought great Pains-takers, and really deserve the Name, for their Bands will testify for them, both in the Dog-days, and out of the Dog-days, that they sweat exceedingly. But, alas! what is this, if

considered in the same Scales with the Drudgery that these Priests undergo in their Ministry. I have often wonder'd that the Popish Clergy, that stand up so stiffly for the divine Right of First-fruits, don't troop in shoals to this Kingdom, when they voluntarily pay such an extraordinary Tribute to the Church.

'Tis observable, that in most Countries of the World this Ceremony is perform'd by the Priesthood, who, if they equally pretended to the Power of *Loosing*, as they do to that of *Tying*, they would have more Business upon their Hands than they cou'd well dispense with. Only in *Turkey* Married People are join'd together by the *Cadey*, or Civil Magistrate, and here in *England*, in *Oliver's* Time, by a Justice of Peace; the Reason alledg'd for it then was, that none was so well qualified to Marry others as he, who, by his Office, was empower'd to lay People by the Heels, and put them into the Stocks.

As I have already taken notice, *Virginity* is reckon'd so Essential to *Marriage* in several Countries, that the poor Bride is inhumanely dismiss'd, and sent Home to her Relations, if she be found defective in that particular; but, in this Author, we shall find, that all the World is not of this Humour. In *Pegu*, of the *Marriage Ceremonies*, p. 96. *The King, and those of the greatest Quality, lie not the first Night with their Wives, but admit others, and pay them Bountifully that will give themselves the trouble.* With all due respect to our Women be it spoken, I humbly conceive, that one half at least, of the Married Men in this Kingdom, if they would speak their Minds freely, must do their Wives this Justice, as to own, that they sav'd this *Porters Drudgery*, as a Monarch (not inferiour to *Solomon* for Wisdom) rightly call'd it. Our Neighbours of *Scotland*, before they came to be civiliz'd, used to
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lie the first Night with the Bride, their Vassal ; but now they have flung up such a troublesome piece of State, and make their Tenants drudge for themselves.

We rail at the Church of *Rome*, and not without reason, for exacting Implicite Obedience from her Sons, but alas, what signifies it to take a few Articles upon the Credit of the Priest ; but to take a Wife, as our Author tells us they do in *Muscovy*, and other places, without seeing her once, or knowing what Defects she may have, is somewhat hard upon the Subject. Heaven be prais'd, that here in *England* we are not forc'd to buy a Pig in a Poke ; nay, there are some Married Men in the World, that were as intimately acquainted with their Wives before Marriage, as ever they were after. See now what it is to live under a free Government, and to have *Magna Charta* on one's side.

To conclude these Reflections, it is my hearty Advice, That all Unmarried Persons wou'd chuse themselves proper Spouses by the first Opportunity, in order to recruit those numbers that have been destroy'd in the Wars, and not suffer their Talents to lie buried in a Napkin, for which they must severely answer one Day. And as for those that are Married, the best way they can take, as I presume, is to live as easy as they can, and following the good Counsel of *Hobson* the Carrier, so to manage themselves, as not to tire before their Journeys end.

Another

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the the first Night with the Bride, their Vassal; but
now they have hung up such a troublesome piece of
state, and make their Terrors bridge for them-
selves.

Another LETTER *to* Mr. H....

Being a farther Consolation on his
CUCKOLDOM, &c.

By Mr. BROWN.

S I R,

I Find by your Answer, that my Advice had not that good Effect upon you which I expected. You still complain of your Unhappiness, and disturb your self and your Friends with Chimera's of your own creating. If I thought complaining wou'd make you a Farthing the better, I wou'd out-weep a Church-spout, and out-lament a Widow that has bury'd three Husbands, and now laments for a fourth: Or if I thought you wanted any Spiritual Cordials, I wou'd send you a Cart-load of Sermons, to teach you that Patience which the Preachers of them cou'd never practice. But you are a *Malade imaginaire*, and *Moliere* wou'd sooner bring you to your self, than a Divine. In short, think no more of the Viper that stung you, and you are well.

You talk much of what People do in *Spain* upon these occasions; but what have you and I to do with them? Are we to regulate our eating by the Sots of *Lapland*, or to go naked in Complaisance to the Salvages under the Line? Had you liv'd in
Spain,

Spain, perhaps I had preach'd Revenge to you, and out of great Concern for your Person, advis'd you to venture the Gallows, because forsooth your Wife with the Sweat of her Brows had earn'd Damnation. But since you live in a Country where the People are wiser, than to be enslav'd by such foolish Notions, pray suffer your self to be govern'd by the Maxims of it. I tell you once more, Cuckoldom is no Scandal in our Nation, and if you were the First and Ancientest—in *England*, I cou'd say no more to you. If 'tis the Rarity that makes the Monster, you'll never come within the number of them. 'Tis only the Marry'd Men that are not Cuckolds, that, properly speaking, are the Monsters here, as in *Guiana*; 'tis not those that have huge Lips and flat Noses, but those that have them otherwise, are really the deform'd.

The old *Romans*, who may be suppos'd to have had as just Sentiments of Honour as the nicest *Dons* of *Castile*, were guided by wiser Maxims. In case of Infidelity, the Wife was sent Home with Infamy to her virtuous Relations, but no manner of Disgrace reflected upon the Husband. *Pompey*, the Conqueror of so many Kings; *Cicero*, the Father of Eloquence; and *Cesar*, the Master of the Universe, had all of 'em Wives, that prov'd as errant Recreants as yours, yet we don't find that they thought themselves a Farthing the worse for it, or that they rail'd at their Stars, or flew into such Extravagances as you do. *Cicero* in particular, that has written so many Consolatory Treatises, to relieve a Man under all the Misfortunes and Accidents of Human Life, as Banishment, Poverty, the loss of Friends, old Age, Disgrace, and the like; yet never thought it worth his while to part with one single drop of Comfort out of his Philosophical *Aqua Vitæ* Bottle, to cure the Heart-burning of a Cuckold. And, *Jack*, shall it ever be said, to the Infamy

famy of old *England*, that Heathens, Uncircumcised Heathens, cou'd practice that Patience, which you, that, God be thanked, live under a meeker Dispensation, cannot reconcile your self to.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that the *Romans* bore this with the greater Resignation, because they cou'd make themselves Amends out of the Sex, and marry another Wife as soon as they had dismiss'd the former. On the other hand, I think 'tis happy for you that you live in a Christian Country, where they won't let you cut your Fingers the second time with a Knife, as long as the Instrument that wounded you last is in being. There's a Fable in *Aesop* that fits your case exactly, therefore pray listen to it with due Attention and Reverence. A Shepherd kept a Flock of Sheep near the Sea, and observing it to be wonderful calm for a long time, had an itch upon him to turn Merchant-Adventurer; that is to say in plain *English*, a Gentleman liking the outside of the Fair Sex well enough, picks out one to his Purpose, and resolves to Marry. So he converts his Sheep and other Moveables into a Purse of Money, buys a parcel of Dates, and puts to Sea. That is to say, furnishes him a House, provides a fine Suit of Cloaths, goes to *Dukes-Place*, and Marries. A Tempest ruffled him cruelly there, (this Tempest, *Jack*, by the by, is Cuckoldom) that he was forc'd to throw his Dates over-board to lighten his Ship; that is to say, his Wife was so damn'd a Thorn in his side, that he was forc'd to Drink her to Death, to get rid of her. And thus, with much ado, escapes to Shore, and returns to the old Place to follow his old Profession; that is, breaks up House-keeping, and lives privately, as he did before. A few days after, finding old Father Ocean to look merrily about the Gills; that is, some of the Sex smile and simper, as if they had a design to hook him into Matrimony again; a Plague take

take you, says he, for a Dissembler: What, your Chops water for more Dates, I warrant; but I'll see you hang'd before you shall have any. I don't question, *Jack*, but that there are twenty and twenty Women in your Neighbourhood that long to be fingering your Dates, but if you'll follow the Shepherd's Example, they shall all lose their Longing.

Well, we have got over this troublesome Point, and now nothing vexes you, but that your Wife shou'd run away with a Soldier, (a confounded Ensign I think you call him) and an ugly Fellow too. But this is the most fantastical Complaint that ever was heard. It puts me in mind of an *Irish-man* in the Civil Wars, that when he was going to be hang'd, set nothing to Heart, but that he must be truss'd up in a Halter, and not in a Withe. If your House was robb'd, I suppose it wou'd be all a case to you, whether it was a Beau or a Chimney-sweeper, that did you the Honour to rifle you: And in your present Misfortune, what Relief wou'd it be to you, that a Blue-Garter planted your Horns, any more than a Blue-Apron, the Duce take me if I can see. But you, I find, are somewhat of *Bessus's* Humour in the Play, who comforted himself after a good Kicking, that his Honour had not suffer'd, because in the first place 'twas a Lord that kick'd him, and secondly, 'twas done with a Spanish-Leather Slipper. In your next Letter I expect to find you Lamenting, because the Fact was done under a Hedge, or upon a bare Floor, and not with the usual Accommodations in a Bed. Once more, *the Fellow was ugly*: Why, so much the better still, the Cockatrice of your Bosom will have the less to say for herself another Day, and that ought to be no little Comfort, *Jack*, to one in your case. Besides, it justifies the old Saying, *That Subjects and Wives, when they revolt from their Lawful Sovereigns, seldom chuse for a better*. As for her pitching upon a Sol-

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dier to be her Gallant, I don't wonder at it. The Gentlemen in Red, and their Brethren in Black, have for several Ages been in Possession of the Sex, the latter upon the Account of their Secrecy, which may be the Reason, perhaps, why they wear the Rose, the Badge of Silence, in their Hats; and the other, upon the score of the mighty Performances which the Women expect from them. The Ladies imagine them all to be Heroes, and as the Laity formerly believ'd, that Black conferr'd Grace and *Greek*, so they vainly think, that Red gives the Wearers of it Courage and Vigour above their Neighbours. If we may believe Antiquity, *Vulcan* had a broader Back than *Mars*, and was the stronger made of the two, yet the latter with the powerful Charms of his Embroider'd Coat and *Steenkirk* Cravat, so won the Goddess's Heart, that she was easily tempted to Cuckold the poor Blacksmith. In short, Women are like Mackarel, bait but a Hook with a piece of Red-Cloath, and you infallibly take them.

But to return to the Chapter of Ugliness, from which we have digressed, I told you before, 'twou'd make it the worse for your Wife at the Re——on, but upon second Thoughts, I don't know but she may have a great deal to say for herself. You are a handsom Fellow, *Jack*, I own it, but perhaps have convinc'd her by sorrowful Experience, that, as the Proverb has it, all is not Gold that glitters. Who can tell but your Wife has read Natural Philosophy enough to know, that where the Ground was the roughest, the most unpromising Surface, there the richest Mines lye below.

After all, whether it is so or not, Variety is a mighty matter, and much may be said on so fertile a Head. People love to alter their Hands, tho' it is not always for the better, a clear instance of this we find in *Plautus Amphitryo*. *Jupiter*, who
by

by the high Post he stood possess'd of, one wou'd think, should have no gross Palate, lies with *Alcmene* the very Night before she was deliver'd of two chopping Infants. The Lady for her part was complaisant, that's certain; but Women, generally speaking, are not so refractory as Camels are, that when they have got their burden, rise up, and will carry no more: So this is no great wonder. But what the Duce shou'd bewitch a Lover, that had the whole Universe before him, to make his Son *Mercury* Pimp for him for the space of Twenty-four Hours by the Clock, to put himself to the expence of a Miracle, to make the Moon and the rest of the Stars do double Duty, to keep back the Sun, and make an universal disorder in Nature, and all to carry on a foolish Intrigue with a big-belly'd Woman? 'Tis agreed by all the *Dutch* Commentators, that he wou'd never have done so much for *Juno*, his Lawful Spouse, in one of her most engaging Moments, with all the Advantages of Dress and Art to recommend her, much less under such embarrassing Circumstances. What then may we imagine to be the Reason of it? Why, that partly Variety, and partly the itch of making a Cuckold, engag'd him in this Expedition. But all this while I forget that I am pleading for your Wife, like the Bishop that was employ'd to write against *Luther*, and turn'd one of his Party.

Thus I have briefly run over all your Scruples, and endeavour'd to make you *rectus in curia*; but before I conclude, give me leave to tell you a short Story. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance had a Tenant that rented about some 40 Shillings a Year of him: The Hutt he liv'd in was a sad wretched Hole, made up of a few feeble Poles, cover'd with Mud, Dung, and Straw: 'Twas not to be mention'd on the same Year with a Crow's Nest, either for the Materials, the Convenience, or Architecture of it.

The least puff of Wind ruffled it more severely than a Hurricane does a Ship in the *Indies*. The Discharge of a Gun at a quarter of a Miles distance, wou'd give it a Tertian Ague for a Fortnight. Then as for the Furniture, it was all of a piece with the Building, half a score Wooden Spoons, with a Platter of the same Metal, a broken backt Chair, and what they call'd a Bed, by a bolder Catachresis than is to be found in all Mr. *Cleveland*. It was not so much as Furnish'd with a Suit of *Grubstreet* Tapistry; I mean, a set of Protestant Ballads, or the Devil tempting a *London* Prentice, or the Tanners Advice to his Children, or the Royal Family on Horseback, to keep the poor Walls in Countenance. The Fellow's whole substance was a Bee-hive, half a Score Cabbages, and an Apple-Tree in the Yard, on the Success of which he depended more than the Con——tes on that of a Campaign in *Flanders*: A Tit that sharpt for his Livelihood on the Common, but as lean as a Projector's Footman; a Cow, whose Milk was Meat and Drink, and her Tail an Almanack to the Family; with a Cock strutting at the Head of a Progeny; and a brace of Pigs Educated within-doors, and serv'd with as much care as the Heir apparent to the Cottage. His Musick, when he came home, was to hear a litter of Young dirty Children squawling on one side of him, and the above-mention'd *Messieurs de Porcraugnac* grunting on the other, and his rank two-handed Sponse (that never had a drop of Water touch her Face since the Parson sprinkled her at the Font, by the same Token even then it made her cry out) endeavouring to keep the King's Majesty's Peace between them. Yet amidst all this Poverty and Filthiness the Fellow look'd merry, and in good Humour, snor'd as contentedly at Church as the best of his Neighbours, in an old *Sunday* Coat, that had outliv'd six Generations, still whistled at his Work, and
what

what is more, without any of the Parish to assist him, once a Year got his Wife with Child, as if he breakfasted every Morning on the Duke of *Buckingham's* famous Broath. So his Landlord ask'd him what shift he made to keep himself so chearful and merry? Why Master, says he, when I think of such fine Folks as your Worship, that ride in your Coaches, and eat and drink of the best, without doing any thing for it, why then, an't please you, I can't forbear cursing my old Father for begetting me under such a starving Planet: But when I consider how few are in your case, and how many Millions in the same condition with my self, if not in a worse, why then I set my Hand to my Plough, and jog on as merrily as I can. *Jack*, this Story needs no Application; do but think of the Millions you have on your side, enough to confound the Turk and Pope, nay, to carry the whole World before you, if you knew your own strength; do but think how many Noblemen and Courtiers you have to lead the Van, how many Cits to bring up the main Body, how many Soldiers to Fight, Lawyers to Plead, Physicians to Prescribe, and Divines to Pray for you, and I dare engage you'll sleep heartily upon't, and persecute me with no more of your whining Letters: Who am,

Your humble Servant,

Tho. Brown.

POSTSCRIPT.

A Physician of my Acquaintance, that has heard of your Misfortune, call'd upon me this Morning, just as I had ended my Letter, and lest my Advice shou'd fail of making a good Impression upon you,

was so kind to send you the following Prescription. If these Precepts won't Cure you, we must proceed to Topics, and one of the best Remedies I know, is what follows. When your discontented Soul labours with a little Brow-Anguish, take a Child's Coral, with Whistle and Bells to it, moisten it with fasting Spittle, and rub your Forehead with it *ter in die horis Medicis*. It will make your Brow-Antlers cut easy, for some Cuckolds are as froward under the breeding of Horns, as some Children are under the breeding of Teeth. Once more Adieu.

*A LETTER to the Reverend
Mr. ——— in SUSSEX, Grazier,
Physician and Parson.*

I Have had a mind to write to thee this long while, but the Misfortune on't is, that a Man does not know how to accost thee, without being at the pains to consult the Herald's Office. Geryon, of tripple-headed Memory, gave his Subjects, I suppose, the same trouble, who, when they came to deliver a Petition to him, found themselves as much embarras'd, which of his Heads to address to, as I find my self at present, under which of your three Capacities I am first to consider you. In short, I am told, you have got three Strings to your Bow, that you are a Parson, a Grazier, and a Physician. Now which of these is your top Profession, I mean, that which brings you in most Money, the Lord knows; However, hoping the best still of the Church, this comes to tell you, Reverend Sir, that I am glad at your good Fortune, and wish you all the Prosperity you can desire.

All

All your Friends here in Town are extreamly pleased at your grafting the Grazier upon the Clergyman. You have reduc'd things, they say, to their primitive Condition, and joyn'd two Trades, as the World makes them now, that liv'd peaceably together long before the Flood. The old Patriarchs, you know, were both Priests and Graziers, and had an equal Jurisdiction over their two-legg'd and four-legg'd Congregations. When Paganism got footing in the World, the case was somewhat alter'd ; Then Sacrifices came in play, and the Priests and Graziers turn'd Butchers ; which noble Imployment, some malicious People will tell you, their Successors have kept up under another Dispensation.

But as for your joyning the Physician to the Divine, they are not so well satisfied. Some wonder'd why you wou'd take up a Profession that lies under the Imputation of being in the Hands of Atheists : But Gentlemen, said I, don't trouble your selves for that matter ; for let a Parson tack a Hundred other Professions to his own, yet I'll engage, that like Oyl among other Liquors, the Clergyman will float uppermost. Besides, who knows but it was your ill Fortune to live amongst such a Refractory perverse People, as *Don Diego's* were, that wou'd not knock off in any reasonable time, but lived long, on purpose to spite their Relations, and defraud the Church of its Perquisites. The Ropes grew mouldy, and the Bells were in danger of forgetting their Notes for want of Exercise, and the Grass in your Church-yard, for want of being corrected by the Spade, grew so scandalously and enormously high, that the Arch-Deacon complain'd of it at the Visitation. Then the poor Sexton, God help him, finding no Imployment from the Dead, was in a fair way to be starv'd among the Living, and had as little to do as a Pimp at *Newmarket*,

when the C——t is not there : Then he and you, oh ! I beg your pardon, Doctor, then you and he, under the Melancholy Yew-Tree that faces the Church-Porch, all-alone like Mr. *Dryden's* two Turtles in the Siege of *Granada*, coo'd and murmur'd to each others Moan, and made as mournful a Comfort between you, as two Seamens Widows in a Brandy Shop near the Navy-Office. Husbands complain'd of their Wives, and Wives of their Husbands, for sticking so unmercifully long to one-another ; and what is a dreadful thing to consider, there had like to have been a general Insurrection of all the young Fellows against their most unnatural Fathers for the same Account. To prevent these, and a thousand other Inconveniences, I think it was very discreetly done of you, to set up for a Physician, and now I don't question but the Bells troll merrily, the Ropes are made tractable with using, the Church-yard looks like a place of Business, and your Sexton can afford to treat himself with a Capon at Supper.

As I was reading *Caligula's* Life t'other Morning, you came into my Head, I protest, and I cou'd not forbear to wish, that it had been your good luck to live under his Auspicious Reign. That Emperor, who was not partial to his own Species, but heartily encouraged Merit where-ever he found it, whether in Man or Beast, 'twas the same thing to him ; generously bestow'd a fat Parsonage upon his Horse *Incitatus*, whom, by the by, he design'd to make Lord-Mayor of *Rome* the next Year, but granted him, I suppose, a Dispensation to officiate by a Curate, because the poor Brute had a natural Impediment in his Speech. So I was thinking with myself, if this noble-spirited Prince cou'd present his Horse to a rich Living, what Preferment wou'd he have refus'd to a Gentleman of your Ability, had you lived in *Rome* at that time. But you have prevented

vented all these Wishes in your Friends, by the wise Course you have taken to get Money; for the Devil's in't if three gainful Trades in *Confederacy* cannot make a shift to keep the *French* Wolf of Poverty from the Door. Some People, indeed, think you come within the Canon about Pluralities, but that is a Jest; they may as well call a double-China a Plurality, and then the Lord have Mercy on the Wicked, and give a Bear and Fiddle that scandalous Name, which wou'd touch the Copyhold of half the Curates in *Wales*. I wou'd fain know why the Incumbent, where the Benefice won't keep Body and Soul together, shou'd not be suffer'd to make himself Amends in some other Employment, as well as your Mercers in a Country Village, to sell every thing, from Broad-Cloath and Sattin, down to Tape and Pack-Thread. Besides, all the World knows that the Reformation stript the Church of Confession, and several other advantageous Points, which kept the Laity in good Order; now what cou'd better supply the Absence of these things, than the Profession you have taken up, since we find the World is so wickedly given, that they have a greater Regard for their Transitory Bodies, than their Souls; so now if any of your Parishioners are obstinate, don't threaten 'em with the Ecclesiastical Court, but ply them with Pills, don't Excommunicate them, but give them Physick, for that will sooner send them to the Devil than the Censure of the C——h.

I, that am at so great a distance from you, please my self now and then with the Thoughts, that I behold you in your own Dominions, with as busie a Face as a Country Attorney standing at his Door with a brace of Pens in his Hair; sometimes I see you in the Pulpit knocking down Sin like an Ox, sometimes handling of Bullocks in the Market, and from thence sent for to feel the Pulse of a Farmer's Plump

Plump Daughter *in ordine ad Spiritualia*. Then one comes the Clyster-Pipe, and when that is Administer'd, the Prayer-Book is lugg'd piping hot out of the same Pocket, to beg a Blessing upon't. The Harmony of Authors too in your Library must needs be admirable *Culpepper's* Midwife, and *Dr. Sherlock* upon Death; *Harvey de Lue Venerea*, and *Burgefs* of Original Sin; *Colebatch* of Acids, and *Twisse* of the Gospel-sweets; the Dispensatory and the Concordance, a Father and an Urinal-Monger. But what pleases me most, is to hear, that you are grown the Gravest Person in all the Country. Whatever you do, keep to your Gravity, and that will keep you. Some People, I know, will call it Dulness, and to say the Truth, Dulness and Gravity like the two *Sofia's* in the Play, resemble one-another so much, that 'tis almost impossible to distinguish them, but no matter for that; still hold to the Text of Gravity, for the topping Men in all Professions are protected by their Gravity, as the Towns in *Holland* are by the Mud and Dirt about them.

Having been told of several of your Cures, I wish we had you here in Town, to show a Piece of your Skill upon an old Acquaintance of yours, who is troubled with a dead Palsie on one side, which I am afraid he will never recover of till Death or you come to his Relief. I mean poor *Harry S*—— who has lately married the Widow *D*——. For my part, I can never see him, but I think of the Embalmer in *Herodotus*, that committed Fornication with a dead Body. *St. Francis*, that was forced to run into a heap of Snow, to correct the Insolences of Nature, wou'd have turn'd as cold and motionless, as *Lot's* Wife at the very sight of her. A generous well-bodied Calenture, such as they have under the Line, may perhaps put her Blood into Motion, but a common ordinary Fever can no more warm

warm her, than you can roast a Surloin of Beef by a Farthing Candle. By this you may guess what a wretched Condition your Friend is in. If there is any thing in your Art, that can give this Gentlewoman a civil lift into the other World (for really she is too good for this) you are desired to communicate it, and besides a good round Gratuity, *Harry* promises you shall Preach her Funeral Sermon; so that after you have destroyed her with your Pills, you may likewise murder her with your Oratory.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

Tho. Brown,

*A LETTER to Madam ---- kept
by a JEW in Covent-Garden.*

AT my coming to Town, I was surpriz'd to hear two Things, That the Duke of Savoy had quitted the Confederates and gone over to the French, and (what startled me more) that Mrs. *Lucy* — had thrown off her old Christian Acquaintance, and revolted to the Jews. Faith, Child, I could never have imagined, that you of all the Women in the World wou'd ever have chosen a Gallant out of that Religion, which clips and diminishes the Current Coin of Love, or could ever be brought to like those People that liv'd two Thousand Years on Types and Figures. But, perhaps, you fancy'd the Nation for *Sampson's* sake, of brawny Memory. If you did, you are like to lose
your

your longing; for you may as well look for some of the Race of the two Giants at *Guild-hall* in *Cheapside*, as for any of *Sampson's* Progeny in *Dukes-Place*. Some of your Friends alledge in your Justification, that you were wholly directed by your Interest in this Choice, and troth I can't blame you. Our Statesmen and Senators, our Divines, Merchants, and Lawyers, act all upon that Principle; and why a poor frail Woman should not be allowed the same privilege, I cannot see. So then, I find 'tis neither Circumcision nor Uncircumcision that avails any thing with you, but Money, which is in reality of all Religions, and you only put in Practice what your kind Keeper's Ancestors did formerly in the Wilderness, that is, you fall down before the Golden Calf, which, the *Rabbies* say, was some excuse for their Idolatry. Upon this foot I'll allow you to grant some Favours to your Old-Testament Spark, so long as his Pot of *Manna* continues full, and you find him like the Land of *Canaan*, flowing with Milk and Honey. However, in the meantime, consider how his Predecessors serv'd the *Egyptians*, and let it not disturb your pious Conscience to use him in the same manner. For your Comfort, all our Casuists agree, that it is no more sin to cheat a Jew, than to over-reach a Scot, or to put false Dice upon a Stock-jobber. And now, old Friend of mine, to tell thee the Truth, I have a great Inclination upon me to be wonderfully loving to thee, and I'll tell thee the Reason: If thou hadst kept still within the pale of the Church, I believe you and I knew one another so intimately well before, that I should have lain under no great Temptation to trespass with thee. But since thou hast admitted an Interloper into thy Bosom, I have a wonderful longing to beat up his Quarters, and am resolved to Cuckold this *Eleazar*, this *Aben-Ezra*, this Son of Circumcision, only to shew my Zeal to Christianity.

nity. Therefore meet me, dear *Lucy*, this very Evening in the Pit, for I long to know, first, how thou mad'st a shift to pass the *Levitical* Muster with him; and secondly and lastly, to be inform'd, whether *Aaron's* Bells make better Musick than ours.

Adieu.

A LETTER from a Gentleman in Holland, to his Friend in England.

YOU may imagine I lead none of the most comfortable Lives here, when I tell you, that I am quarter'd in a little pimping Village on the Frontier of *Flanders*, where I have no Men to converse, and no Women to intrigue with. To begin with the former, I am a perfect *Barbarian* to them, and so I believe I should be, if I liv'd among them till Doomsday. For all I know, they may wish me at the Devil, and curse me, when I fancy they are at their Compliments. However, this is no more temptation to me to learn their croaking Language, than I should have, if I were marry'd, to imitate the jealous *Italian* in *Poggius*, who gelt himself on purpose to know whether his Wife was true to his Bed. Then their Liquor is so abominable, that there's no enduring it: rather than do penance in such vile stuff, two of my Soldiers are forc'd to fill their Guts with Water every Day, and then stand upon their Heads a quarter of an Hour together, to make themselves giddy, which gives them some feeble Representation of Drunkenness. In short, I am grown rusty for want of Exercise, and pass away my time as uneasily, as a poor Carp that has been us'd to
range

range in a River, does in a little Cistern of Water at a Fishmonger's by *Temple-bar*. However, I could make a shift to bear the Brutality of the Men, if the other Sex made me amends, but i'faith they are cold to such a degree, that neither Love nor Wine can unthaw them. I must needs own, I have the same Quarrel to the generality of your Women in *London*, as the Clergy have to the Laity, that is to say, they know too much; but a plague on't, the Females here have the contrary fault, and are such stegmatic, stupid Creatures, that a Man must live the Age of a Patriarch among them, to teach them to fetch and carry. In short, you may sooner teach a *Laplander* Algebra. Tho' the *Virtuosi* may be mistaken in their universal Character, yet I thought Love had an universal Language, which was understood from Pole to Pole, and that he kept an Exchange in all corners of the Earth, where the two Sexes might barter their Commodities; but here it seems this Traffick is not practic'd, tho' they trade in every thing else. By Signs and other Motions, I can make a shift to tell them what I would eat and drink, but I cannot, with all that my Eyes can speak, with all that my Fingers can express, make the Women understand my meaning, so as to relieve my more pressing Necessities. Looking once with a Languishing Ridiculous Air, as People in Love use to do, my Landlord's Daughter thought I was ill, and a Physician was presently sent for, (so I guess'd him to be, by the Clyster-pipe hanging by his side) but I had the grace to refuse the Civilities he design'd me. To try her yet farther, I put a Pledge into her Hands, which the Women in all other parts of the Globe are willing enough to exchange, and know the value of, but she look'd upon it as unconcern'd as a *Cheapside* Cit does at a Cuckold, and returned it me back, and yet the Wench was plump and handsome, was past twenty,

ty, and seem'd to be made of the same good-natur'd Materials with the Women in England. 'Tis a common Saying, but untrue, that no Nation is so barbarous, but Love and Religion have got footing in it. If we may believe our modern Travellers, the *Hotantots* have no Religion, and I have found, by sorrowful Experience, that the Dutch Women have no taste of Love; whether this proceeds from their natural Coldness, which produces the same effects here that Grace does in other places, or whether their Business, to which they are no less bred than the Men, proves too prevalent for all amorous Impressions, I can't tell; but this is certain, that as a Modern Author expresses himself, we find among these Pagan People *un certain usage de pruderie quasi generalement etabli et je ne sçay quelle vieille tradition de continence, qui passe de mere en si, le comme une espee de Religion.* In short, if Love be a Deity, there are no such damn'd Atheists in the World, as in this strange Climate. 'Tis true, in other places those of the fair Sex, may be too profuse in their Offerings, but as the Divines rightly observe, Superstition is better than Prophane-ness. Those few here that pretend to own his Power, pay their Oblations to him with as ill a Will, as a breaking Tradesman pays his Taxes to the Government. It does not come from any generous Principle within, the Heart has no share in the Sacrifice, and the Soul, which in other Countries loves to assist and go along with the Body upon these occasions, is as unconcern'd here, as a Tradesman's rake-helly Prentice at a Quakers Meeting. Not but that there are Whores and married Women too in this Country (which may seem to destroy what I have said before) but the latter know no more what Gallantry means, than they understand *Arabic*; and the former are such rampant Mercenary Devils, that they would lick old *Lucifer's*

Lucifer's Cloven-Feet for a single Gilder. In short, there's not one honest *Rahab* to be found among them to justify the Profession, and Love has ne'r a Court in all the seven Provinces, where a man can be heard in *forma pauperis*: which is a sad thing for us poor Soldiers, that are not over-stock'd with the Ready. And then, as I have already told you, those that pass for Maids are such insensible things, that one may succeed much sooner in his Pretensions elsewhere, than he can here make himself understood; or, to express my self in the Language of *Westminster-hall*, one may get his Cause try'd, enter upon the Premises, and levy a Fine elsewhere, before he can put in his Plea here, let him use all the Art he can. The young fellows are made of the same unthinking Clay, they sometimes talk of the Flames of Love, but 'tis so as we at this distance of the Siege of *Troy*, which nothing concerns us. 'Tis next to an Article of Faith with them, that no Evacuation is so refreshing as a Belch, that nothing warms but Brandy, and that nothing is worth a Man's courting but Money.

Guess then what a dismal Pennance I have undergone in this wicked place; but now, Heaven be praised, my Persecution is like to be at an end, for next week we are order'd to joyn the Army at *Nivelle*, where I hope to meet good store of Champaign, and to make my self amends out of the Female Recruits that are arriv'd from *England*. Come Battel and Murder, Bloodshed and Desolation, Fire and Faggot; in fine, any thing but *Dutch Women*, and the Curse of Sobriety. Thus prays

Your most obliged Servant.

The End of the Fourth Volume.

Brown, Thomas, 1663-1704

The Works Of Mr. Thomas Brown In Prose and Verse. Serious, Moral, &
Comical. In Three Volumes ... To which is prefix'd A Character of Mr. Tho.
Brown and his Writings ...
Bd.: 4

London 1711

P.o.angl. 40-4

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